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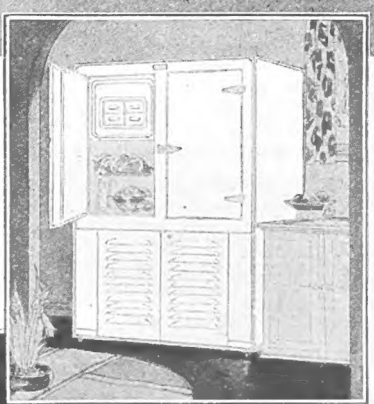

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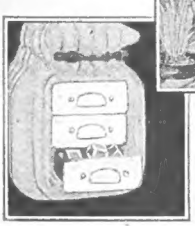

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VOLUME VI
Number 32

AUGUST
1927

THE GOLDEN BOOK* MAGAZINE

OF FICTION AND TRUE STORIES THAT WILL LIVE

(*With which is combined "Famous Story Magazine"*)

Edited by HENRY WYSHAM LANIER

Editorial Board:
JOHN COTTON DANA · CHAS. MILLS GAYLEY

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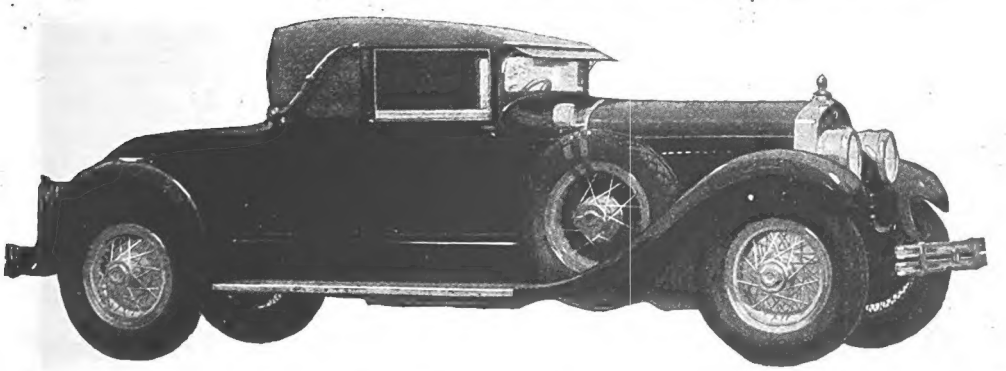

C A D I L L A C

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Some Persons of Importance

IF THERE be anything at all to that assertion of the profound influence of environment in early years (which the militant "behaviourist" insists is the final moulder of character and personality and "mental" processes)—Lincoln Colcord could hardly help writing of the Sea, in case he wrote anything.

> The sea is my ground and origin; I have no other point of departure. I am a native of a latitude and longitude. The other day in the attic, overhauling a chest of old letters, I ran across a small pasteboard box containing a piece of shell-encrusted seaweed; it was one of the mementoes that came home among my father's effects when he died on board his vessel in Bremerhaven the year before the war. On the box, in his handwriting, was this inscription: "A bit of weed from L——'s birthplace, washed on board the *S. S. American* on June 2nd, 1905, in 44° south latitude, South Atlantic Ocean, in the same kind of a S. W. gale in which he was born; picked up and salted down by his father, this being the first that any of the family have seen of that country."

Thus beginning life off Cape Horn in 1883, young Ross Lincoln had a boyhood quite in keeping with his five generations of Down East, seafaring forbears; till he was fourteen, he was voyaging in his father's vessel, mostly to China. Then came some years of education, and an interrupted college course, and a term at civil engineering with the Bangor & Aroostook Railroad. The success of half a dozen magazine stories in 1908-09 led him into writing as a profession; and while his total output since then seems not to have exceeded a score of tales (gathered into two volumes), and two book-length stories, the best of his work has made a deep impression of power and authenticity.

Mr. Colcord has some quite definite ideas about this matter of exactness and authority in the "Sea story":

> It is this question of the accuracy of the picture which above all others concerns the sailor. Life has overwhelmed him with lessons of the value of spiritual integrity; the dominating note of sea experience is that inaccuracy, incompetency, insincerity, spell danger, ruin, defeat, and even death. All slipshod work at sea is inartistic; the inexorable criticism of the free-spirited ocean affords no margin of safety. Thus seamanship, to those who understand it, acquires, like engineering, an application beyond the technical field. It means the attitude and way of life which faces facts, which deals in realities without evasion, which proves that the only failure is dishonesty and that error is truth betrayed.

The landsman may ignore this spiritual essence if he choose; he may read "An Instrument of the Gods" simply as a thundering good adventure yarn—and by that measure it's surely one of the best. Yet it would be missing the dramatic heights of that narrative to lose the inner storm so masterfully indicated: the wise old Chinaman whose inherent working religion is so vital that he is willing to risk everything, including his own life and his friend's, upon his certainty that before the crashing menace of typhoon and reef a human resolution based on a lie *must* crack sooner than one founded on justice.

It is such vivid projections of light upon the eternal mysteries of man's nature which constitute the enduring achievements of men who write. And it seems to me Mr. Colcord has done a memorable thing in this tale.

It is probable that the name of "Frederick, Baron Corvo," or Frederick William Serafino Austin Lewis Mary Rolfe, will stir small association in your mind. At least, the first one didn't in mine, when a more alert reader assured me I ought to sample "Baron Corvo's" work, *In His Own Image.*

And I confess I opened the volume expecting the usual four-times-out-of-five disappointment of discovering that, as an editor, I could not fully share my friend's enthusiasm. Yet (of such exciting adventures the world of books never fails!) one reading left me with a complete conviction of the author's genius. A man all of whose books were issued

(*Continued on page 6*)

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(*Continued from page 4*)

during the precise period (1898-1912) when I was engaged in book-publishing; whose two most important volumes were reprinted by a far-seeing American publisher in the very year when this magazine was started; yet I had completely missed him, though he seems to me to have a secure seat among the Great Ones.

Rolfe is not so much as mentioned in any of three great encyclopædias, or in the two largest literary anthologies; almost nothing is known of his early years; but in 1884, at the age of twenty-four, he was a master in a grammar school at Grantham, Lincolnshire. The master of this school, Dr. Hardy, (a distinguished classical scholar, and now Principal of Jesus College, Oxford) raises the only voice to speak of the young man's "very attractive personality"—for most of those who remember him, at the Catholic colleges he attended, disliked or even hated him. (Dr. Hardy is rash enough to add: "His literary work did not appeal to me and I never took it very seriously"—which I fear may be remembered after his own *Studies in Roman History* is forgotten.)

Young Rolfe repaid this aversion in good measure. Always deeply convinced of his own vocation for the Catholic priesthood, he studied at Oscott College, Birmingham (1887) and at the Scots College in Rome, making enemies and gathering a bitterness which breaks through his superb dreams in *Hadrian VII*. Definitely rejected by the Church, to which he still professed himself "an obedient son," he led for quarter of a century a fantastic life, of which we have but the scrappiest record, except in that astonishing *Hadrian VII*, which is clearly his own spiritual autobiography.

> I designed furniture and fire-irons, I delineated saints and seraphim and sinners, chiefly the former, a series of rather interesting and polyonymous devils in a period of desperate revolt. I slaved as a professional photographer. I did journalism, reporting inquests for eighteen pence. I wrote for magazines. I wrote books. I invented a score of things. I was a fool, a sanguine, ignorant, abject fool! I never learned by experience, I still kept on. A haggard, shy, priestly-visaged individual. I made the mistake of appealing to brains, rather than to bowels, to reason rather than to sentiment.

Incidentally, he also came within an ace of starving to death, begged, was shamefully cheated, quarrelled fiercely with nearly everybody, went to law disastrously again and again—and in every way possible proved that he was unable to adapt himself to the world of men. One who read his correspondence with Monsignor Benson declared, "I am almost sure he was possessed by a devil. I have never in my life come near anyone who hated so much and was so virulent an ego-centric." And Rolfe says of that imaginary Pope who was so utterly his own self: "Though he mixed freely and absolutely independently with all men, yet in the tender inner soul of him he shrank more shudderingly than ever from the contact. Every single act of urbanity, of courtesy, was a violent effort to him. His feeling for his fellow-creatures was repugnance pure and simple." Yet no one can read this audacious chronicle, in which a disappointed soul imagines itself in the position of spiritual ruler of the world, without responding to the vitality, and beauty, and human feeling, and magnificence of its conception.

About Doing Little, Lavishly is from the volume *In His Own Image*, a collection of charming, whimsical, subtle, anecdotal tales, mainly related by the Italian boy Toto to his master. They arouse violently differing opinions in different readers. But all agree that they are like nothing else in literature.

One final popular connection with this strange personality may be mentioned. Shane Leslie remarks:

> Perhaps a genuine literary memorial to Rolfe occurs in Henry Harland's novels, for both *The Cardinal's Snuff-box* and *My Friend Prospero* owe some of their Italian colour and detail to Rolfe, who certainly claimed both books as his children.

Not many men have had a passionate love for glaciers. But there were few things which stirred John Muir so deeply, or to which he devoted so many years of his long and vigorous life.

Muir was a boy of eleven when his people came to the United States from Scotland, in 1849, and settled in Wisconsin. He was twenty-two before he could get to the university.

(*Continued on page 8*)

If your family expenses were $1

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

(*Continued from page 6*)

and then had to put himself through a four years' special course by gruelling labour on neighbouring farms. But later on, though covering on foot more wild mountain country of North America than any other human being has probably done, he found time to start a fruit ranch, and run it so effectively that it made him financially independent. Indeed, I was assured in 1910 by one of his intimate friends that he had more income than he knew what to do with.

The things he lived for were mountains, glaciers, ice-movements, auroras, and the preservation of our wilder regions in their natural charm. He made the Yosemite and the High Sierras his playground and workshop; the Alaskan glaciers were his intimates (the great Muir Glacier was named for him); he went to the Arctic on the expedition searching for De Long, and was a member of the Harriman Alaska Expedition; he travelled in Russia, Siberia, Manchuria, India, Australia, New Zealand, South America and Africa—always with wide eyes, and a searching mind, and a blazing enthusiasm which simply ignored hardships and risks that would have appalled an ordinary man.

I shall never forget his expression, the only time I ever met him (a few years before his death in 1914), when he was describing, in a torrent of words, a solitary trip up Mt. Shasta. He was thirteen or fourteen thousand feet up, alone, with no extra clothing, and no food, when a terrific blizzard burst on him. There was nothing to do but burrow into the snow, like some hardy old cock-partridge, settle down, and wait till the storm blew itself out.

The half dozen people present had been listening breathlessly, for the tall, bearded narrator made you travel right alongside him by the vividness of his account. At this point, one lady could no longer restrain herself:

"But, Mr. Muir!" she broke out. "Wasn't that terribly dangerous?"

He shot her one glance from under shaggy brows:

"Madam, it's dangerous to be alive."

And when he went on presently to describe his lying out all night on glacier ice to watch an auroral bridge of light building itself across the northern sky over Muir Inlet, we were all listening as to a Prophet who had seen God's Majesty in the High Places.

"Stickeen" is a rarity among dog stories in that it imposes no human qualities upon the canine friend to heighten the effect. As in every word Muir ever wrote, one feels it must be exact truth because the man couldn't write anything else. Yet there is surely no lack of climacteric "human interest."

Richard Barham Middleton (1882-1911) died before he was thirty, and his few books (*The Day before Yesterday; The Ghost-Ship and other Stories; Monologues* and *Poems and Songs*) were all published posthumously.

Arthur Machen points out that the peculiar charm of "The Ghost-Ship" is in the author's consciousness of that mystery from the contemplation of which arises all man's true delight:

> It delights because it is significant, because it is no mere assemblage of words and facts and observations and incidents; it delights because its matter has not passed through the crucible unchanged. On the contrary, the jumble of experiences and impressions which fell to the lot of the author as to us all had assuredly been placed in the athanor of art, in that furnace of the sages which is said to be governed with wisdom. Lead entered the burning of the fire, gold came forth from it.

It is a fantastic tale of ghosts and ghostly doings, whimsical and absurd. Yet few of the discriminating will finish it without echoing Mr. Machen's cry:

> I declare I would not exchange this short, crazy, enchanting fantasy for a whole wilderness of seemly novels, proclaiming in decorous accents the undoubted truth that there are milestones on the Portsmouth Road.

If an American were confronting, say, that devastatingly superior Editor of *Blackwood's*, and were suddenly called upon to demonstrate that these United States had made one literary contribution of the first rank to the World Library—could he advance a more confident choice than Henry Adams's *Mont-Saint-Michel and Chartres*?

There seems something highly characteristic in the fact that Mr. Adams wrote the

(*Continued on page 10*)

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A Passion
Regret
The False Gems
A Useful House
Was it a Dream?

Boule de Suif
The Diamond Necklace
The Story of a Farm Girl
Love
Ugly
The Hole
A Family
Bertha
A Mesalliance
The Carter's Wench
The Bed
A Way to Wealth
Forbidden Fruit
Madame Parisse
A Wife's Confession
Love's Awakening
Woman's Wiles
The Wedding Night
On Cats
One Phase of Love
A Poor Girl
Caught
Magnetism
Countess Satan

The New Sensation
The Thief
The Diary of a Madman
In His Sweetheart's Livery
Lost
Margot's Tapers
Waiter, a Bock!
The Mad Woman
Virtue in the Ballet
Fecundity
Words of Love
The Impolite Sex
The Farmer's Wife
On Perfumes
An Unfortunate Likeness
A Rupture
The Lost Step
The Artist's Wife
The Rendezvous
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(*Continued from page 8*)

book merely for his own satisfaction, printed it privately in 1904, and gave a few to his friends—and considered that the matter was then ended. It is to Ralph Adams Cram that we owe the public presentation:

> From the moment when, through the courtesy of my friend Barrett Wendell, I came first to know Mr. Henry Adams's book, *Mont-Saint-Michel and Chartres*, I was profoundly convinced that this privately printed, jealously guarded volume should be withdrawn from its hiding-place amongst the bibliographical treasures of collectors and amateurs and given that wide publicity demanded alike by its intrinsic nature and the cause it could so admirably serve.
>
> To say that the book was a revelation is inadequately to express a fact; at once all the theology, philosophy, and mysticism, the politics, sociology, and economics, the romance, literature, and art of that greatest epoch of Christian civilization became fused in the alembic of an unique insight and precipitated by the dynamic force of a personal and distinguished style. A judgment that might well have been biased by personal inclination received the endorsement of many in two continents, more competent to pass judgment, better able to speak with authority; and so fortified, I had the honour of saying to Mr. Adams, in the autumn of 1912, that the American Institute of Architects asked the distinguished privilege of arranging for the publication of an edition for general sale, under its own imprimatur.

I know at least one enthusiastic reader who got from this volume the first real comprehension of the Middle Ages which had ever come to him; and I can hardly imagine its failing to bring to anyone large stirrings of imagination.

Peccavi! No less than four errors clamour for public confession, in the May and June issues.

Omission of "quotes" from the saying by Mrs. Molla Mallory in "So They Say" for May made it appear that she was the originator of the telling lines by Grantland Rice; the last stanza of his "Alumnus Football" runs:

> Keep coming back, and though the world may romp across your spine,
> Let every game's-end find you still upon the battling line;
> For when the One Great Scorer comes to mark against your name,
> He writes—not that you won or lost—but how you played the Game.

Then in June, by some mischance, the date of Cyrano de Bergerac's death became 1665, instead of 1655, as Gautier correctly wrote it. And in the collection, "Some Dancers," the lines beginning "The earnest trumpet spake . . ." were attributed to Milton, whereas they are really from Keats's "Endymion."

Finally, we committed the truly heinous crime of printing some entertaining remarks on "Fishing," from "The Sun Dial" column of the *New York Sun*—and credited them to Don Marquis instead of H. I. Phillips.

It's pleasant to know that we can't make such errors and go unpilloried. H. W. L.

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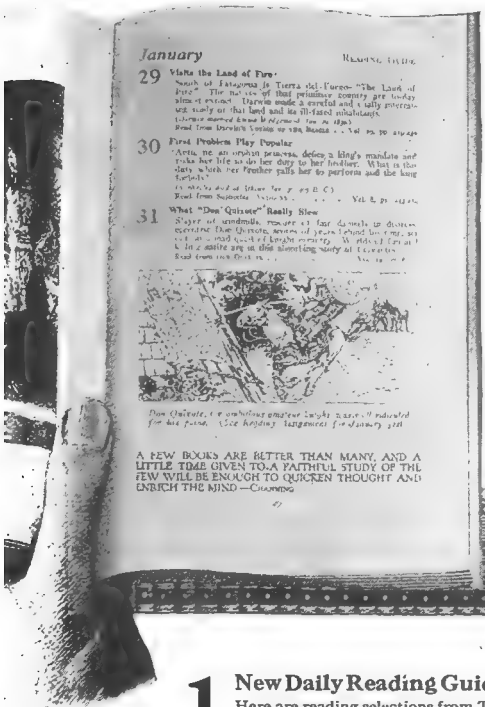
If you are well read—*you can answer these 25 questions*


January
29
30
31
A FEW BOOKS ARE BETTER THAN MANY, AND A LITTLE TIME GIVEN TO A FAITHFUL STUDY OF THE FEW WILL BE ENOUGH TO QUICKEN THOUGHT AND ENRICH THE MIND —CHANNING

1. Who discovered the circulation of the blood?
2. What great poet was Cromwell's secretary?
3. Who wrote "Two Years Before the Mast?"
4. Who was Aristotle's most celebrated pupil?
5. Who was the outstanding dramatist of the Elizabethan Age?
6. What is the Malthusian population principle?
7. What famous American writer was expelled from West Point?
8. Who discovered smallpox inoculation?
9. What is the significance of the Ides of March?
10. What great American pioneer and thinker refused to remove his hat before a King?
11. What were the "Spectator" papers?
12. What was the Holy Grail?
13. What is the title of the most famous collection of harem stories?
14. What is the source of the quotation "Is this a dagger which I see before me?"
15. What is Stonehenge?
16. Complete the quotation "If winter comes," and give its source.
17. What was the Epicurean philosophy of moral conduct?
18. The Autobiography of what famous Renaissance artist is an outstanding frank revelation of a dissolute age?
19. What early biographer wrote vividly of the lives of famous Greeks and Romans?
20. What woman is supposed to have been Dante's inspiration for The Divine Comedy?
21. What were "The Sonnets from the Portuguese?"
22. Who was Siddhartha Gautama?
23. Who was called "the Father of History?"
24. For what was William Caxton famous?
25. What astronomer first proved that the earth revolves around the sun?

The correct answers appear at the foot of this page.

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Though joy is better than sorrow joy is not great;
Peace is great, strength is great.
Not for joy the stars burn, not for joy the vulture
Spreads her gray sails on the air
Over the mountain; not for joy the worn mountain
Stands, while years like water
Trench his long sides. "I am neither mountain nor bird
Nor star; and I seek joy."
The weakness of your breed: yet at length quietness
Will cover those wistful eyes.

Roan Stallion—Tamar—And Other Poems. ROBINSON JEFFERS.

The Coming Age of Knowledge

It was, perhaps, just some one lonely genius who first learned to fashion spears and arrows and to sharpen flints. He thus lifted the whole race from a barehanded conflict with nature into the Stone Age. Some other genius—I wish I knew who he was—mixed nine parts of copper with one part of tin and lifted the race from the Stone into the Metal Age. Buddha, Confucius, Jesus and other great prophets and saviours, lifted men into the Humanitarian Age. Galileo, Newton and Bacon lifted the race into the Scientific Age. These same men, and such men as Faraday, Clerk-Maxwell, Franklin, Gibbs, Edison, Marconi, have lifted us into the Electrical Age. And now it is evident that Darwin, Weismann, Mendel, Morgan, Galton, Woods, Pearson, Pearl, Papanicalaou, Wundt, Hall, James, Seashore, Giddings, Osborn, Terman, Thorndike and their great confrères, are, without the world realizing it, lifting the race into the Biological and Psychological Age. This will be the age when a knowledge of man's psychical and physical nature will be the deciding factors in determining his customs, his education, his economic and political structures, his social behaviour, and, above all, will determine his reproduction. These will be the forces that will determine the man who shall be left; and the man who is selected by these happy processes to be left is the man whose noble nature and whose virile but gentle temperament will fill the atmosphere of the future world.

The Next Age of Man. ALBERT EDWARD WIGGAM.

Dat Coon-yac

"De pay was good, an' Ah kinder has a itchin' foot anyway, an' like Ah say, Ah ain't been eatin' reg'lar. So Ah goes along.

(*Continued on page 14*)

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Henry Seidel Canby

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(*Continued from page 12*)

"We sails, an' Ah gets me a misery in mah belly an' can't eat no grub, but Ah gets over it. Finely, we gets to a place dey call *Mair-say*—dat's it—*Mair-say*. It's a bigger town dan Galveston, but de folks is funny folks. All de mules gits off de ship, an' de cap'n he take me asho' to ca'hy he bag for 'im. W'en he git to de ho-tel, he tell me to go on back to de ship or de paterollers git me. Sho' nuff, dey's a slew o' sogers aroun'. Well, Ah stahts, but Ah been powerful dry on dat ship, an' I stops to git me a little dram—some of dis coon-yac. Cap'n, is you ever tried dat coon-yac? It sho is noble booze! Den Ah gits me some mo' coon-yac, an' Ah don' feel so lonesome. Ah steps aroun' to see de town.

"Ah sees a colored man, like me, standin' on de corneh. He's got on de nobles' clo'es you seed in your life. Dressed up jus' like a lodge membah. He's got on a little red hat without no brim, an' a little blue jacket, an' a red sash, and gre't big red pants, all baggy-like. Ah ask him what he b'long to. Ah says to mahself, if Ah can git a suit like dat, sho will knock dem Galveston niggers dead! Well, he don' say nothin'. Fust-off, Ah thinks he jus' uppity, because of he pants maybe, but de fac' was, he was jus' plain ignerunt. He's one of dese French niggers, frum Africa, and he ain't never learn to talk mah talk.

"Then Ah say somethin' 'bout coon-yac, 'cause Ah'm stickin' wid them pants, an' he know coon-yac all right. We go in a s'loon, an' we has some. They's a man in there what ask me what Ah want. Ah tell him Ah like them pants. He laff fit to kill, an' he say he fix it up. Well, we drinks right smaht coon-yac, an' some time that night we go out to de casern, where dis French nigger live at. It 'pear like he in de ahmy. An' dat's what happen to me. Dey jus'—to make a long story short, like my ole Gran'mammy Caledonia uster say—dey done take me by de nap of de neck an' de seat of de britches an' fling me in dis damn wah! An' heah Ah is."

Red Pants. JOHN W. THOMASON, JR.

WHAT PRICE COLLEGE EDUCATION?

James Freeman graduated from college and wanted a job. He answered in person an advertisement calling for a college graduate. The work to be done had little relation to learning, but the employer knew what he wanted. "Have you your diploma with you?" he asked. James replied that he was not in the habit of carrying his diploma about with him. "Well, then," said the ambitious employer, not to be cheated of his dues, "well, then, use me some big words!"

Samuel Fortune graduated from college and looked about for a position. He went west, to get a start. While waiting for something to turn up, he lived at the house of his fraternity brothers in a university town. Asked one evening at dinner what he had got out of his college course, and how college looked to him, now that he was through, he replied, with some feeling: "I got one thing out of college: I got a lot of expensive tastes which I am now having some difficulty in financing!"

Joseph Tate graduated from college and decided to go home to rest a while. He had his education with him on the train on his way home. It was a hot day in June, and he sat by an open window. Suddenly a strong gust of wind swept through the car, blowing all his college notebooks out the window. There was nothing for young Tate to do but to go back to college in the fall and take the four years over.

Adult Education. JOSEPH K. HART.

OUR HIGH COST OF DISTRIBUTION

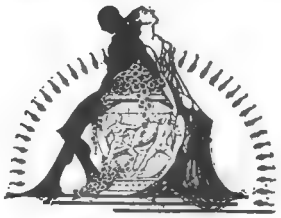
Over a quarter of a century of exceptional experience in business—experience which has given me unusual opportunities for observing and studying nearly every phase of our distribution machinery—makes me say . . . :

1. That distribution costs in this country, both for physical distribution and for marketing, have risen out of proportion to production costs;

2. That high freight rates and cross hauling and unnecessary transportation are principally responsible for the rise in the cost of physical distribution;

3. That one of the most important factors in causing the rise in the cost of marketing,

(*Continued on page 16*)



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HARPER AND BROTHERS

Publishers **New York**

(*Continued from page 14*)

as distinguished from the rise in the cost of physical distribution, is "high pressure" selling, "high pressure" advertising, "high pressure" marketing generally;

4. That manufacturers engaged in mass production and mass selling have been the active factors in the development of extravagant marketing and unnecessary transportations—that they are responsible for the breaking down of that skilful and skeptical buying by retailers and consumers which tends to raise standards and to lower costs;

5. Finally, that the wastes of "high pressure" marketing could be eliminated and the cost of distribution lowered if the retailers and wholesalers of the country would, first, accept full responsibility for the task of furnishing to the consumers of the nation the products of our farms and factories; second, buy according to established grades and standards in order to make production subservient to consumption; and, third, promote consumer education as to merchandise. *The Distribution Age.* RALPH BORSODI.

THE PEERAGE OF INDUSTRY

With capital at hand, with natural resources to be had for the asking or the taking, with stalwart labour ready for the fray, with a vast domestic market assured, with politicians impatient to coöperate and share the fruits, and unhampered by a powerful aristocracy, lay or clerical, attached to other manners and other ideals, American business men leaped forward as strong runners to the race when the news of Lee's surrender boomed throughout the land. . . .

There are, of course, good grounds for differences of opinion as to the names to be enrolled first in the peerage of the new industrial age; yet none will exclude from it Jay Gould, William H. Vanderbilt, Collis P. Huntington, James J. Hill, and Edward H. Harriman of the railway principality; John D. Rockefeller of the oil estate; Andrew Carnegie of the steel demesne; Jay Cooke and J. Pierpont Morgan of the financial seigniory; William A. Clark of the mining appanage; or Philip D. Armour of the province of beef and pork. To draw the American scene as it unfolded between 1865 and the end of the century without these dominant figures looming in the foreground is to make a shadow picture; to put in the presidents and the leading senators—to say nothing of transitory politicians of minor rank—and leave out such prime actors in the drama is to show scant respect for the substance of it. Why, moreover, should any one be interested in the beginnings of the house of a Howard or a Burleigh and indifferent to the rise of the house of a Morgan or a Rockefeller?

From a review of the American business peerage, it appears that the eleven men just named had so many things in common that they can be treated collectively. All were of north European stock, mainly English and Scotch-Irish; Gould alone, according to Henry Adams, showing a "trace of Jewish origin." The old planting aristocracy of the South furnished no major barons of business. Of the group here brought under examination only two, Morgan and Vanderbilt, built their fortunes on the solid basis of family inheritances, while only one had what may be called by courtesy a higher education: Morgan spent two years in the University of Göttingen. Carnegie began life as a stationary engineer; Jay Cooke as a clerk in a general store in Sandusky; Jay Gould as a surveyor and tanner; Huntington, Armour, and Clark as husky lads on their fathers' farms; Hill as a clerk for a St. Paul steamboat company; Harriman as an office boy in a New York broker's establishment; and Rockefeller as a bookkeeper in Cleveland.

The Rise of American Civilization. CHARLES A. BEARD AND MARY R. BEARD.

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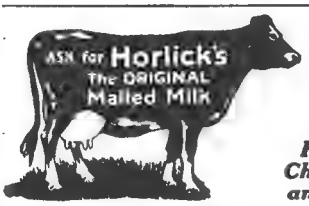

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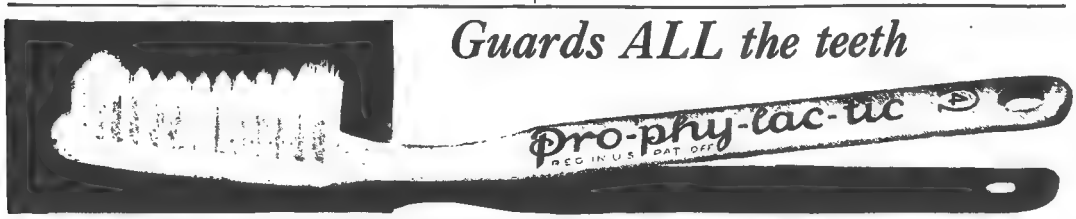
(See page 32)



Courtesy of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

The Escape from the Natives

"He rushed up the enclosure like a tornado, pressing the girl to his breast, her head hanging back over his arm, her eyes closed and her long hair nearly touching the ground."

From "An Outcast of the Islands," by Joseph Conrad.

Jungle Love

What happened when a white man and a native girl met far from civilization

ALONE in the jungle he found a native girl. Her savage beauty thrilled him strangely. Who was she? Where did she come from?

"Who are you?" he whispered.

She gazed at him. Here was a man different from any she had ever known.

"I am the daughter of the blind Omar," she answered. "And you—you are the white trader—the great man of this place."

"Yes," he said, "I am white. But I am the outcast of my people."

She listened to him gravely. Through the mesh of scattered hair her face looked like the face of a golden statue with living eyes.

"You are beautiful," he whispered—a strange emotion creeping into his heart—a stirring of sensations long asleep—an awakening of new hopes, new fears, new desires.

She looked at him again. In one quick flash her glance ran over his sunburnt features, his broad shoulders, his straight, tall, motionless figure. Then she smiled and her smile was the forerunner of sunrise and thunder—the beginning of the strangest romance ever told.

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You visit the mysterious East. You swap tobacco and liquor over café tables in the Orient. You find yourself mingling with strange, chattering people in out-of-the-way corners of the world.

And then in one swift change you find yourself sauntering gaily down the boulevards of Paris—or plunging into darkest Africa, gliding down dim rivers that wind through the jungle.

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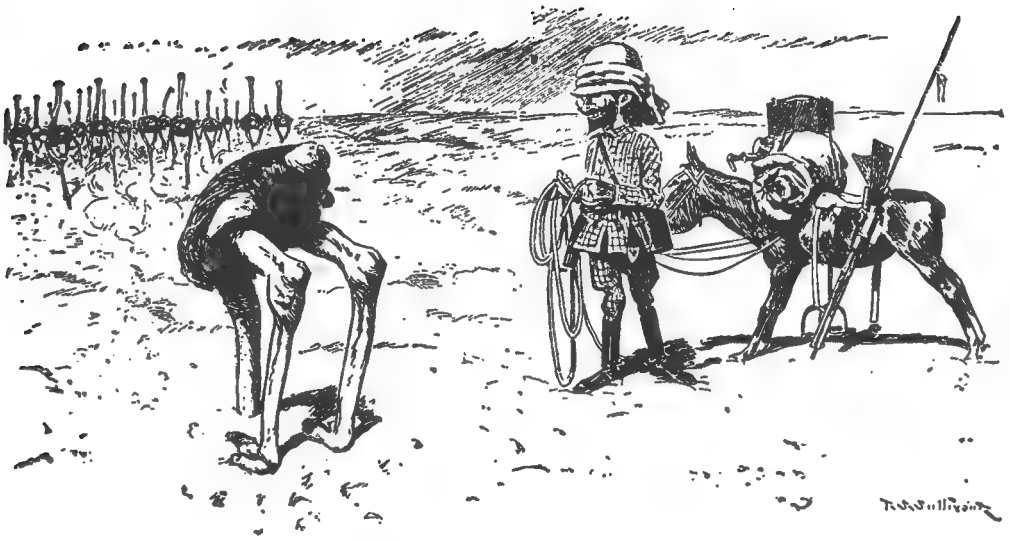

On the Not-Altogether-Credible Habits of the Ostrich

By HENRY WALLACE PHILLIPS

Henry Wallace Phillips

Drawing by T. S. Sullivant

AN OSTRICH, who was closely pursued by a hunter, suddenly thrust his head deep down into the sand.

"Ah! ah!" exulted the hunter, "I have the silly thing at last." He advanced to place a rope around the bird's legs; but the ostrich, who had accurately timed his arrival, landed a kick in the pit of his stomach that sent him into the hereafter like a bullet through a fog-bank.

IMMORAL:

"Umph," said the ostrich, as he surveyed his victim, "because a man looks sad at the opening of a jack-pot, it doesn't necessarily follow that he's only got ace-high."

AVGVST

IT IS a wild summer evening at the river. The sultry air broods on the earth. Heat lightning darts across a distant bank of clouds. The moon hangs over the dark waters like a menacing red poppy.

This is the hour of the resurrection of a strange race. Silently, ghostlike, tiny, delicate forms rise out of the stream, so delicate and transparent that each seems but an atom of colourless light.

First there are only a few, fluttering away and losing themselves in the sultry haze, then more, many more; then thousands, myriads, as if the gray flood had become a spring-time tree, pregnant with blossoms, shedding an infinite number of snowy petals into the air.

The far-off church tower, over the dreamy fields, strikes nine.

As if a magic force were in this hour, all these little beings are drawn up over the smooth rigid mirror of the flood into the hot evening air . . . little silver wings flash up, flutter like veils of mother-of-pearl, sink down, merge into one another in the crush, and in the surge of moonlight melt into a soft scintillating cloud that illumines the dusky waters. Raining down infinite moon-lit flakes this cloud floats over the entire breadth of the stream to the bank, where the alders sleep, and hangs on the black branches like luminous foam . . . foam from which arises Aphrodite, the goddess of love.

All these swarming elves of the storm are insects of the day-fly family in the stage of their last transfiguration, animated by the all-enrapturing intoxication of love. . . .

Every one of those Bacchantes dancing in the silver haze up there has a long period of work as an individual behind it. For two or three years it was active in the ooze or the sand of the bank as an ugly, greedy larva, eating, swelling up, shedding its skin, a wild ruthless robber despite its small size, fighting day in and day out with the most tenacious energy for its existence as an individual. The time was long enough for this little, rough, snappish animal to acquire all manner of experience in the struggle for existence. Always in danger, always liable at any moment to be eaten up or to die of hunger, it nevertheless by extreme effort finally survived and achieved a certain measure of vitality and character.

Then suddenly, toward nine o'clock of this sultry August evening, a rift through its entire existence more wonderful than death; a resurrection into a new form, into a new element, and a totally new objective. . . .

And life, no matter how long or how short it may now still last, has a new purpose.

It reaches out beyond the individual.

WILHELM BÖLSCHE.

1 In the mute August afternoon,
They trembled to some undertune
Of music in the silver air;
Great pleasure was it to be there
Till green turned duskier and the moon
Coloured the corn-sheaves like gold hair.
SWINBURNE.

2 A shy young man came on a visit for the night: suddenly a deaf old woman came into his room, carrying a cupping-glass, and bled him; he thought that this must be the usual thing, and so made no protest; in the morning it turned out that the old nurse had mistaken the room.
CHEKHOV.

3 A calf can find its mother cow
Among a thousand kine:
So good or evil done, returns
And whispers: "I am thine."
The Panchatantra (RYDER).

4 This day I received a letter from my wife, which troubles me mightily, wherein she tells me how Ashwell did give her the lie to her teeth, and that thereupon my wife giving her a box on the eare, the other struck her again, and a deal of stir which troubles me, and that my Lady has been told by my father or mother something of my wife's carriage, which altogether vexes me, and I fear I shall find a trouble of my wife when she comes home to get down her head again. PEPYS.

5 "Greengrocers rise at dawn of sun—
August the fifth—come haste away!
To Billingsgate the thousands run,—
'Tis Oyster Day!—'tis Oyster Day!"
HONE.

6 "I have heard it observed by a profound adept in human physiology, that if a woman waxes fat with the progress of years, her tenure of life is somewhat precarious, but if haply she withers as she grows old, she lives forever." IRVING.

7 "Ah, dear soul, you do well to measure the danger by the yard of fear. For my part, I have none on it; my name is William Dreadnaught. . . . By the pavilion of Mars, I fear nothing but danger."
RABELAIS.

8 Here are cool mosses deep,
And through the moss the ivies creep,
And in the stream the long-leaved flowers weep,
And from the craggy ledge the poppy hangs in sleep.
TENNYSON.

9 The best way that a man could test his readiness to encounter the common variety of mankind would be to climb down a chimney at random, and get on as well as possible with the people inside. And that is essentially what each one of us did on the day that he was born. CHESTERTON.

10 These green and gold and blue toys
Which Allah calls his world,—
How can I play with them without Aziz?
Thousand Nights (MATHERS).

11 The time of my life that I consider to have been wasted, from the intellectual point of view, was the time when I tried, in a spirit of dumb loyalty, to admire all the things that were said to be admirable.
A. C. BENSON.

12 Tweed said to Till,
"What gars ye rin sae still?"
Till said to Tweed,
"Though ye in rin speed
And I rin slaw,
Where ye droon ae mon,
I droon twa."
ANON.

13 Behold and see if there be any happiness like unto the happiness of the devils when they found themselves cast out of Mary Magdalene. SAMUEL BUTLER.

14 I would crow like chanticleer in the morning, with all the lustiness that the new day imparts, without thinking of the evening, when I and all of us shall go to roost. . . . Shall not men be inspired as much as cockerels? THOREAU.

15 "I don't think it was pretty in Miss Browning to give herself such airs on her virginity, when there was four widows in room—who've had six honest men among 'em for husbands." MRS. GASKELL.

16 We need examples of people who, leaving Heaven to decide whether they are to rise in the world, decide for themselves that they will be happy in it. RUSKIN.

17 My boat glides swiftly beneath the wide cloud-ridden sky, and as I look into the river I can see the clouds drift by the moon; my boat seems floating on the sky.

And thus I dream
my beloved is mirrored
on my heart. THOU-FOU (GAUTIER).

18 My Uncle *Toby* never understood what my father meant; nor will I presume to extract more from it, than a condemnation of an error which a bulk of the world lie under— . . . *"That talking of love. is making it."*

I would as soon set about making a black-pudding by the same receipt.
STERNE.

19 Your fine critic of women must never shackle his judgment by calling one woman his own.
GEORGE ELIOT.

20 The fiend-like skill we display in the invention of all manner of death-dealing engines, the vindictiveness with which we carry on our wars, and the misery and desolation that follow in their train, are enough of themselves to distinguish the white civilized man as the most ferocious animal on the face of the earth. MELVILLE.

21 The best way to manage some kinds of painful thoughts is to dare them to do their worst.
GEORGE MACDONALD.

22 Every handsome woman has a right to charm us, and the advantage of being first met with ought not to rob others of the just pretensions which they all have upon our hearts. MOLIÈRE.

23 The effect of (Mr. Treat's) preaching was that his hearers were several times in the course of his ministry awakened and alarmed; and on one occasion a comparatively innocent young man was frightened nearly out of his wits, and Mr. Treat had to exert himself to make hell seem somewhat cooler to him.
Old New England chronicle.

24 When we are doing nothing in particular, it is then that we are living through all our being.
AMIEL.

25 "Not so, good sir, no man can advise another; wisdom is a gift that we bring into the world, and what we bring with us we may not pass on to another. If we could, we should be angels by this time."
GEORGE MOORE.

26 *ON A MOSQUITO NET*
It is the office of nets to surround the winged tribes and enclose their quick brood; but I take pleasure in chasing them away, and do not cover them round but rather keep them off when they attack. Not a single mosquito, however small, can manage to get through the fabric of my net. One may say that I save from death the winged creatures while I guard the beds of men. Can anyone be more righteous than I? AGATHIAS SCHOLASTICUS.

27 It is a sotyll mouse that slepyth in the cattys ear.
RICHARD HILLES (16th Century).

28 Beyond all things a woman desires power, and beyond all things she is unable to use it when she gets it. If this power be given her grudgingly, she will exercise it mercilessly; if it is given kindly, then she is bound by her nature to renounce authority, and to live happy ever after, but it must be given to her. JAMES STEPHENS.

29 The age in which people walk and dress and talk beautifully, and are unfailingly charming throughout the day's routine, has left barbarism far behind, and is truly civilized. J. B. PRIESTLEY.

30 A crowd, proportionately to its size, magnifies all that in its units pertain to the emotions, and diminishes all that in them pertains to thought. BEERBOHM.

31 There is, perhaps, no surer mark of folly, than an attempt to correct the natural infirmities of those we love. FIELDING.

The Golden Book Magazine

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An Instrument of the Gods

By LINCOLN COLCORD

Lincoln Colcord

I

"THE longer I live," said Nichols from the darkness of his corner, "the less of difference I see between the East and the West. I've been listening closely to you fellows. We are fond of saying that we don't understand the Oriental; but, let me ask you, do we fully understand our best friends—even ourselves? Whose fault is it? Or, failing to understand the Oriental, is it logical for us to consign him to a different sphere of human nature? Of course, it's the easiest way to dodge the real answer. . . ."

The old *Omega* had drifted past Green Island that morning, dropping anchor a little later among the fleet off Stonecutter's; and after dinner, moved by a common impulse, we had called our sampans and joined Nichols under her spacious awning. There, with the broad land-locked harbour of Hong Kong under a half moon reflecting the perfect outline of the Peak, talk had wandered lazily along the range of our shipping activities, to reach at last, as it always did in such company, that world-old problem of the races of men.

"I think that I know the race of Chinamen," Nichols went on, while grunts of assent from several quarters of the deck gave testimony of his reputation. "Oh, yes, I know them. They are made of flesh and blood, if you'll believe me; they eat with their mouths, and think in the recesses of their skulls, just as we do. They marry, beget children, and pass through life. They love, fight, strive for gain, sin, suffer, learn lessons, regret, make restitution, are tempted by devils, struggle and triumph, or give up in despair, and finally die with their years and their secrets on their heads. The same old conscience pursues them. Yes,

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they are eaten up, like us, by the savage and devastating contest with self, the flesh and the spirit striving for the mastery; and out of the contest, like fire struck from clashing swords, come the sparks of ideas, of aspirations, of creative efforts, of wonder and joy, pain and fear, of all the infinite play of this star-spangled life of ours against the soft darkness of the unknown sky. . . . You fellows have been discussing only superficialities. At heart, you and the Oriental are the same. The Chinese are romantic, I tell you; they are heroic, they are incorrigibly imaginative. You think not? Let me tell you a tale."

Suddenly Nichols laughed, a snort that might have been of self-derision. "You won't be convinced," he chuckled. "I see it already. You'll derive from this tale, no doubt, only further confirmation of the unlikeness which you imagine. So be it. I merely warn you not to be too sure. Strip my friend Lee Fu Chang naked, for instance, destroy and forget about that long silken coat of his, embroidered so wonderfully with hills and trees and dragons, dress him in a cowboy's suit and locate him in the Rocky Mountain region of fifty years ago, and the game he played with Captain Wilbur won't seem so inappropriate. It's only that you won't expect a mandarin Chinaman to play it. You'll feel that China is too old and civilized for what he did. . . .

II

"Some of you fellows must remember the notorious case of Captain Wilbur and the ship *Speedwell*," Nichols began. "For years it was spoken of among sailors as a classic instance of nautical perfidy; and this was the port, you know, where Wilbur first brought the ship after he'd stolen her, and settled down to brazen out his crime. But few men have heard how he lost her in the end, or why he disappeared forever from the life of the sea.

"Perhaps I'd better refresh your memories; let's go back a matter of forty years. Captain Wilbur was a well-known shipmaster of those palmy days. He had commanded the *Speedwell* for a decade, and possessed a reputation for sterling seamanship and unblemished integrity. His vessel was one of the finest moderate clippers ever launched on the shores of New England. But she was growing old; and Wilbur himself had suffered serious financial reverses, although this fact wasn't known till after the escapade that estranged his friends and set our little world by the ears. He seems to have been something of a gambler in investments, and by bad judgment or ill luck had brought his fortune to the verge of ruin if not of actual disgrace This, so far as I know, stands as the sole explanation of his amazing downfall. There was nothing else the matter with him, physically or mentally, as you shall hear.

"Out of a clear sky, this was what he did: he deliberately put the *Speedwell* ashore in Ombay Pass, on a voyage home from Singapore to New York with a light general cargo, and abandoned her as she lay. I say he did it deliberately; this is the common surmise, and subsequent developments lend point to the accusation. It may have been, however, that she actually drifted ashore, and that he didn't try at the time to get her off. Whether he planned the disaster, or whether he succumbed to a temptation thrust in his face by the devil of chance, makes little difference. His plans were deliberate enough after the event.

"Within a month after sailing for home, he was back again in Singapore with his ship's company in three long boats and a tale of a lost vessel. There he remained for three months, cleaning up the business. No breath of scandal was raised against him; Ombay Pass on the turn of the monsoon had caught many a fine vessel before this one, and the account rendered by his officers and crew was straightforward and consistent. The *Speedwell*, according to the official record, had drifted ashore in a light breeze, before the unmanageable currents of that region, and had lodged on a coral reef at the top of the tide in such a position that she couldn't be got off. It was another case of total loss of ship and cargo; in those days there were no steam craft in the East to send on a mission of salvage, and the Eastern Passages were forbidden hunting ground. What they caught they were allowed to keep, with no words said and the page closed. The insurance companies stood the gaff, the ship's affairs were settled without a hitch, and the name of the *Speedwell* passed simultaneously from the Maritime Register and from the books of her owners in America. Captain Wilbur let it be known that he was going home, and left Singapore.

"It was his remarkable destiny to be the revealer of his own perfidy; he made no bones about the job. Instead of going home, he went to Batavia, and there hired a schooner and crew with the proceeds of his personal holdings in the *Speedwell*. This

schooner and crew he took immediately to Ombay Pass. They found the ship still resting in the same position. What they did there must remain a mystery; I have the tale only in fragmentary form from the Lascar who was serang of Wilbur's native crew.

"He, it would seem, was overawed by the extent of the engineering operations in which he participated; his description partook of the colour and extravagance of a myth. Alone in distant waters they had wrestled like heroes with a monstrous task; day had followed day, while the great ship remained motionless and the elements paused to observe the stupendous effort. They had unloaded the cargo; they had sent down the top-hamper and rafted it alongside; they had patched and pumped, and Wilbur himself had dived in the lower hold and under the bows to place the stoppers in their proper location. So far as I can reckon, it took them a couple of months to get her off; but, by Jove, they floated her—a magnificent feat of sailorizing. Then they loaded the cargo again, and came away.

"When Captain Wilbur appeared one morning off Batavia roadstead with the *Speedwell* under top-gallantsails, towing the schooner, it was the sensation of the port; a sensation that flew like wildfire about the China Sea, as it transpired what he intended to do with her. For he proposed, incredible and wanton as it seems, to hold the ship and cargo as salvage; and nothing, apparently, could be done about it. She actually was the property of himself and the Lascar crew.

"The crowd alongshore, everyone interested in shipping, of course turned violently against him; for a time there was wild talk of extra-legal proceedings, and Wilbur might have fared ill had he attempted to frequent his old haunts just then. But he snapped his fingers at them all. He found plenty of men who were willing to advance him credit on the security of the ship; he bought off his crew with liberal allowances, took the *Speedwell* to Hong Kong and put her in drydock, and soon was ready for business with a fine vessel of his own. Well he knew that personal repugnance wouldn't be carried to commercial lengths; that he and the ship, by cutting freights a little, could find plenty to do. As for the rest of it, the moral score, he seemed cheerfully prepared to face the music, and probably foresaw that with the passage of time he would be able to live the record down.

"The old *Omega* and I were down the China Sea on a trading voyage while these events were taking place. When we got back to Hong Kong, Wilbur had already sailed for Antwerp, leaving his story to swell the scandal and fire the indignation of the water-front. I heard it first from my friend, Lee Fu Chang.

"'An extraordinary incident, is it not?' exclaimed Lee Fu in conclusion. 'Extraordinary! I am deeply interested. First of all, I am interested in your laws. Here is a man who has stolen a ship; and your laws, it is discovered, support him in the act. But the man himself is the most interesting. It is a crowning stroke, Captain Nichols, that he has not seen fit to change the name of the vessel. Consider this fact. All is as it was before, when the well-known and reputable Captain Wilbur commanded the fine ship *Speedwell* on voyages to the East.'

"'Can it be possible?' I said. 'Isn't there some mistake? The man must have the gall of a highway robber! Does the crowd have anything to do with him?'

"'None of his old associates speak in passing; they cross the street to avoid him. He goes about like one afflicted with a pestilence. But the wonder is that he is not disturbed by this treatment. That makes it very extraordinary. He is neither cringing nor brazen; he makes no protest, offers no excuse, and takes no notice. In the face of outrageous insult, Captain, he maintains an air of dignity and reserve, like a man conscious of inner rectitude.'

"'Did you talk with him, Lee Fu?' I asked.

"'Oh, yes. In fact, I cultivated his acquaintance. The study fascinated me; it relieved, as it were, the daily monotony of virtue. In him there is no trace of humbug or humility. Do not think that he is a simple man. His heart in this matter is unfathomable . . . well worth sounding.'

"'By Jove, I believe you liked him!' I exclaimed.

"'No, not that.' Lee Fu folded his hands within the long sleeves of his embroidered coat and rested them across his stomach in a characteristic attitude of meditation. 'No, quite the opposite. I abhorred him. He seemed to me unnatural, monstrous, beyond the range of common measure. Captain, there are crimes and crimes, and it has been my lot to know men who have committed many of them. There are murder, theft, arson, treason, infidelity, and all the rest; and these, in a manner of speaking, are natural crimes. Shall we define it thus: a

natural crime is one which eventually brings its own retribution? Sooner or late if justice is not done, the natural crime works havoc with its perpetrator; it plagues his conscience, it fastens like a fungus on his soul. Through lust or passion, natural impulses, he has committed error; but he cannot escape the final payment of the price. On the other hand, there are unnatural crimes, crimes for which there is no reason, crimes requiring no liquidation; and there are unnatural criminals, feeling no remorse. Such a criminal, I take it, is this Captain Wilbur, who goes his way in peace from the betrayal of a sacred trust.'

"'Aren't you drawing it a little strong?' I laughed. 'It isn't exactly a crime. . . .'

"Lee Fu smiled quietly, giving me a glance that was a mere flicker of the eyelids. 'Perhaps not to you.' he said. 'Fixed in the mind of your race is a scale of violence by which to measure the errors of men; if no blood flows, then it is not so bad. Your justice is still a barbarian. Thus you constantly underestimate the deeper crimes, allowing your master criminals to go scathless, or even, in some instances, to prosper and win repute by their machinations. But, let me tell you, Captain, murder is brave and honourable compared to this. Consider what he did. Trained to the sea and ships, after a lifetime of honourable service to his traditions, he suddenly forsakes them utterly. Because the matter rests with him alone, because there is nothing in it for him to fear, his serenity condemns his very soul. He has fallen from heaven to hell; flagrantly, remorselessly, and without attempt at concealment or evasion, he has played false with sacred honour and holy life. It is blasphemy which he has committed; when the master of the ship is not to be trusted, the gods tremble in the sky.. So I abhor him—and am fascinated. He does not speak of his crime, of course, yet I find myself waiting and watching for a hint, an explanation. Believe me, Captain, when I tell you, that in all my talk with him I have received not a single flash of illumination; no, not one! There is no key to his design. He speaks of his ship and her affairs as other captains do. He is a tall, jovial, healthy man, with frank glances and open speech. For all that seems, he might have forgotten what went on at Ombay Pass. I swear to you that his heart is untroubled. As you would say, he does not give a damn. . . . And that is horrible.'

"A little amused at my friend's moral fervour, I adopted a bantering tone. 'Perhaps the man is innocent,' I said. 'Perhaps there's something unexplained. . . .'

"'You forget that he holds the vessel as his property—the same vessel that he himself ran on shore,' Lee Fu reminded me. 'You still are thinking, Captain, of violence and blood. No one was lost, no shots were fired . . . so, never mind. It is not vital to you that a strong man within your circle has murdered the spirit; you refuse to become excited or alarmed. . . . Wait then till actual blood flows.'

"'What do you mean by that, Lee Fu? You think . . .?'

"'I think that Captain Wilbur will bear watching. In the meantime, take my advice and study him when opportunity offers. Thus we learn of heaven and hell.'

III

"A FEW years went by, while the case of Captain Wilbur and the *Speedwell* passed through its initial stages of being forgotten. Nothing succeeds like success; the man owned a fine ship, and those who did business with him soon came to take the situation for granted. Wilbur made fast passages, kept the *Speedwell* in excellent trim, and paid his bills promptly; rumour of course had it that he was growing rich. In all probability it was true. After a while, some of his old friends were willing to let bygones be bygones; there were many more to whom the possession of a fine piece of property seemed of enough importance to cover a multitude of sins. The new fellows who came to the East and heard the tale for the first time, couldn't credit it after meeting Wilbur in the flesh. Little by little one began to see him again on the quarter deck at the evening gatherings of the fleet, or among seafaring men ashore at tiffin. When, in time, it became unwise to start the story against him, for fear of misconstruction of one's motive, it was evident that he had well-nigh won his nefarious match against society.

"I'd met him a number of times, of course, during this interval, and had come to understand Lee Fu's urgent advice. Indeed, to one curious as to the habits of the human species, Wilbur compelled attention. That perfect urbanity, that air of unfailing dignity and confidence, that aura of a commanding personality, of an able ship-master among his brethren, of a man whose position in the world was secure beyond peradventure: all this could spring

from but two only spiritual conditions—either from a quiet and innocent conscience, or from a heart perfectly attuned to villainy. As he sat among us, taking up his proper word in the conversation, assuming no mask, showing no concern, it was with the utmost difficulty that one placed him as a man with a dark past, with a damnable blot on his escutcheon. So unconscious was his poise that one often doubted the evidence of memory, and found oneself going back over the record, only to fetch up point-blank against the incontestable fact that he had stolen his ship and betrayed his profession. By Jove, it seemed fantastic! Here he was, to all intents and purposes a gentleman; a likable fellow, too, in many ways. He talked well, was positive without being arbitrary, usually had a fair and generous word for the issue under discussion, never indulged in criticism; and above all, damn him, he sustained a reputation for expert mastery over this profession to which he'd dealt so foul a blow.

"'It is a triumph of character!' Lee Fu used to repeat, as we compared notes on the case from time to time. 'I think that he has not been guilty of a single minor error. His correctness is nothing short of diabolical. It presages disaster, like too much fair weather in the typhoon season. Wait and watch; mark my word, Captain, when the major error comes it will be a great tragedy.'

"'Must there be a major error?' I asked, falling into the mood of Lee Fu's exaggerated concern. 'He's carried it off so far with the greatest ease.'

"'Yes, with the greatest ease,' said Lee Fu thoughtfully. 'Yet I begin to wonder if he properly has been put to the test. See how the world protects him! Sometimes, I am appalled. It is as if we wrapped the doers of evil in cotton wool, so that not even rudeness might disturb them. He merely has maintained a perfect silence, and the world has done the rest. It has seemed more anxious to forget his crime than he to have it forgotten. So he lives with impunity, as it were. But he is not invulnerable. Life will challenge him yet . . . it must be . . . life, which is truth, and not the world. Can a man escape the anger and justice of the gods? That is why I concern myself with him—to know his final destiny.'

"'You admit, then, that he's not the incarnate criminal you once thought him,' I chaffed, unable to take the matter so deeply to heart. 'He may be only a stupid fool with a wooden face and naturally good manners. . . .'

"'Not stupid,' Lee Fu interrupted. 'Yet, on the other hand, not exceptional, not superior to life. Such faultless power of will is in itself no mean part of ability. He is, as you might say, self-centered—most accurately self-centered. But the challenge of the gods displaces the center of all. He will be like a top that is done spinning. A little breath may topple him at last. Wait and see. . . . But, for the present, it is evident that there is nothing more to be learned. The mask is inscrutable.'

"Thinking the case over at sea, I often laughed to myself over Lee Fu's intensity. Voyage followed voyage; one time when I had just come in from Bankok and was on my way from the Jetty to Lee Fu's office, I passed Captain Wilbur on the opposite side of Queen's Road. He waved a hand to me as he turned the corner; at once it flashed across my mind that I hadn't observed the *Speedwell* in the roadstead as I came in. When I had finished my business with Lee Fu, I asked him for an explanation of Wilbur's presence in Hong Kong without his vessel.

"'You are mistaken, Captain—it has little significance,' he answered with a quizzical smile. 'So, after all, you pay a little attention? The fact is, the successful Captain Wilbur has retired from active service on the sea. He is now a ship owner, nothing more, and has favoured Hong Kong above all other ports as the seat of his retirement. He resides in a fine house on Graham Terrace, and has three chair-men in white livery edged with crimson. . . . Captain Nichols, you should steal a ship.'

"'Who has gone in the *Speedwell?*' I inquired.

"'An old friend of ours, one Captain Turner,' said Lee Fu slowly, glancing in my direction.

"'Not Will Turner?'

"'The same.'

"I pursed up my mouth in a silent whistle. Will Turner in the *Speedwell!* Poor fellow, he must have lost another of his ill-starred vessels. Hard luck seemed to pursue him. One ship would be sold from under his command; several he had lost in deep water, by fire, storm or old age; another had sprung a leak in the Java Sea, to be condemned a little later when he had worked her into Batavia. A capable sailor and an honest man; yet life had afforded him nothing but a succession of

hard blows and heavy falls. Death and sorrow, too; he had buried a wife and child, swept off by cholera, in the Bay of Bengal. A dozen years before, Turner and I had landed together in the China Sea, and were thrown much in each other's company; I knew his heart, his history, some of his secrets, and liked him tremendously for the man he was.

"Watching Lee Fu in silence, I thought again of the relationship between Will Turner and this extraordinary Chinaman. I won't go into that story now, but there were overwhelming reasons why these two should think well of each other; why Lee Fu should respect and honour Captain Turner, and why Turner should consider Lee Fu his best friend. It had come about as the result of an incident of Turner's early days in the East; an incident of a ship, a rascal and a doctored charter-party, that might have turned into an ugly business save for the conduct and perspicacity of the two chief victims. It had thrown them violently together; ever since, they had kept the bond close and hidden, as became men of reserve. Probably I was the only man in the world who knew how strong it was.

"And now Turner had taken Wilbur's ship. Strange how this new development seemed to impinge on Lee Fu's fancy, how it brought the Wilbur case nearer home. The next moment, of course, the impression had passed; and I saw that, instead of marking another stroke of ill-luck for Turner, it might spell the beginning of good fortune.

"'What happened to the old *Altair?*' I asked. Turner had commanded a trading packet by that name three months before.

"'She was bought by certain parties for a storeship, and now lies moored on Kowloon-side,' answered Lee Fu. 'I was about to make a proposal to Captain Turner, when this plan came forward,' he went on, as if excusing himself. 'I did not know of it until he actually had accepted. I said everything in my power to dissuade him. . . .'

"'What's the trouble? Didn't Wilbur do the right thing by him?' I asked.

"'Captain, you are perverse. The business arrangement is immaterial. It is unthinkable that our friend should command a ship for such a man. The jealous gods have not yet shown their hand.'

"'Nonsense, Lee Fu!' I exclaimed, finding myself irritated at the out-cropping of the old conceit. 'Since the thing is done, hadn't we better try to be practical in our attitude?'

"'Exactly,' said Lee Fu. 'Let us be practical. . . . Captain Nichols, is it impossible for the Caucasian to reason from cause to effect? There seems to be no logic in your design—which explains many curious facts of history. I merely have insisted, in our consideration of this case, that a man who would do one thing would do another, and that sooner or later life inevitably would present him with another thing to do.'

"'But I've known too many men to escape what you call destiny,' I argued peevishly.

"'Have you?' inquired Lee Fu.

"He said no more, and we went out to tiffin.

IV

"THAT year I plunged into the Malay Archipelago for an extended cruise, was gone seven months among the islands, and wasted another month coming up the China Sea in order to dodge the tail-end of the typhoon season. But luck favoured me, of course, since I wasn't in a hurry; and so it happened that for the last three hundred miles across from Luzon I raced with a typhoon after all, beating it to an anchorage in Hong Kong by a margin of twelve hours. It was an exceptionally late storm; and the late ones, you know, are the least dependable in their action. Typhoon signals were flying from the Peak as I came in; before the *Omega's* sails were furled the sky to the eastward had lowered and darkened like a shutter, and the wind had begun to whip in vicious gusts across the harbour.

"I went ashore at once, for I carried important papers from Lee Fu's chief agent in the islands. When I reached his outer office, I found it full of gathering gloom, although it still was early afternoon. Sing Toy immediately took in my name. In a moment I was ushered into the familiar room where my friend sat beside a shaded lamp, facing a teakwood desk inlaid with ivory and invariably bare, save for a priceless Ming vase and an ornament of old green bronze.

"'Back again, Lee Fu,' I said, placing the island letters on the desk before him. 'And just in time, it seems.' A rising gust outside whined along the street.

"He paid no attention to my greeting or the letters. 'Sit down, Captain,' he said. 'I have bad news.'

"'Yes?' I queried, somewhat alarmed at

the vagueness of the announcement. So far as I was aware, no matter that we shared between us could result in 'bad news,' said in such a tone.

"Folding his hands across his stomacn and slightly bowing his head, he gazed at me with a level up-turned glance that without betraying expression carried by its very immobility a hint of deep emotion.

"'It is as I told you,' he said at last. 'Now, perhaps, you will believe.'

"'For Heaven's sake, what are you talking about?' I demanded. 'Tell me instantly what is wrong.'

"He nodded slowly. 'There is plenty of time—and I will tell. It often is said that the season which brings a late typhoon, as now, also is ushered in by an early typhoon. So it was this season. A very severe storm came down before its time, and almost without warning. . . . It was this storm into whose face our late friend Captain Turner took his ship, the *Speedwell*, sailing from Hong Kong for New York some four months ago.'

"'You don't mean that Turner has lost her?'

"'I regret to inform you, yes. Also, he has lost himself. Three days after sailing, he met the typhoon outside, and was blown upon a lee shore two hundred miles along the China Coast. In this predicament, he cut away his masts and came to anchor. But his ship would not float, and accordingly sank at her anchors. . . .'

"'Sank at her anchors!' I exclaimed. 'How could that be? A tight ship never did such a thing.'

"'Nevertheless, she sank there in the midst of the storm, and all on board perished. Afterwards, the news was reported from shore, and the hull of the *Speedwell* was discovered in ten fathoms of water. There has been talk of trying to save the ship; and Captain Wilbur himself, her owner, in a diver's suit, has inspected the wreck. Surely, he should be well-fitted to save her again, if it were possible! He says no, and it is reported that the insurance companies are in agreement with him. That is, they have decided that he cannot turn the trick a second time.' Lee Fu's voice dropped to a rasping tone. 'The lives, likewise, cannot be saved.'

"I sat for some moments in silence, gazing at the green bronze dragon on the desk. Turner gone? A friend's death is shocking, even though it makes so little difference. And between us, too, there had been a bond. . . . I was thinking of the personal loss, and had missed the significance of Lee Fu's phraseology. I looked up at him blankly; found him still regarding me with up-turned eyes, his chin sunk lower on his breast.

"'That is not all,' he said suddenly.

"I sat up as if under the impact of a blow. Across my mind raced thoughts of all that might happen to a man on that abandoned coast. 'What more?' I asked.

"'Listen, Captain, and pay close attention. I have investigated with great care, and am fully satisfied that no mistake has been made. You must believe me. . . . Some weeks after the departure and loss of the *Speedwell*, word came to my ears that a man had a tale worth hearing. You know how information reaches me, and that my sources run through unexpected channels among my people. This man was brought; he proved to be a common coolie, a lighter-man who had been employed in the loading of the *Speedwell*. Note how a slight chance may lead to serious occasions. This coolie had been gambling during the dinner hour, and had lost the small sum that he should have taken home as the product of several days' labour. Like many, he feared his wife, and particularly her mother, who was a shrew. In a moment of desperation, as the lighter was preparing to leave the vessel for the night, he escaped from the others and secreted himself in the *Speedwell's* lower hold, among the bales of merchandise. What he planned is hard to tell; it does not matter.

"'This happened while yet the ship's lower hold was not quite filled,' Lee Fu went on after a pause. 'The coolie, as I said, secreted himself in the cargo, well forward, for he had entered by the fore hatch. There he remained many hours, sleeping, and when he awoke, quietness had descended on the deck above. He was about to climb into the between-decks, the air below being heavy with the odours of the cargo, when he heard a sound on the ladder which led down from the upper deck. It was a sound of quiet steps, mingled with a faint metallic rattling. In a moment a foot descended on the floor of the between-decks, and a lantern was cautiously lighted. The coolie retreated quickly to his former hiding place, from which post he was able to see all that went on.'

"Again Lee Fu paused, as if lingering in imagination over the scene. 'It seems that this late and secret comer into the hold of the *Speedwell* was none other than her owner, Captain Wilbur,' he slowly resumed. 'The coolie knew him by face; a distant

cousin once had been in the employ of the Wilbur household, and the man already was aware whose ship it was. Most of the inner facts of life are disseminated through the gossip of servants, and are known to a wide circle. Furthermore, as the lighter had been preparing to depart that evening, this coolie had seen the owner come on board in his own sampan. Afterwards, through my inquiries among sampan-men and others, I learned that Captain Turner had spent that night on shore. It was Captain Wilbur's custom, it seems, frequently to sleep on board his ship when she lay here in port; the starboard stateroom was kept in readiness for him. So he had done this night—and he had been alone in the cabin.'

"'What was he doing in the hold with a lantern?' I asked, unable to restrain my impatience.

"'Exactly . . . you shall hear. I was obliged to make certain deductions from the story of the coolie, for he was not technically acquainted with the internal construction of a vessel. Yet what he saw was perfectly obvious to the most ignorant eye. . . . Have you ever been in the lower hold of the *Speedwell*, Captain Nichols?'

"'No, I haven't.'

"'But you recall the famous matter of her bow-ports, do you not?'

"'Yes, indeed. I was in Singapore when they were cut.'

"The incident came back to me at once, in full detail. There had been a cargo of ironwood on the beach, destined for the repair of a temple somewhere up the Yang-tsi-kiang; among it were seven magnificent sticks of timber, each over a hundred feet in length and forty inches square at the butt—these were for columns, I suppose. It had been necessary to find a large ship to take this cargo from Singapore to Shanghai; the *Speedwell* finally had accepted the charter. In order to load the immense column-timbers, she had been obliged to cut bow-ports of extraordinary size; fifty inches in depth, they were, and nearly seven feet in width, according to my recollection—the biggest bow-ports on record.

"'It has been my privilege,' Lee Fu went on, 'to examine the fore-peak of the *Speedwell* when these ports were in and her hold was empty. I once had chartered the ship, and felt alarmed for her safety until I had seen the interior fastenings of those great windows which, when she was loaded, looked out into the deep sea. But my alarm was groundless. There was a most ingenious device for strengthening the bows where they had been weakened by the cutting of the ports. Four or five timbers had been severed; but these had been reproduced on the port itself, and the whole was fashioned like a massive door. It lifted upward on immense wrought iron hinges, a hinge to every timber; when it was lowered in place, gigantic bars of iron, fitted into brackets on the adjoining timbers, stretched across its inner face to hold it against the impact of the waves. At the bottom there were additional fastenings. Thus the port, when tightly caulked from without, became an integral part of the hull; I was told, and could believe it, that there never had been a trace of leakage from her bows. Most remarkable of all, I was told, when it became necessary to lift these ports for use, the task could easily be accomplished by two or three men and a stout watch-tackle. . . . This, also, I am prepared to believe.'

"There seemed to be a general drift to Lee Fu's rambling narrative, but I hadn't yet caught sight of a logical *dénouement*. 'To resume the story of the coolie,' he continued, with exasperating deliberation. 'This, in plain language, is what he saw. Our friend, Captain Wilbur, descended into the lower hold, and worked his way forward to the fore-peak, where there was little cargo. There he laboured with great effort for several hours; you will recall that he is a vigorous man. He had equipped himself with a short crowbar, and carried a light tackle wrapped about his body beneath the coat. The tackle he loosened and hung to a hook above the middle of the port; I take it that he had brought this gear merely for the purpose of lowering easily the iron cross-bars, so that they would make no noise. Had one fallen. . . .'

"'Good God, Lee Fu, what are you trying to tell me?'

"'Merely occurrences. Many quite impossible things, Captain, nevertheless get themselves done in the dark, in secret places, out of sight and mind. . . . So, with the short crowbar he little by little pried loose the iron braces to the port, slinging them in his tackle and dropping them softly one by one into the ship's bottom. It was a heavy task; the coolie said that sweat poured from the big man like rain. Yet he was bent upon accomplishment, and persevered until he had done the job. Later he removed all the

additional port fastenings; last of all he covered the cross-bars with dunnage, and rolled against the bow several bulky bales of matting to conceal the crime. . . . Captain, when the *Speedwell* sailed from Hong Kong on her last voyage in command of our honoured friend, one of her great bow-ports below the water hung on its hinges without internal fastenings, held in place only by the tightness of the caulking. The first heavy sea. . . .'

"'Can it be possible?' I said through clenched teeth.

"'Oh, yes, so easily. It happened, and has become a part of life. As I told you, I have investigated with scrupulous care; my men dare not bring me lies.'

"I still was trying to get my bearings, to grasp a clew. 'But why should he do it, Lee Fu? Had he anything against Turner?'

"'Not at all. You do not seem to understand. He was tired of the vessel, and freights were becoming very poor. He wanted the insurance. He now assures himself that he had no thought of disaster; one hardly could foresee an early typhoon. He had it in mind for the ship to sink discreetly, in pleasant weather, so that all hands might escape. . . . Yet he was willing to run the chance of wholesale murder. Remember how he sweat at the task, there in the fetid air of the lower hold. It was absentee murder, if you will; he did not contemplate, he was not forced to contemplate, the possible results of his act on the lives of others. . . . What do you think now, Captain, of a man who will betray his profession?'

"I got up abruptly and began pacing the floor. The damnable affair had made me sick at heart, and a little sick at the stomach. What to think?—what to believe? It seemed incredible, fantastic; there must be some mistake. . . . While I was pacing, Lee Fu changed his position. He faced the desk, stretched out an arm, and put his palm flat down on the polished surface.

"'Thus the gods have struck,' he said, in that changeless voice that seemed an echo of the ages. 'There is blood at last, Captain—twenty-seven lives, and among them one dear to us—enough even to convince one of your race that a crime had been committed. But my analysis was seriously in error. The criminal, it seems, is destined not to suffer. He continues to go about carried by three men in white and crimson livery, his belly full of food and wine. Others have paid the price. Instead of toppling, his life spins on with renewed momentum. My query has been answered; he has escaped the gods.'

"'Can't you rip the case open, jostle his security? Isn't there some way. . . .?'

"'No way,' said Lee Fu with a shake of the head. 'You forget the fine principle of extra-territoriality, which you have so kindly imposed on us by force of arms. Captain Wilbur is not subject to Chinese justice; your own courts have exclusive jurisdiction over him, his kind, and all their works. No, Captain, he is amply protected. What would I accomplish in your courts with this fanciful accusation, and for witnesses a coolie and a sampan-man?'

"I continued to pace the floor, thinking dark thoughts. There was a way, of course . . . between man and man; but such things aren't done any longer by civilized people. We're supposed not to go about with firearms, privately meting out justice. We are domesticated. Whatever the thoughts I might have harboured, in the first anger of the realization of wrong, I knew very well that I wouldn't act on them. Lee Fu was right, there was nothing to be done; the man had made good his escape from the hand of destiny.

"Pacing rapidly, as if pursued by a veritable phantom of crime, and oblivious to everything but the four walls of the room, I nearly floored the chief clerk, Sing Toy, as he pattered in with a message from the outer office. He ducked, slipped behind the lamp, and began whispering in Lee Fu's ear.

"'*Ah!*' exclaimed Lee Fu sharply.

"I started, whirled around in my tracks. His voice had lost the level, passive tone; it had taken on the timbre of action. Suddenly, with a quick rustle of silken garments, he stood up behind the desk; the abrupt motion threw his shadow across the floor and up the opposite wall. With a subtle thrill of anticipation, I felt the profound psychic change that had come over my friend. The very air of the room had quickened before that single exclamation, as if a cold breeze had blown through. . . . A breeze, indeed, was at that moment trying hard to find an entrance; the absolute silence of the room brought out in sharp relief the tumult outside, the hoarse voice of the rising gale. We stood as if listening. I looked at Lee Fu, caught his eye. It was charged with energy and purpose, with something like relief—like the eye of a man who has made up his mind

after a long period of bewilderment who begins to understand. . . .

"'Send him in, alone,' he said in Chinese to Sing Toy, now at the outer door.

"'Who is it?' I asked hoarsely.

"'The man we have been speaking of.'

"'Wilbur? What the devil . . . ?'

"'He merely dropped in as he was passing, to make a call,' said Lee Fu, speaking rapidly. 'So he thinks—but I think otherwise.' Leaning forward across the desk, he fixed me with an extended arm that trembled slightly before it found its aim. 'Keep silence,' he commanded. 'Beware of word or glance. This chanced by predestination. We are on the threshold of the gods.'

V

"Lee Fu remained standing as Captain Wilbur entered the room. His hurried admonition still rang in my ears: 'Keep silence—beware of word or glance!' But I couldn't have spoken; had I opened my mouth just then, it would have been only to emit a snarl of anger. To beware of glances was a different matter. The task might be easy enough for Lee Fu, with that perfect self-control of his that extended to the last nerve of his eyelids and the last muscle of his finger-tips; but for my part I was spiritually incapable, as it were, of keeping rage and abomination out of my eyes. I stood as if rooted to the floor, gazing point-blank at Wilbur with a stare that must have made him wonder as to my sanity. For, of course, he hadn't the slightest suspicion that we knew what we knew.

"'Good afternoon, Captain Wilbur,' said Lee Fu blandly. 'Do you seek refuge from the storm? . . . I think you are acquainted with Captain Nichols, of the bark *Omega*. He arrived this morning from the Celebes.'

"'Oh, how do you do, Nichols,' said Wilbur, advancing down the room. 'I've missed you around town for a good while, it seems to me. So you've been off on one of your famous exploring trips? Then you'll have a lot to tell us. I suppose you had the usual assortment of romantic and tragic adventures?'

"I drew back behind the desk, to escape shaking his hand. 'No,' I answered, 'nothing like the adventure that awaited me here.'

"He settled himself in a chair, directly in range of the light; smiled, and lifted his eyebrows. 'So? Well, I can believe you. This office, you know, is the heart of all adventure. The most romantic room in the East—presided over by the very genius of romance.' He bowed toward Lee Fu, and touched a match to a long Manila. 'Genius, or demon, which is it, now?' he chuckled, his eyes twinkling from Lee Fu to me.

"'You honour me, Captain,' interposed Lee Fu quickly, cutting me off from the necessity of speaking. 'If, indeed, you do not flatter. I merely observe and live. It is life which may be called the heart of all adventure—life, with its amazing secrets that one by one transpire into the day, and with its enormous burden of evil that weighs us down like slaves.'

"Wilbur laughed. 'Yes, that's it, no doubt. But there's some good, too, Lee Fu—plenty of good. Don't be a pessimist. Yet you're right enough in a way; the evil always does manage to be more romantic.'

"'Much more romantic,' observed Lee Fu. 'And the secrets are more romantic still. Consider, for instance, the case of a man with a dark secret which by chance has become known, though he is not aware of the fact. How infinitely romantic! He feels secure; yet inevitably it will be disclosed. When, and how? Such a case would be well worth watching . . . as the great poet had in mind when he wrote, "Murder will out."'

"The winged words made no impression on their mark. Wilbur met Lee Fu's glance frankly, innocently, with interest and even with a trace of amusement at the other's flight of fancy. The full light of the lamp illuminated his features; the least fleeting expression couldn't have escaped us. By Jove, he was superb; the damned rascal hadn't a nerve in his body. To be sure, he still had no suspicion, and attributed Lee Fu's shaft to a mere chance; yet this very factor of safety lent additional point to the finish of his dissimulation. He might at least have indulged himself in a start, a glance, a knitting of the eyebrows; his conscience, or his memory, if he hadn't a conscience, might have received a faint surprise. But his watchfulness must have been unfailing, automatic. Or was it that a reminder of his appalling crime woke no echo at all in his breast?

"I examined him closely. Above a trimmed brown beard his cheeks showed the ruddy colour of health and energy; his eyes were steady, his mouth was strong and clean, a head of fine gray hair surmounted a high forehead; the whole aspect of his countenance was pleasing and dignified. He had good hands, broad yet closely knit, and ruddy with the same glow of health that

rose in his face. He was dressed neatly in a plain blue serge suit, with square-toed russet shoes encasing small feet, a dark bow-tie at his throat, and a narrow gold watch chain strung across his vest. Sitting at ease, with an arm thrown over the chair-back and one ankle resting on the other knee, he presented a fine figure of a man, a figure that might have been that of a prosperous and benevolent merchant, a man who had passed through the world with merit and integrity, and now was enjoying his just reward.

"He gave a hearty laugh. 'For the Lord's sake, you fellows, come on out of the gloom!' he cried. 'A pretty state of mind you seem to have worked yourselves into, hobnobbing here behind closed doors. I drop in for a chat, and find a couple of blue devils up to their ears in the sins of humanity. Nichols, over there, is just as bad as the other; he's scarcely opened his mouth since I came in. What's the matter? . . . You have to fight these moods, you know,' he quizzed. 'It doesn't do to let them get the upper hand.'

"'It is the mood of the approaching storm,' said Lee Fu quietly. 'We have been speaking of typhoons, and of the fate which they sometimes bring to men.'

"A fiercer squall than the last shook the building; it passed in a moment, ceasing suddenly, as if dropping us somewhere in mid-air. Wilbur was the first to speak after the uproar.

"'Yes, it's going to be another terror, I'm afraid. A bad night to be on the water, gentlemen. I wouldn't care to be threshing around outside, now, as poor Turner was such a short time ago.'

"I could have struck him across the mouth for the shocking callousness of the words. A bad night outside! He dared to speak of it; he, sitting there so comfortably, so correctly, alive and well, glad to be safe in port and sorry for those afloat—the same remorseless devil who had sent Turner to his doom.

"Lee Fu's voice fell like oil on a breaking sea. 'All signs point to another severe typhoon. But, as I was telling Captain Nichols, these late storms often are irregular—like the early ones. . . . It happened, Captain Wilbur, that the loss of the *Speedwell* was the subject which we were discussing when you came in.'

"'Too bad—too bad,' said Wilbur soberly, as if overcome by thoughts of the disaster. 'You were away, Nichols, weren't you? Of course!—then you've just heard of it. It was a bad week here, I can tell you, after the news came in. I never shall forget it. . . . Well, we take our chances. . . .'

"'Some of us do, and some of us don't,' I snapped.

"'That's just the way I felt about it, at the time,' he said simply. 'I didn't feel right, to have both feet on the ground. Seemed as if there must have been something we could have done, something we had neglected. It came home hard to me.'

"My jaw fairly dropped as I listened to the man. Something he had neglected? . . . Was it possible that he liked to talk about the affair? He didn't seem anxious to turn the conversation.

"'Captain Nichols and I were wondering,' observed Lee Fu, 'why it was that the *Speedwell* did not remain afloat, after she had cast her anchors. Neither of us can recall another incident of the kind. What is your opinion, Captain Wilbur; you have examined the hull, as it lies on the bottom.'

"'It isn't a matter of opinion,' Wilbur answered. 'Haven't I told you?—I thought I'd seen you since the inspection. I put on a diver's suit, you know, Nichols, and went down. . . . Why, the simple explanation is, her starboard bow-port in the lower hold is stove in. It must have happened after she came to anchor. She lay there just scooping up water at every plunge—filled and sank as she lay. I've always been afraid of those big bow-ports; the moment I heard of the peculiar circumstances of the disaster, I knew in my heart what had happened.'

"'Did you?' inquired Lee Fu, with a slight hardening of the voice. 'Strange—but so did I.'

"Wilbur gazed at him questioningly, knitting his brows. 'Oh, yes, I remember. I was wondering how you happened to think of her bow-ports. But you told me that you had examined them. . . .'

"'Yes, I examined them. . . . Captain Wilbur, have you collected your insurance money?' The question came with an abruptness that marked a change of tactics; to me, who knew Lee Fu so well, it obviously marked the first turning point in some as yet impenetrable plan.

"Wilbur frowned and glanced up sharply, very properly offended. The next moment he had decided to pass it off as an instance of alien manners. 'As a matter of fact, I've just cleaned up to-day,' he replied brusquely. "Had my final settlement with Lloyd's this morning—and did a silly thing, as a fellow will sometimes. You know, they had a package of large denomination

bank notes in the office, crisp, wonderful looking fellows; I took a sudden fancy for them, and in a moment of childishness asked to have my money in that form. They chaffed me a good deal, but I stuck to it. You'd hardly believe, would you, that a fellow would be such a fool? I can prove it to you, though; I've got those bills in my pocket now. By Jove, that reminds me—what time is it getting to be? I must leave them at the bank before it closes.'

"'What is the total amount of the bank notes which you have in your possession?' asked Lee Fu in a level tone that carried its own insult.

Wilbur plainly showed his astonishment now. 'The total amount? . . . Well, if you want all the details, I have about forty thousand dollars in my pocket. I'm not aware, however, that it's any concern of yours. . . .'

"Lee Fu shot at me a stare full of meaning; it might have been a look of caution, or a glance of triumph. I was expected to understand something; but for the life of me I couldn't catch the drift of the situation. Confused by the terrific struggle to keep my mouth shut, I only sensed that a crisis was impending.

"'As I was saying, I once examined the bow-ports of the *Speedwell*,' Lee Fu calmly resumed. 'At that time, I satisfied myself as to their construction; unlike you, Captain Wilbur, I could not be afraid of them. When properly fastened, they were impregnable to any danger of the sea. . . . And I remember, Captain, that it occurred to me, as I examined their fastenings, how easily these ports could be loosened from within, by one desiring to sink the vessel. The iron cross-bars could be lifted from their brackets by a single strong man; with a small tackle they could be dropped without noise into the bottom. No one need know of it; and, lo, the ship would sail to meet her destiny riding on the waves. Has the thought ever occurred to you, Captain Wilbur?'

"Wilbur's air of mingled repugnance and perplexity was innocence itself. 'I can't say that it has,' he answered shortly. 'Your imagination is a little morbid, Lee Fu—I won't say worse. Who would want to sink the *Speedwell*, I'd like to know?'

"'Who, indeed?' observed Lee Fu, staring at Wilbur with a steady, biting gaze. As he stared, he reached out slowly with his right hand and opened the top drawer of the desk. Suddenly he stood up. The hand held a revolver, which pointed with an unwavering aim at Wilbur's breast.

"'If you move from your chair, Captain, I will shoot you dead, and your end will never be known,' he said rapidly, throwing a cold determination into his voice. 'It is time we came to an understanding, for the day wanes.'

"Wilbur uncrossed his legs, leaned forward, and looked at Lee Fu narrowly. 'What's the joke?' he demanded.

"'A joke that will be clear as time goes on—like one you played with bow-ports on my friend. . . . Captain, we are about to go on a journey. Will you join us, Captain Nichols, or will you remain on shore?'

"The question was perfunctory; whatever was in the wind, Lee Fu knew that my decision rested in his hands. I stood up—for until now I'd been chained to my chair by the amazing turn of the moment.

"'Bow-ports? . . . ' Wilbur was saying. 'Put that gun down. What in hell do you mean?' He started to rise.

"'Sit down!' commanded Lee Fu. 'I mean that I will shoot. This is not play.' Their eyes met in a sharp struggle, which Lee Fu won. Wilbur sank back, angry and confused.

"'Are you crazy, Lee Fu?' he growled. 'What is it—do you want to rob me? What's the meaning of this nonsense, Nichols? Have both of you gone mad?'

"'No, Captain,' interposed Lee Fu. 'But we have found a man who wanted to sink the *Speedwell*, and we wish to observe him under certain conditions. . . . Is it possible that you do not as yet comprehend that I share your secret? You were seen, Captain, that black and cruel night in the forepeak; and those details, also, are known to me. It is needless to dissemble longer.'

"'That night in the forepeak? . . . For God's sake, Lee Fu, what are you talking about? Nichols, this is too ridiculous! Tell me the answer, and get it over with.'

"'Ah!' exclaimed Lee Fu with something like satisfaction. 'You are worthy of the occasion, Captain. It will be most interesting.'

"He slapped his palm sharply on the desk; Sing Toy appeared at the door as if by a mechanical arrangement. 'Bring oilskin coats and hats for three,' Lee Fu commanded. 'Also send in haste to my cruising sampan, with orders to prepare for an immediate journey. Have water and food supplied for a week. We come within the half-hour, and will sail without delay.'

"'Master!' protested Sing Toy breathlessly—their words, in rapid Chinese, were

wholly unintelligible to Wilbur. 'Master, the typhoon!' He glanced at the revolver in Lee Fu's hand, then raised his eyes to the wall that smothered the tumult of the gale.

"'I know, fool,' answered Lee Fu. 'I am neither deaf nor blind. But it is necessary to sail. Go, quickly; do as I say.'

"He sat down, resting the revolver on the corner of the desk, and resumed his former tone of bland conversation. 'I am sorry, gentlemen, that the rain already has come; but there is water also below, as Captain Wilbur should be well aware. Yes, it was destined from the first that this should be a wet journey. Yet it will be possible still to breathe; not quite so bad as solid water all around, where after a grim struggle one lies at rest, neither caring nor remembering. . . . Captain Wilbur, attend to what I say. We go from this office to my sampan, which lies moored at the bulkhead, not far away. During the walk, you will precede us. I will hold my revolver in my hand—and I am an excellent shot. If you attempt to escape, or to communicate with any passerby—if you call for help, or even disclose by your manner the strangeness of the occasion—you will immediately be dead. Bear this in mind. And do not think that I would fear the consequences; we will pass through Chinese streets, where action of mine would not be questioned.'

"'Damn you!' Wilbur burst out. 'What crazy nonsense are you up to? Nichols, will you permit this? Where are you taking me?'

"'Never mind,' replied Lee Fu. 'As for Captain Nichols, he knows, if anything, less than you do about it. He, also, is at my mercy. . . . Ah, here are the raincoats. Put one on, Captain Wilbur; you will need it sorely before your return. Now we must hurry. I would be clear of the harbour before darkness entirely falls.'

VI

"Issuing from the doorway, the gale caught us with a swirl that carried us around the corner and down a side street before we could get our breath. 'To the right,' Lee Fu shouted. Wilbur, lurching ahead, obeyed sullenly. We came about and made for the water front through the fringe of the Chinese quarter—the most remarkable trio, perhaps, that ever had threaded those familiar thoroughfares. Few people were abroad; a Chinaman now and then scurried to cover in our path, and more infrequently we caught sight of a stray European in the distance, called out somewhere by the exigencies of business.

"Overhead, the sky had settled low on the slope of the Peak, cutting off the heights from view; it presented the aspect of a heavy leaden roof, spreading above the mainland to northward, fitting tight along the horizon, and seeming to compress the whole atmosphere. Torrents of rain fell from the frequent squalls; the running water in the streets spurted about our ankles. We floundered on, enveloped in a sort of gray gloom like that of an eclipse. When we reached the harbour, the face of the bay had undergone a sinister change; its yellow-green waters were lashed into sickly foam, and shrouded by an unnatural gleaming darkness. A distant moaning sound ran through the upper air, vague yet distinctly audible. It was evident to the practiced eye that the southern margin of the typhoon wasn't far away; with the wind in this quarter, its center was headed straight in our direction.

"As we staggered along the quay, my thoughts worked rapidly. The wind and the open had cleared my mind as to the swift events of the last half-hour; I began to sense the plan, now, and immediately recognized the dangerous nature of the undertaking on which we'd embarked. It was to be a game of bluff, in which we would have to risk our lives if the other held his grounds. I'd seen Lee Fu in action; I knew that he would hesitate at nothing, since his face was committed to the enterprise.

"I edged towards him. 'Will you go on the water?' I asked close to his ear.

"He nodded, keeping his eyes fixed on Wilbur.

"'But it can't be done,' I told him. 'A boat won't live. . . .'

"'There always is a definite alternative,' he replied.

"'Yes, that she sinks.'

"'Exactly.'

"I drew away, reviewing the details once more. All at once, in a flash of enlightenment, the greatness of the occasion came to me. By Jove!—Lee Fu had taken the matter into his own hands, he had stepped in where the gods were impotent. But not rudely, as men are apt to do in sudden passion; not with blood and vengeance, an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth. No, he had observed the divine proprieties; had recognized that if he presumed to act for the gods, he must throw his own life as well into the balance. He himself must run every risk. It was for them, after all, to

make the final choice. His part was to force action on the gods.

"I gazed at him in wonder—and with more than a flurry of alarm. He advanced stiffly against the storm, walking like an automaton; his expression was absolutely inscrutable. Beneath the close-pulled rim of a black sou'wester his smooth, oval countenance looked ridiculously vacant, like the face of a placid moon. He was the only calm object in earth, sea, or sky against the lashing rain, the dancing boats, the scudding clouds, the hurried shadows of appearing and vanishing men, he stood out solidly, a different essence, the embodiment of mind and will. Only these could have been superior to the grosser temptation; only these could have met the test, and risen to the awful stratagem.

"And how was it with Wilbur, off there in the lead? He, too, walked stiffly, wrapped in thought. Once he turned around, as if to come back and speak to us; then whirled with a violent movement of decision and plunged on into the rain. He must have known, by now, what it was all about, if not what to expect. He must have known that his crime had been discovered. Yet he had made no break; in no particular had he given himself away. What had he been about to say?—what had he decided? To hold on, of course, maintain the bluff—for he could not believe that we knew all. Would he confess, when he faced death on the water? How long would he hold on?

"Observing his broad back, his commanding figure, that looked thoroughly at home in its oilskin coat and leaning against the storm, it came to me that he would put up a desperate defense before he succumbed. He, too, was a strong man, and no part of a coward; he, too, in a different way, was a superior being, the embodiment of mind and will. I didn't under-estimate him. Indeed, he was worthy of the occasion and of his adversary. It was to be a battle of the giants, with typhoon for background and accompaniment.

"Then, for an instant, my own spirit went slump with the realization of what might lie ahead, and a great weakness overcame me. I edged again toward Lee Fu.

"'My God, suppose the man really is innocent?' I cried. 'He hasn't turned a hair. . . .'

"Lee Fu gave me a flash of the moon-face beneath the sou'wester.

"'Have no fear, my friend,' he said. 'I am completely satisfied, in regions where the soul dwells. It has begun very well.'

VII

"When we reached the sampan, lying under a weather shore beneath the bulkhead, we found a scene of consternation. Lee Fu's orders had arrived and been executed; yet the men couldn't believe that he actually meant to sail. Gathered in a panic-stricken group on the fore-deck of the sampan, they chattered like a flock of magpies; their gleaming wet bodies writhed in wild gestures under the half-light. As they caught sight of us, they swarmed across the bulkhead and fell at Lee Fu's feet, begging for mercy.

"'Up, dogs!' he cried. 'There is no danger. I shall steer; and it is necessary that we go. If any would remain, let them depart now, with no tale to tell. Let those who stay prepare at once for sea.'

"Not a man made a move to go; the presence and voice of the master had reassured them. Without another word, they rose and filed on board.

"I found Wilbur beside me. 'What is this madness, Nichols?' he demanded for the last time. 'Are you fool enough to go on the water in that craft? What has that lunatic been saying to the men?—I don't understand their damned lingo.'

"'He told his crew to prepare for sea,' I answered shortly. 'If he goes, we all go. He says there is no danger.'

"'Huh! You're a bigger fool than I took you for.'

"A moment later we stood together on the quarter-deck of the cruising sampan. Lee Fu took his station at the great tiller, that archaic steering arrangement worked by blocks and tackles which the Chinese cherish like the precepts of Confucius in the face of mechanical invention. The wind lulled for a moment, as the trough of a squall passed over. Lee Fu gave a few sharp orders. Moorings were cast off, a pinch of sail was lifted forward. The big craft found her freedom with a lurch and a stagger; then pulled herself together and left the land with a steady rush, skimming dead before the wind across the smooth weather reach of the harbour, quickly losing herself in the murk and spray that hung off Kowloon Point. If we were sighted from the fleet, which is extremely doubtful, we were put down as a junk that had broken adrift. Somehow Lee Fu managed to avoid the ships at anchor off Wanchi. Straight down the length of the bay he struck; in an incredibly short time we had left the harbour behind, and were whirling through the narrow gut of Lymoon Pass

before a terrific squall, bound for the open sea.

"I watched Captain Wilbur. He stood in a careless attitude at the rail in our race down the harbour, scanning the boat and the water with an air of confidence and unconcern. A slight sneer curled his lip; he had made up his mind to see the nonsense through. The sailor in him had quickly recognized that the craft would stand the weather, so long as she remained in quiet water. Probably he expected every minute that Lee Fu would change his tactics and put into some sheltered cove. . . . But when we shot through Lymoon Pass, I saw him turn and scrutinize the Chinaman closely. Darkness was falling behind the murk, the real night now; ahead of us lay a widening reach among the islands, that opened abruptly on the main body of the China Sea. We were rapidly leaving the protection of Victoria Island. Soon we would be unable to see our way. Ten miles outside a high sea was running. And with every blast of wind that held in the same quarter, the center of the typhoon was bearing down on us with unerring aim.

"These facts were as patent to Wilbur as to any of us. It was his knowledge, of course, that finally was his undoing; had he been less of a sailor, or had he been entirely ignorant of the sea, he could have resigned himself to the situation, on the assumption that those who were sailing the craft wouldn't put themselves in actual danger. Perhaps Lee Fu had realized this when he'd chosen the sea as the medium of justice; perhaps he had glimpsed the profound and subtle truth that Wilbur couldn't properly be broken save in his native environment. He knew the sea, he had trifled with it; then let him face the sea.

"The time came, just before we lost the loom of the land, when Wilbur could stand it no longer; as a sailor used to responsibility and authority, he had to speak his mind. He knew that the situation was growing very dangerous. . . . For my part, I had become convinced by now that it was irretrievable; it began to look as if we'd burned our last bridge behind us. I didn't pretend to understand; Lee Fu seemed reckless beyond measure, he apparently had given away his cards without trying to play them. One thing was certain—if some way couldn't be found to hold up this mad race immediately, we would be forced in the next five minutes to run the gauntlet of the typhoon in open water.

"Wilbur dropped aft beside Lee Fu, and made a funnel of his hands.

"'You're running to your death!' he shouted. 'Do you realize what you're doing? You've already lost Pootoy. If you can't haul up and make the lee of the Lema Islands . . .'

"'I intend to pass nowhere near them—and I know exactly what I am doing,' answered Lee Fu, keeping his eyes on the yawing bow of the sampan.

"'There's nothing to the eastward . . . no more shelter. . . .'

"'Of that I am aware.'

"'Do you know the meaning of *that?*' Wilbur pointed wildly above the stern rail, into the face of the onrushing storm.

"'I think that we will get the center of the typhoon, Captain, by noon of tomorrow.'

"Wilbur made a move as if to grasp the tiller. 'Haul up, you fool! . . .'

"A stray gleam in the gathering darkness caught the barrel of the revolver, as Lee Fu steered for a moment with one hand.

"'Beware, Captain! You are the fool; would you broach us to, and end it now? One thing alone will send me to seek the last shelter; and for that thing I think you are not ready.'

"'What?'

"'To say that you sunk the *Speedwell*, as I have indicated.'

"Wilbur gathered his strength as if to strike; his face was distorted with passion.

"'You lie, you yellow hound!'

"'Exactly. . . . Captain, be careful—come no nearer! Also, leave me now, and go away, for I have work to do. If you value your life, you will keep silence, and stay a little forward. Go, quickly! Here I could shoot you with even greater impunity.'

VIII

NICHOLS paused. "It may be that some of you fellows have never seen Lee Fu's cruising sampan," he remarked. "In reality she is more of a junk than a sampan; a sizable craft of over a hundred tons, the best product of the Chinese shipyard. Lee Fu built her for trips along the coast, where conditions of wind and weather are likely to be severe; many of his own ideas, born of an expert knowledge of ships of every rig and nationality, entered into her construction. The result distinctly is a Chinese creation, a craft that in some unaccountable way seems to reflect his own personality, that responds to his touch and works mysteriously for him. She's higher in the

bows than an ordinary junk, and a trifle lower in the stern; a broad, shallow hull, requiring a centerboard on the wind. She is completely decked over for heavy weather. In charge of any one of us, perhaps, she would be fairly unmanageable; but in Lee Fu's hands, I can assure you, she's a seaboat of remarkable attainments and a yacht of no insignificant speed.

"I had seen him handle her under difficult conditions, but never in such a pass as this. How he accomplished it was inconceivable to me. The last I saw of him that evening, he had called two men to help him at the tiller; so far, he had managed to keep the craft before the wind. . . . He continued to keep her before it throughout the night, running eastward in open water along the China coast. That is to say, he must have kept her before it—because we came through the night, alive and still afloat. But how, I cannot tell.

"For hours I was alone with the elements, surrounded by pitch blackness and the storm. I clung to a stanchion, hardly changing my position during the night, drenched by rain and spray, seeing nothing, hearing no word of my companions. The gale roared above us with that peculiar tearing sound that accompanies the body of a typhoon—a sound suggestive of unearthly anger and violence, as if elemental forces were ripping up the envelop of the universe—a sound that carries its own message of latent power, of savage impulse, of unloosed destruction. The wind gained steadily in volume; it picked up the sea in steep ridges of solid water that flung us like a chip from crest to crest, or caught us, burst above us, and swallowed us whole, as if we had suddenly sunk down a deep well. From these plunges the sampan would emerge after a long interval, like a whale coming up to blow. It seemed impossible that she could be kept running; to come into the wind, however, would have been certain disaster. Every moment I expected would be our last. Yet, as time wore on, I felt through the boat's frantic floundering, a touch of mastery. Lee Fu steered—she still was under his control.

"So we came through, and saw the dawn. A pale, watery light little by little crept across the east, disclosing a scene of terror beyond description. The face of the sea was livid with flying yellow foam; the torn sky hung closely over it like the fringe of a mighty waterfall. In the midst of this churning cauldron our little craft seemed momentarily on the point of disappearing, about to be engulfed by the sheer wrath of the elements. It was a scene to compel the eye, while the heart whined in fear for the return of darkness or the swift downfall of oblivion.

"In a lull of the storm my glance encountered Wilbur; for a long while I'd forgotten him entirely. He hung to the rail a little farther forward, gazing across the maelstrom with a fixed exhausted expression. His face was haggard; the strain of the night had marked him with a ruthless hand. As I watched him, his eyes turned slowly in my direction; he gave me an anxious look, then crawled along the rail to a place by my side.

"'Nichols, we're lost!' I heard him cry in my ear. The voice was uneven, plaintive; it made me angry, and revived a few sparks of my own courage.

"'What of it?' I cried harshly. 'Turner was lost, too.'

"'You believe that? . . .'

"I looked at him point-blank; his eyes suddenly shifted, he couldn't face me now.

"'Why don't you own up, before it's too late?' I shouted at him.

"Without answering he moved away hastily, like innocence offended. But the strong man was gone, the air of perfect confidence had disappeared; he was shattered and spent, but not yet broken. Pride is a more tenacious quality than courage; men with hearts of water, with their knees knocking together, will continue to function through self-esteem. Besides, what would have been the use now, as he saw it, to make confession? Nothing, apparently, could save us; there was no shelter, no hope in sight. . . .

"Looking above his head, where the sky and the sea met in a blanket of flying spume, I caught sight for an instant of something that resembled the vague form of a headland. Watching closely, I saw it again—unmistakably the shadow of land, broad on the port bow. . . . Land! That meant that the wind had shifted to southward, that we were being blown against the shore. And that, in turn, meant that the center of the typhoon had passed inland, behind Hong Kong, and would issue into the China Sea somewhere down the coast.

"I worked my way cautiously aft, where Lee Fu stood like a man of iron at the tiller, lashed to a heavy cross-rail that must have been constructed for such occasions. He saw me coming, leaned slightly toward me.

"'Land!' I shouted, pointing on the port bow.

"He nodded vigorously, disclosing that he'd already seen it. '. . . recognize . . .' The rest of his answer was blown away by the storm.

"By pantomime, I called his attention to the shift of wind. Again he nodded—then ducked his head in Wilbur's direction, shouting something that I couldn't quite follow. '. . . Change our tactics. . . .' was what I understood him to say.

"What did he mean by that? My mind refused to function, save in channels of fantastic conjecture. I'd gained the impression that he was disappointed at the present turn of affairs. Had he depended on the center of the typhoon for his climax? Good God, had he wanted it to catch us? As matters stood, it was only by the extreme grace of providence that we remained alive. Now, it seems, something had miscarried, we must change our tactics . . . find some new horror to take the place of the one that had passed us by.

"He beckoned me to come closer; grasping the cross-rail, I swung down beside him.

"'I know our position,' he cried in my ear. "Have no alarm, my friend. There are two large islands, and a third behind them, small like a button. Watch closely the button, while I steer. When it touches the high headland of the second larger island give me the news instantly.'

"He had hauled the junk a trifle to port as he spoke, and now with every opportunity began edging toward the land. Perilous business, in that tremendous seaway; but he executed the maneuver with infinite patience and caution, with consummate skill. Wilbur, now, had seen the land, had straightened his figure and leaned forward, watching it intently. Distances were veiled and distorted in that murky atmosphere; we were nearer to the headland than I had at first supposed. For perhaps twenty minutes we ran on, a tense new excitement tugging at our hearts. Then, as we raced before the gale, I felt the sea begin to grow calmer; glancing to windward, I saw on the horizon a fringe of spouting reefs, and realized that we'd entered the zone of their protection. The tall headland, which now revealed itself as the point of the second island, grew plainer with every moment; soon I made out the island like a button, and saw it closing rapidly on the land behind.

"'*Now!*' I shouted to Lee Fu, holding up both my arms, when the two points of land had touched.

"He swung the sampan a couple of points to starboard, discovering close beneath our bows the tip of another reef that stretched toward the land diagonally across the path of the wind. In a moment we were abreast this point of reef; a hundred yards away its spray lashed our decks, as the low-lying black rocks caught the broken wash of the storm. Another swing of the great tiller, and we had hauled up in the lee of the reef—in quiet water at last, but with the gale still screaming overhead like a defeated demon. We reached along this weather shore in a smother of spray, until we came abruptly to the little island. This we passed with a rush, and shot forward into a relatively smooth basin that lay under the protection of the high headland on the larger island.

"It was like nothing but a return from hell. The wind held us in a solid blast; but to feel the deck grow quiet, to be able to think, to speak, to hear; to see the land close aboard. . . . By Jove, we were saved!—it seemed more incredible than the adventure itself. Heads began to bob up forward, faces drawn with terror, frantic with relief—the faces of men who had lost and found a world.

"A voice spoke gruffly beside us. 'By God, I hope you're satisfied!' We turned to see Wilbur standing at the head of the cross-rail. A twitching face belied the nonchalance that he'd attempted to throw into the words. It was a new phase of the man; his former perfect poise was stripped off like a mask, revealing an inner nature without force or quality, a common empty soul. The very assumption of sang-froid, a reflex of his over-powering relief, disclosed weakness instead of strength, impotence instead of authority.

"'I don't know how we managed to come through!' he snarled. 'In the name of God, what made you try it? Nothing but luck—but now the typhoon's leaving us. We can haul up here until the blow goes down.'

"'Is that all, Captain, that you have to say?' inquired Lee Fu, his attention still riveted on the course of the sampan.

"Wilbur clutched the rail as if he would tear it from its fastenings. 'A damned sight more, you blackguards, but I'll save that for the authorities!'

"'You feel no thanks for your escape—and there is nothing on your mind?'

"'We wouldn't have needed to escape, if you hadn't gone crazy. Come, let's wind up this farce and get to anchor somewhere. I'm fagged out.'

"'No, we are going on,' said Lee Fu

calmly, making no move to bring the sampan into the wind. 'No time for rest, Captain; the journey is not over.'

"'Going on? . . .' Wilbur's glance swept the sea ahead. Until that moment, I suppose, he thought that he had won the battle; he hadn't dreamed that Lee Fu, after such a miraculous escape, would again put us all in jeopardy. He saw that, on the course we were holding, in a very brief interval we would leave the protection of the headland. What lay beyond, it was impossible to discover through the murk. He turned back fiercely; for a moment he and Lee Fu gazed deep into each other's eyes, in a grapple that gave no quarter.

"'Yes, Captain!' said Lee Fu sharply. 'We have not yet reached the spot where the *Speedwell* met her doom. I cannot waste further time in talk. Return to your station, before I am forced to threaten you again. . . . This is merely an interlude.'

IX

"SINCE that experience, I've many times examined the charts of the region where we were," Nichols went on. "But they don't begin to show the whole story. Beyond the middle island, under whose headland we'd found transitory shelter, stretched a larger island, distant some five miles from the other; between them lay the most intricate, extraordinary and terrible nest of reefs ever devised by the mind of the Maker and the hand of geologic change. No wonder the surveys haven't been completed in that region; I defy any man, in the calmest and clearest of weather, to take a craft among those reefs and come out with a whole bottom. Any man, that is, but Lee Fu Chang, who isn't in the service of the Admiralty.

"The outlying fringe of reefs that had broken our first approach ended at the middle island; beyond that, to windward, lay clear water, and the nest of reefs that I've mentioned received the full force of the wind and sea. Five miles of water stretched in mad confusion, a solid whiteness of spouting foam that seemed to generate a hideous illumination, that reflected a dingy glow into the abandoned sky. All the cataracts of the world rolled into one couldn't have matched the awful spectacle. We still were flying through quiet water; but just beyond the point of the middle island the long wind-swept rollers burst in tall columns of spray that shut off the farther view like a curtain, where the reef of rocks stood in an apparently unbroken wall.

"It was directly against the face of this wall that Lee Fu was driving the sampan. The first lift of the outside swell had begun to catch us. I held my breath, as moment by moment we cut down the margin of safety. No use to interfere; perhaps he knew what he was doing, perhaps he really had gone mad under the terrific strain of the night. As he steered, he seemed to be watching intently for landmarks; his eyes were everywhere, but more often, I noticed, on the shore to windward that rapidly changed its contour as we left it on the port quarter. Was it possible that, in this abandoned spot, he knew his bearings . . . that there was a way through? . . .

"Wilbur, at Lee Fu's command, had left us without a word. He now stood at the rail, supporting himself by main strength, facing the frightful line of the approaching reef; on his back was written the desperate struggle that went on in his soul. It bent and twisted, sagging in sudden irresolution, writhing with stubborn obduracy, straightening and shaking itself at times as a wave of firmness and confidence passed over him, only to quail once more before the sight that met his eyes. . . . He couldn't believe that Lee Fu would hold that suicidal course. Only another moment!—he kept crying to himself. Hold on a little longer! Yet the power of his will had been sapped by the long hours of night and the terrors of the dawn; and courage, which with him rested only on the sands of ostentation, had crumbled long ago.

"For my part, I was cruelly afraid. Without clear comprehension, I felt the tremendous significance of the moment, sensed that the crisis had come in the battle of the wills. One or the other of them must break now; but if it didn't happen shortly, there would be no time left in which to record the triumph. My eyes met Lee Fu's for an instant, as he swept the retreating shore. He threw some message into the glance—but I had passed beyond the range of understanding. It seemed to me that he was excited, even elated, and as calm as ever—as if he'd found those marks he had been looking for, as if he knew his ground.

"The deafening roar of the breakers filled our ears, smothering the voice of the storm like an outburst of heavy artillery. I turned away, overcome by a sickening sensation. I couldn't bear to look any

longer. Instead, I found myself watching Lee Fu. He waited tensely, peering ahead and to windward with lightning glances. A wave caught us, flung us forward. Suddenly I heard him cry out at my side in exultation, as he bore down on the tiller. The cry was echoed from forward by a loud scream that shot like an arrow through the thunder, where Wilbur had sunk beside the rail. The sampan fell off, still carried high on the crest of the wave. . . .

"Then, in a moment like the coming of death, we plunged into the reef. I have no knowledge of what took place; there are no words to tell the story. Solid water swamped us; the thunder of the surf crushed the mind. . . . But we didn't strike, there was a way through, we had crossed the outer margin of the reef. The sampan emerged from the breakers, remained afloat, slowly became manageable. The wind caught us again. Ahead stretched the suggestion of a channel. Ten minutes passed, ten minutes that seemed like as many ages, while we ran the terrible gauntlet of the reef, surrounded by towering breakers, lost in the appalling steady roar of the elements. Suddenly, without warning, we were flung between a pair of jagged ledges and launched forward bodily on the surface of an open lagoon.

"A low rocky island lay in the center of the nest of reefs, a stretch of open water to leeward of it, all completely hidden from view until that moment. The open water ran for perhaps a couple of miles; beyond that, again, the surf began in another unbroken line. It would take us ten minutes to cross this lagoon . . . another interlude.

"'Bring Captain Wilbur,' said Lee Fu in my ear.

"I crept forward, where Wilbur lay beside the rail, his arm around a stanchion. He was moaning to himself like an injured man. I kicked him roughly; he lifted an ashen face.

"'Come aft—you're wanted,' I cried.

"He followed like a whipped cur. Lee Fu, at the tiller, beckoned us to stand beside him. I pulled Wilbur up by the slack of the coat, and pinned him against the cross-rail.

"'This is the end,' said Lee Fu, speaking in loud jerks, as he steered across the lagoon. 'From this haven there is no way out, except by the way we came. That way is closed by the gale. To windward is shelter, ahead is destruction. I will seek the shelter if you will speak. If not, I shall go on. By this time, Captain, you know me to be a man of my word.'

"'You yellow devil! . . .'

"'Waste no time in recriminations. Beyond these reefs, Captain, lies the wreck of your ship, the *Speedwell*. I have brought you to see the scene. There my friend met death at your hands. You have had full time to consider. Will you join him beneath the waves, or will you return to Hong Kong? A word will save you. Remember, the moments pass very swiftly.'

"'What about yourself and Nichols?' blustered Wilbur.

"'We go, too . . . or stay . . . it makes little difference. This is a matter that you cannot understand. We do not care.'

"At this juncture, I was fated to underestimate Wilbur after all. I thought him broken; but a last flicker of obstinate pride remained, to prop his extraordinary ego. He pulled himself together again, and whirled on us.

"'I didn't do it!' he snarled. 'It's a damned, scoundrelly lie!'

"'Very well, Captain. Go forward once more, and reserve your final explanation for the gods.'

"The flicker of pride persisted; Wilbur staggered off, holding by the rail. I waited beside Lee Fu. Thus we stood, like wooden images, watching the approach of the lagoon's leeward margin. Had Lee Fu spoken truthfully—was there no way out, in that direction? I couldn't be certain. All I knew was that the wall of spouting surf was at our bows, that the jaws of death were opening again.

"Suddenly Wilbur's head snapped back; he flung up his arms in a gesture of finality, shaking clenched fists into the sky. With a thrill that tingled to my finger-tips, I realized that he was at the point of surrender. The torture had reached his vitals. He turned and floundered aft, holding his hands before his face like a man stricken blind.

"'What is it I must say?' he cried hoarsely, in a voice that by its very abasement had taken on a certain dignity.

"'You know. The truth, or nothing!'

"His face was shocking in its self-revelation; a strong man breaking isn't a pleasant object. I saw how awful had been this struggle of the wills. He came to his final decision as we watched, lost his last grip. . . .

"'I did it—as you said—you must know all about it. I suppose I sunk her—I had no intention . . . . You madman! For God's sake, haul up, before you're in the breaker's!'

"'Show me your insurance money,' said Lee Fu inexorably.

"Wilbur dug frantically in an inside pocket, produced a packet of bank notes, and held them out in a hand that trembled violently as the gale fluttered the crisp leaves.

"'Throw them overboard.'

"For the fraction of a second he hesitated; then all resolution went out in his eyes like a dying flame. He extended his arm rigidly, and loosed the notes. They were gone down the wind almost before our eyes could follow them.

"In the same instant, Lee Fu flung down the great tiller. The sampan came into the wind with a shock that threw us all to the deck. Close under our lee quarter lay the breakers, less than a couple of hundred yards away. Lee Fu made frantic signals forward, where the crew were watching us in a state of utter terror. I felt the centerboard drop; a patch of sail rose slowly on the mainmast. The boat answered, gathered headway, drove forward. . . .

"It was just in time. We had run past the low island, and couldn't hope to regain its shelter in such a blow; but a pile of tumbled rocks lay off its leeward end, carving out a small sub-zone of protection. This spot we might be able to fetch, if we managed to escape the clutch of the breakers. Escape them we did, after a hair-raising five minutes, and threw out our anchors in the most precarious berth ever afforded, with our stern brushing the very fringe of the breakers. But the anchors held; and there we rode until the storm was over.

"Wilbur lay as he had fallen after the sampan's frantic plunge. He made no move; and we, on our part, left him where he was.

X

"Two nights later, under a clear starry sky, we slipped through Lymoon Pass on the tail of the land breeze. Before we reached Wanchi, it fell flat calm. We shipped the long sweeps and began rowing; the chattering crew, who'd never expected to see Hong Kong again, fell to work willingly. The lights of the city twinkled against the Peak, the sleeping fleet swung at anchor in the land-locked harbour; all was silence and tranquillity . . . as we see it now. But that night, let me tell you, the familiar scene was invested with a poignant charm. At length we reached the bulkhead, from which we'd taken our maniac departure three days before, and settled in our berth as comfortably as if we'd just returned from a pleasure trip down the bay.

"No words were said as we came in. I sat against the bulwarks, almost afraid to move, like a man awakening to consciousness after a long siege of fever. A little forward of my position, Wilbur rose to his feet. He hadn't spoken or touched food since that tragic hour under the reefs two nights before; had spent most of his time below decks, locked in a tiny stateroom, and had come out only in the last few minutes, as if in response to the nearing sounds of the land. He stood at the rail, a figure wrapped in silence and immobility, watching them berth the sampan. Then, without a glance in our direction, he walked to the gangway and stepped ashore. On the bulkhead he paused for a moment irresolute, turning and gazing across the harbour. His form stood out plainly against a bright light up the street. It had lost those lines of vigour and alertness; it was the figure of a different and older man. A broken figure, that could never be the same. . . .

"A moment later he had lurched away, vanishing suddenly in the darkness of a side street. Three days afterward, we heard that he had taken the boat for Singapore. He hasn't been seen or heard of in this part of the world since that day.

"When he had gone, that night at the bulkhead, Lee Fu approached me; we crossed the deck of the sampan, and stood for a long while silent at the harbour rail.

"'Thank you, Captain,' he said at last. 'As I foresaw, it has been supremely interesting. For your part, I hope that you feel repaid?'

"'It's quite enough to be alive, just now,' I confessed without shame. 'I want to see a chart of that locality, Lee Fu. I want to find out what you did.'

"'Oh, that? It was not much. The gods always were with us, as you must have observed. As for the rest of it, I know that region pretty well.'

"'Evidently. . . . Did the *Speedwell* fetch up among those same reefs, or to leeward of them?'

"'The *Speedwell?* Captain, you did not believe my little pleasantry? We were nowhere near the wreck of the *Speedwell*, at any time—as Captain Wilbur should have known, had he retained his mental perspective.'

"I smiled feebly. 'Well, I didn't know it. Tell me another thing, Lee Fu. Were you bluffing, there at the last, or was there really no passage through the reef?'

"'So far as I am aware, Captain, there was no passage. I believe we were heading

for solid rock when we came into the wind.'

"The answer surprised me. 'Would you have piled us up,' I asked, 'if Wilbur hadn't given in?'

"'That is a hypothetical question. I knew perfectly well that I would not be forced to do it. I was only afraid lest, in the final anguish, Captain Wilbur might lose his seaman's judgment, and so might wait too long. That, I confess, would have been unfortunate. Otherwise, there was no especial doubt or danger.'

"'I'm glad to hear it!' I exclaimed, with a shudder of recollection. 'It wasn't apparent at the time.'

"'No, perhaps not. Time was swift, just then. I will tell you now, Captain Nichols, that I myself had begun to grow alarmed. He waited very long. He was more wilful than I had fully anticipated; a strong, determined man, and an arch-criminal. But, as it chanced, this made it the more interesting.'

"I didn't care to argue such a subtle point. 'What did you have in mind, Lee Fu,' I asked, 'before the typhoon shifted? Did you expect the center of it to catch us?'

"The question seemed to amuse him. 'Captain, I had no plan,' he explained in a puzzled tone. 'It is dangerous to make plans, or to live according to a fixed design. There was a task to be begun; the determination of its direction and result lay with the gods. It was plain to me that I had been called upon to act; beyond that I neither saw nor cared to see. Action once begun, I seized events as they came my way. . . How characteristic that you ask me for my plan! Would you have the temerity to inquire into the divine control of events? Or do you think that a man really may shape his destiny?'

"I could believe his statement only because I'd witnessed his incredible calm.

"He waved a hand toward the city. 'Come, my friend, let us sleep,' he said. 'We have earned our rest—and that is something not always won from life. But beware of over-confidence, and never plan. It is by straining to see the future that men exhaust themselves for present usefulness. It is by daring to make plans that men bring down on their heads the wrath of heaven. We are the instruments of the gods; through us, they put their own plans in operation. The only failure in life is not to hear when the gods command. In this case, however, there could have been no question; the design was too apparent. From the first, I was sure and happy. There constantly were too many propitious signs.'"

The Constant Lover

By SIR JOHN SUCKLING

OUT upon it, I have loved
Three whole days together!
And am like to love three more,
If it prove fair weather.

Time shall moult away his wings,
Ere he shall discover
In the whole wide world again
Such a constant lover.

But the spite on 't is, no praise
Is due at all to me:
Love with me had made no stays,
Had it any been but she.

Had it any been but she,
And that very face,
There had been at least ere this
A dozen dozen in her place.

About Doing Little, Lavishly

By "FREDERICK BARON CORVO"

IN EARLY summer, at the very beginning of my explorations along the eastern coast, something happened to rouse me from that lethargy into which temperamental indolence had let me slip, after my life's great disappointment.

For three weeks, I have been busier than any seven and thirty bees; thoroughly enjoying toil. Allowed to consume latent energy, I taste relief.

In this walled-city of 3,016 souls,—I will never give its name, lest puny tourists, having no necks, should come to mar its quaint and dignified simplicity with bicycles, curved spines, and chequered stockings on gross legs,—the clergy are persons of extreme discrimination. Observing something of capability, they had the wisdom, and the grace, to give it scope. Therefore they merit admiration.

The matter has been the designing of an ecclesiastical procession. That service is performed here every year on the Festival of Corpus Dominj; and, this year, finding me, with my assistants, staying in this wonderful little walled-city,—I will never give its name,—and hiding a talent under a bushel of misanthropy, the clergy had compassion.

It was Monsignore Argo Ermogene who began civilities. Having seen me with my seven divels daily, at the mass of dawn, this White Son of Hermes paid prompt visits to his new parishioners. I found him to be simpaticissimo; first, because of the angelick beauty of his gentle eyes and the rose-leaf delicate mobility of his thin lips; secondly, because he recognised the singular perfections of my creatures, their serene reserved nobility of port, their bright gravity of regard, and the antick breeding of their mien. He was one of the few brave souls who are not afraid to honour their Creator by frank admiration of His noblest works. And, when he had discovered of what unhappy species was the man to whom he spoke,—a man who hates, loves, and excruciates, sick of forced aseity,—this diplomatick prelate treated of things ecclesiastical, in general, and of the Infiorata of—let us say Città Senzanome,—in particular. Lastly, he asked me, point-blank, would I lend my boys, and design the pageant of the year?

So, for three weeks, I have been utterly happy in being useful: and, to-night, my procession has passed in the beauty of holiness from the Duomo, up the steep street of the Angels to the antient Church of The Four Holy Crowned Ones, through the Gate of the Seven Sleepers, to the Convent of Friars Minor, along the Avenue of Cypresses, and by the Gate of Santa Sumforosa to the Dominican House in the Street of the Seven Martyred Sons; thence, returning to the Duomo:—a matter of a mile, covered in two hours of bliss beyond all expression (to me).

I could not do much. I am aware of some of my limitations. I attempted little; but I reserved no cache of wit or gold, nor avid energy of soul or sinew, to give perfection to that little. I knew myself to be the very last person in all the world likely to satisfy Il Santissimo, or His worshippers. Yet, for this very reason, I grasped the opportunity of exemplifying the proverb, Εἰκὸς γίνεσθαι πολλὰ καὶ παρὰ τὸ εἰκός.[1]

Three weeks ago, I chose beautiful children from the schools, youths and maids, men and women, from trade-guilds and confraternities, six handsome courteous young officers from the citadel. To each, I gave the character of some god, some angel, with raiment and emblems proper to their estate. It was not an occasion for using ancient frumpery. I wanted all things new: and, having drawn designs, chosen textures, and cut out antick garments in accord with knowledge gained from minute secret study, I had them made. I rushed away across Apulia to Rome; where I bought jewels; and gilded rosy discs embossed upon the rims with godlike names, for haloes; and also wings—real large wings—to spring from and to cover with feathery plumage the backs of boys, and to grace their waving arms, so that they might float along the way with the lightsome gait of God His

[1] It is to be expected that many things will turn out contrary to expectation.

birds. I took nothing that I found. I drew designs, and had them made.

A procession is not a snake of frowsy nobodies huddled in couples, who scurry nervously, shamefacedly, impudently, along the middle of the road, unblushingly whining through their noses, to the Omniscient, disgraceful ditties.[1]

A procession is a visible act of worship, and demands display. Also, Holy Mother Church ordains liturgical hymns of splendour incomparable—unsurpassable. Therefore, I displayed a dignified procession on both sides of the street, with recognisable living effigies of renowned personages, who chaunted *Pange Lingua* without end. Each subject was separate from the others; each group displayed alone, coming slowly and with imposing gravity, along the wide bare strips of road-side, leaving clear the open decorated middle. On the foot-pace, citizens knelt in crowds, or at windows, gay with arras and verdure. Straight lines of lanthorns stretched across the streets, to aid the sunset and the stars,—straight lines, uncrossed, without the degradation of a foul festoon.

Last night, all instructions had been learned, all rehearsals finished; and this wonderful little walled-city gave itself a cleansing so complete that no conception of its scope can be formed by cold Northerners who soap in daily tubs. Wells and the waterfall yielded liquid purity to lave the streets. Under rocks, beyond the walls, the river whitened with the merriment of scrubbed swimmers. And in the Duomo and Santi Quattro Coronati, souls were purged by penance. At Ave Maria, bullock-carts came in from all the countryside, loaded high with greenery, and stacks of wild-flowers, and the spoil of gardens. Through the short night these were sorted by their colours. At dawn, traffick being stopped, an artigiano drew in chalk, upon the road, armorials, ten cubits in width on diapered fields with bordures. After mass, citizens filled these designs with petals of appropriate hue, and foliage, well watered, working all the day; and, at sunset, there was a carpet of flowers, twenty cubits wide and a mile long, laid up the middle of the streets, on which, yet undefiled by any foot, borne by His priest, the Maker of the flowers should deign to go. This is the carpet, famed throughout Apulia, which gives its name to the Festival of Corpus Dominj in this walled-city,—the Infiorata of Città Senzanome. I have not the happiness of any share in that. The procession alone was of my small design.

At Ave Maria, bells clanged, and cannon boomed; and the procession left the Duomo.

In the center (not at the end), Monsignore Argo Ermogene, attended by arcidiaconi, bore the Host in an ostensorium, beneath a canopy whose six poles were supported by six warrior-saints, each in his proper mail: to wit, San Giorgio, argent, a cross potent gules; and San Maurizio, gules, a cross potent argent; San Vittorio, azure, a cross potent or; and Sant' Esuperio, vert, a cross potent or; San Martino, gules, a cross potent or; and San Teodoro, or, a cross potent gules. All round and round the canopy went a guard of angels, floating to and fro on winged arms—twelve youths playing *Pange Lingua* on majestick twenty-four-stringed arciliuti, and twenty boys who carried lamps, or offered incense, or scattered flowers.

In front of these came those of the company of heaven who are patrons of the city:—On the left, Santa Sumforosa and her Seven Martyred Sons, San Primitivo, San Giustino, San Crescenzio, San Giuliano, San Nemesio, San Stacteo, Sant' Eugenio, waving palms and wearing tunicks, white with a stripe of purple, and purple-strapped sandals:—On the right, my seven boys, presenting the Seven Sleepers, Children of Light, San Massimiano, San Martiniano, San Costantino, San Dionusio, San Giovannino, San Serapione, San Giamblicho, each in a silken kithon of white from knee to shoulder, open on the right, girded with golden girdles, their listless heads low, garlanded with white poppies, carrying palm-plumes and white poppy sheaves.

In front of these:—On the left, the Four Holy Crowned Ones, San Severo, San Severiano, San Carpofero, San Victorino, each in a toga of vermilion dye, diademed with parsley, and bearing palms:—On the right, San Paolo with his sword and palm, San Pietro with his palm and keys. All these wore haloes, which marked their state.

In front of these, came the confraternities of Sangue Preciossissimo, in white and red; of Santo Spirito, in parti-coloured red and yellow; of Madonna, in white and blue; of

[1] "Hail sainted Mungo, hail!
Our city's patron, hail!
Thy loving help shall ne'er
Thy faithful children fail.
. . . .
"Mungo! By thy sweet name
Our little ones we'll call;
Often on them and us
Let thy rich blessing fall!"

Buona Morte, in black; all with liripiped hoods, and hanging escalloped sleeves. They bore banners, bannerols, and standards. Brothers and Sisters of the Third Orders went before them, in habits, grey, or white and black; and were, in turn, preceded by the regimental band of Bersaglierj playing *Pange Lingua*, and by the crucifers and thurifers of the Duomo and of Santi Quattro Coronati.

After the angels round the canopy of the Host, glided pale sisters of the poor with tapers. Then went a crowd of clergy, friars and monks in holy habits, seculars in copes, escorting the Lord Archbishop, and chanting *Pange Lingua* without end. As the procession passed, the citizens rose from their knees, and followed in serried ranks behind the Signor Sindaco and his counsellors.

. . . . . .

I watched the pageant wind along the ways. After the last Benediction, the city has given itself to fire-works, and to dance, and song; while I have entertained my Seven Sleepers, in their habits as they lived, to a supper in the garden. They were very wide-awake now; and tired,—but, tired! Natheless, merry to the hair of their curly heads, and rightfully: for, in truth, when one has done fine things, one may not think of hell.

. . . . . .

In the starlight, young eyes glittered, and white teeth gleamed on peaches. Never was complex crescentine beauty so discreetly manifested, as in this dim garden, where black cypress soars into the eternal star-sown blue, furnishing gray-green lawns with outlines, indefinite, mysterious, with infinite, imperscrutable distances. Against the retirement of this background, the long contours of limbs, of old ivory, or having the transparent nacreous pallor of the flesh of turbot, and the modelling of supple forms, accented by clinging of silk, or revealed by a kithon's falling folds, undulated in inconstant curves.

I watched the Seven very vigilant Sleepers eat and drink their fill; indulging, for once, in commensation, to avoid the seven and thirty painful sensations which one experienced in the teeth of one who looks on while others eat. With the effort of giving the boys the unusual treat of a cigarette apiece, I became alert enough to listen to their chatter. It is one of the greatest intellectual luxuries, in all this banal world, to listen to the enjoyment of delightful youth wearing its crown of gold, to the natural conversation of well-conditioned boys, naïf savages who live under a discipline of rigour mitigated by sundry hours of freedom utter and entire. At least, that is my present opinion, which I trust may be unchanged when I am permitted to grow older and wiser.

Toto distributed cigarettes, and returned with the box. He strewed himself on the grass by my chair, and put his chin on his hands, looking up at me to read thoughts, to anticipate desires. I was silent and dark to him.

"I find this antick garment to be convenient enough, sir. Why don't we wear such things now?" he said.

"Shows too much of you," I answered.

"That is a thorn thrust into my eyes, sir: I did not know that there was too much of me," he said, with pique.

"Not for me," I hastened to explain, "but for people of a kind."

"Yes. There are some fools," he meditated. "Then the garments are useless, sir? It is a pity; for they must have cost a bag of money. May I know, sir?"

I said that the silk was Chinese of the finest; and that one had to pay for fine things.

"You have spent many bags of money, sir?"

I agreed. And frowned when I thought about them.

"Too many, sir?"

"No. Of course not. Not too many; but many. And there will be no more for the present," I said.

He nipped the lighted end from his cigarette, and laid the remainder by.

"Then, sir, let us wear these garments inside your walls, and in the country where fools are few. So we shall need no new clothes, nor shall we ruin you until you get some money."

I laughed. "No pockets in a kithon," I said.

"Pockets, sir? Why, here is the very finest pocket that I have ever seen!" He sat up, and thrust hand and arm into his bosom, through the open right-side of the kithon. "Can you put all your arm into any of your pockets, sir? No, indeed. But I can into this one; and the belt keeps all secure. The handkerchief-of-my-nose has been there all night, sir; and, if I draw the buckle a little tighter, I could even keep my small cigarette quite safely. Look, sir!" He rose on his knees, and tightened the strap with judged moderation, high round the flexible flatness of his waist. "Oh, yes, sir. Do let us wear these garments, sir; ah, now, do!"

Toto, like this, was irresistible,—irresistible as an Irish girl.

"Then, sir, we will return these periapts before they take a damage." (These were little gold bullæ, hollow balls of about the circumference of a florin. The lower half unscrewed, and would serve as a receptacle for some tiny treasure. They were worn on a slim gold chain round the neck, hidden in the breast of the kithon. I copied them from a genuine example of century IJ. A. D.; and had them made.)

"No," I said. "I have caused your names to be cut on them, with my raven; and all of you are to keep them for remembrance."

"For remembrance of what, sir?"

"To pray for the giver."

He took the jewel from his throat, and handed it to me, standing very stiff and stark.

"Beast," I cried, "then you won't pray?"

"I want nothing to remind me of my pleasures," he said.

"Urchin of distraction!" I ejaculated. "Then take it as a reward for behaving like a very good boy. And speak to the others for me."

"Many thanks, sir." He lowered his lips and kissed my ring. Then he turned. "Attention!" he cried. Half a dozen limber youngsters froze into rigid marble statues in the cypress shades. "Don Friderico is so gracious as to make us presents of these golden periapts, in reward for good behaviour. In return, we promise to recite Ave Maria, and the rest, three times every night and morning for his intention. Who ever forgets, will strip to my lilac twig. Understand? Well, then, come and render an action of graces to la sua eccellenza."

They crowded round me with such beautiful, unveiled eyes. I explained the bullæ to them, and showed how they unscrewed. Toto immediately vanished, running toward the villa.

. . . . .

It is delicious to give presents, I think. Dainty little Guido nestled against my feet. His colourless hair, his dark, colourless pallor, lent enchantment to the stainless whiteness of his bluish-shining, chrusoberul eyes. He screwed, and unscrewed his bulla.

"I think I will ask the friar of Toto for a small relick. And it shall hide in this gold ball on my breast alway, to keep me holy," he meditated, as Toto returned with a something of satisfaction, of triumph on his brow.

"A relick?" Toto said. "Yes; very excellent, o 'Dino mio. I have one already: but I shall demand from Frat' Innocente-of-the-Nine-Quires yet another,—a relick of Sangiorgio, whom I adore because he is Protector of the English. Yes, I will have that, if I am allowed to choose. And thou shalt have one of Santamaria Maddalena, patron of our dear Don Friderico, 'Dino mio."

I asked what relick he had already. He sent the boys away before he answered.

"What but seven hairs of your head, sir?"

I felt my pate. "I never gave you those," I said.

"You did not give them, sir; but I went into the house and took them."

I tugged a handful of hair, in perplexity. "I wear no wig, Toto."

"No, sir; but there is always your comb." He left me, and joined the others, who were playing within call.

. . . . .

There was no sound in the sleeping city, now. The night was warm as an embrace; no moon: but heaven a miracle of starry splendour. I find much of unapproachable, of precious, in these great stars of the summer night. I leaned back in contemplation.

. . . . .

A loquent silence brought my eyes to earth.

There was going to be a fight, or, at least, a pale. I encourage both; and I said, "Let me see."

Ercole and Desiderio stepped aside, disclosing Toto and Vittorio at defiance. Vittorio awaited assault with grave unconcern, hand on hip, in the exact pose of the great serene gymnandropais, in that bliss-full *Primavera* of Alessandro Filipepi. He had supreme and just confidence in the superiority of his more than four cubits, and in the merit of his indomitable sinew. Toto faced him, tense and glaring, resembling the slender Wrestler of Herculaneum about to spring. Then Vittorio shot out arms (at the biceps his circumference measured fourteen top-joints of thumb), and, catching Toto by the os ilii, heaved him over his head. But my agile Perseus of Cellini (the Waxen Sketch in Palazzo del Bargello, not—oh, not—the Bronze Abortion in the Loggia dej Lanzj) was master at that game. There was an instant's vision of grace describing an aerial curve, and an almost imperceptible maneuver. Vittorio turned: but Toto, also, had turned in air, and alighted on his feet. With swift spring he flung himself upon the

Greek, knees gripping ribs, torso towering high, pressing back those mighty shoulders; and, at the sudden resistless shift of weight, Vittorio fell to the ground.

"One point all," I said, "and enough for to-night."

I rose. Kithones were belted on, and five of the Seven Sleepers sent to bed. But, to the two who strove, I said, "Reasons?"

Each looked at the other.

"Toto considered me to have spoken insufficiently of la sua eccellenza," Vittorio said.

"Vittorio considered me to have spoken more than sufficiently of la sua eccellenza," Toto said.

Here was a lark!

The garden was too cool for a story from heated persons in silk kithones. I drove them indoors, and busied them with the scaldino to keep alight my huqa.

. . . . . .

"What have you said, Vittorio?"

"I was so happy to have my golden bulla, sir, that I described la sua eccellenza as being like a king giving with both hands."

"And Toto finds that to be objectionable?"

Toto gave a contemptuous sniff.

"Speak!" I said.

"Vittorio, sir, is a good enough little thing," (Toto was about as high as his pythian throat;) "but he has no discrimination. He pays you a compliment, meaning well; but the compliment is clumsy, because it lacks fine justice."

"O, sir," Vittorio protested, "I do assure you that I said the very best words which I could find in my mind!"

"Errè! Errè! Atom! Other minds hold other words, sir; and Vittorio has not said those, sir."

"Then what were your words, Toto?" I asked.

"Sir, I said that the actions of la sua eccellenza in the matter of the procession, and especially in the matter of our presents, reminded me of the actions of San Gabriele Arcangiolo."

"And I answered that it was a matter of un' eccellenza, and not of an archangel," phaidroneos interrupted.

"Wherefore, I hurled the blasphemer to the earth," Toto proclaimed.

Lurid demonstrations flashed over the huqa.

"Pax!" I commanded. "Explain your parable, Toto; that wisdom may enlighten the mind of Vittorio."

"Wisdom is the daughter of Experience and Remembrance, and those personages are not related to Vittorio."

"Explain, explain!" I commanded fiercely.

"Yes, sir, I will explain; indeed I will. Well, then, sir, and Vittorio, San Gabriele Arcangiolo is a prince whose admirable motto is *Do little; and do it lavishly.* It is plain that his highness has taught these words to la sua eccellenza; for no one ignorant of them could do what you have done in this walled-city. O, I have seen with these my eyes; and I know."

"Then you consider the procession to have been suitable?"

"More than suitable, sir. It was unnecessarily suitable; just as lentils are better than beans, barley than lentils, yet beans are good enough. There would have been a fine procession here, if you had been in England, sir. There was a fine procession here a year ago. There always has been a fine procession here, for many hundreds of years. But, this year, comes la sua eccellenza, all sad, with half-shut eyes of a dreaming prisoner, who has no interests in this walled-city, has never seen it before, possibly will never see it again, who cares neither for stick nor stone nor soul of it, and who is quite unnecessary to its welfare; yet, on a sudden, dreams have died, and opened eyes look brightly at reality; and you spend bags of gold, and run here and there, all day and night, and work—but, work!—to the astonishment of all, save of me—Teodoro; because I know that San Gabriele Arcangiolo has said, 'Eccellenza, do this procession. Do this little thing. And do it as lavishly as I, who am an archangel, have done in the case of other little things.'"

"What other little things?" I asked, to keep myself from falling on sleep.

"Well, sir, there was the case of the three boys who sang as they blessed the Lord in the furnace of fire."

"Does Vittorio know that history?"

"In part, sir; but not the part of Toto," Vittorio distinguished.

"Then tell him, Toto, and tell me."

"Sir, and Vittorio, you shall know of a wicked king who lived in antick times. He was called Nabuchadonosor Re; and his heart was full of pride. Praise did not satisfy him; honour and admiration did not fill the chalice of his desire; he wished for nothing less than to receive the adoration which is due to Il Santissimo. Therefore, in the courtyard of his palace, he set up an image of himself carved in gold; and he placed musicians with their instruments

near by; and he made an order that, when the band played at noon of the dial next day, all the citizens must come and perform a genuflection before the golden image.

"This was done: and Nabuchadonosor Re sat at his window, watching to see that his order was obeyed. The guardians-of-the-publick-safety went into all the houses, driving out the people, young and old, and rich and poor. And crowds came, and passed before the statue, and performed their genuflections; and Nabuchadonosor Re began to feel perfectly satisfied.

"But, after noon, there came three boys, blooming with virtues, driven by the guardians-of-the-publick-safety, and, when they passed the statue, they put out horns at it; they even shot out the middle finger of an open hand in ultimate contempt; but they did not kiss their fingers, and they made no genuflection.

"Nabuchadonosor Re went mad with rage, desiring to do these boys the worst of mischief, because they hurt his pride. Therefore, he threatened them with the fire of unlucky wood; but they only laughed at him, and said his order was a stupid one which they would never obey. Genuflect to Il Santissimo, yes; also, to His Cross on Feria Sexta in Parasceve; also, to our Lord the Pope, and to a bishop throned, because these are His ambassadors. But, genuflect to just a common king,—who asked? No, no! Not all boys are fools! Not all, Vittorio, not all!

"Nabuchadonosor Re put both his thumbs down hard; and carnefices came, who seized these three brave boys, and tied their arms behind their backs, and their hats upon their heads, and wound tight cords over their shirts and brakai from their shoulders to their ankles, so that they lay like babies swaddled on their boards. Also, Nabuchadonosor Re directing them, other carnefices heaped up logs and faggots of trees which bear no fruit, high as the window of the wicked king, adding barrels of pitch, and barrels of oil, to make a memorable bonfire. They lent it light from torches; and, when the red flames roared, three pairs of carnefices took each pair a boy by his shoulders and his heels, swung him to and fro with all their might, and sent him flying into the heart of the fire. And, so fierce was the heat, so uncontrollable the blaze, that, in the very act, furious flames licked up those carnefices, and spewed them out as ashes. And Nabuchadonosor Re looked on from the window of his palace.

"Other personages, also, looked on from another palace.

"High above the stars, San Gabriele Arcangiolo was sitting in a loggia on the wall of gold, amusing himself with Sant' Iurcamiele Arcangiolo, the Prince of Hail. These two sons of oil, whose station is near the Lord of the whole earth, were telling holy tales, like this one; when there came a whiff which made archangelick nostrils quiver, and voices still.

"'Does your highness smell fire?' Sant' Iurcamiele Arcangiolo inquired.

"The other answered that he did smell fire. 'I suspect some careless divel has left open the door of the Brown Kingdom,' he said.

"But Sant' Iurcamiele Arcangiolo was peering out of the loggia. 'No,' he shouted, 'it is those people in the world who disturb us with their mischief. See!' He pointed down to the palace of Nabuchadonosor Re.

"The two archangels looked, and they saw the carnefices light the fire, and the brave boys, bound and helpless, lying near. At the same instant, the Signor Iddio Onnisciente deigned to give illumination, and made these princes to understand everything that they saw. And the Prince of Hail said, 'I can't stand this! Those boys must not be burned!' His highness, no doubt, remembered the proverb which says, *Man is dearer to the gods than to himself*. Sant' Uriele Arcangiolo came flying with the Book, in which he shewed that the death of these three brave boys was not yet due. Sant' Azraele Arcangiolo came flying also, saying that he had received no Order to take away the breath of their breasts.

"'This is my affair,' Sant' Iurcamiele Arcangiolo said. 'I shall go and be a storm, blasting that fire with my hail, that I may make the wicked king look silly.'

"'No,' San Gabriele Arcangiolo shouted, for he had an idea. 'Not you, but I, will go.'

"Sant' Iurcamiele Arcangiolo stared at his brother in amazement. 'But your highness is the Prince of Fire,' he said, 'and this is a matter of extinguishing a fire, not of lighting one.'

"'Just so,' San Gabriele Arcangiolo assented. 'Every one knows that water puts out fire, and that the Prince of Hail can beat a bonfire black till not a spark remains alive. But let me go, who am the Prince of Fire, to cool those flames of earth with the intenser whiteness of the Fire of God, and so astonish those little hop-o'-my-thumbs

down there with a two-fold miracle, all ad maiorem Dei gloriam.'

"And the great archangel dived, swifter than swiftest heron grounds, dived right into the heart of the fire, at that same instant when the carnefices hurled aloft the three brave boys.

"The fire of earth cooled at the presence of the Prince of Fire; and, when the three brave boys, invoking the Lord Abele, fell down therein, being bound, helpless, and ready to die, San Gabriele Arcangiolo put the Fire of God into their hearts, and lifted them, and showed them how that they need have no fear, for the flames of earth could have no power to touch them, so long as, in their hearts, they cherished the Fire of God; and, to give them cheer, he said, '*Trium puerorum cantemus hymnum quem cantabant sancti in camino ignis benedicentes Dominum.*' And, erect among the flames, as in a garden of tiger-lilies with canopies of yellow jasmine, and taught by the archangel, Anania, Azaria and Misaele chaunted '*Benedicite omnia opera Dominj Domino,*' down to '*et laudabilis et gloriosus et superexaltatus in sæcula,*' resembling young priests who chaunt honey-voiced hymns in thanksgiving after sacrifice.

"That is the history of San Gabriele Arcangiolo, Prince of Fire. He does little. Any archangel can put out a fire. It is a simple thing for those personages. Sant' Iurcamiele Arcangiolo, Prince of Hail, could have saved those three brave boys quite easily. But San Gabriele Arcangiolo must needs put himself to the inconvenience of doing a little thing lavishly, of doing what was unnecessarily suitable. And,—mark me well, Vittorio,—all the same, our Don Friderico has done what was unnecessarily suitable in the matter of a little procession, and in the matter of our presents and he has done this little as lavishly as San Gabriele Arcangiolo, appearing in his proper person, would have done. All of which I told thee, before conquering thee in the garden."

. . . . .

As for me, I found the ingenious subtilty of the compliment to be so unnecessarily suitable, that, having sent the boys to bed, I wrote it down.

Miniver Cheevy

By EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON

MINIVER CHEEVY, child of scorn,
Grew lean while he assailed the seasons;
He wept that he was ever born,
And he had reasons.

Miniver sighed for what was not,
And dreamed, and rested from his labours;
He dreamed of Thebes and Camelot,
And Priam's neighbours.

Miniver loved the Medici,
Albeit he had never seen one;
He would have sinned incessantly
Could he have been one.

Miniver scorned the gold he sought,
But sore annoyed was he without it;
Miniver thought, and thought, and thought,
And thought about it.

Miniver loved the days of old
When swords were bright and steeds were prancing;
The vision of a warrior bold
Would set him dancing.

Miniver mourned the ripe renown
That made so many a name so fragrant;
He mourned Romance, now on the town,
And Art, a vagrant.

Miniver cursed the commonplace
And eyed a khaki suit with loathing;
He missed the mediæval grace
Of iron clothing.

Miniver Cheevy, born too late,
Scratched his head and kept on thinking;
Miniver coughed, and called it fate,
And kept on drinking.

Husbandry

By W. W. JACOBS

DEALING with a man, said the night watchman, thoughtfully, is as easy as a teetotaller walking along a nice wide pavement; dealing with a woman is like the same teetotaller, arter four or five whiskies, trying to get up a step that ain't there. If a man can't get 'is own way he eases 'is mind with a little nasty language, and then forgets all about it; if a woman can't get 'er own way she flies into a temper and reminds you of something you oughtn't to ha' done ten years ago. Wot a woman would do whose 'usband had never done anything wrong I can't think.

I remember a young feller telling me about a row he 'ad with 'is wife once. He 'adn't been married long and he talked as if the way she carried on was unusual. Fust of all, he said, she spoke to 'im in a cooing sort o' voice and pulled his moustache, then when he wouldn't give way she worked herself up into a temper and said things about 'is sister. Arter which she went out o' the room and banged the door so hard it blew down a vase off the fireplace. Four times she came back to tell 'im other things she 'ad thought of, and then she got so upset she 'ad to go up to bed and lay down instead of getting his tea. When that didn't do no good she refused her food, and when 'e took her up toast and tea she wouldn't look at it. Said she wanted to die. He got quite uneasy till 'e came 'ome the next night and found the best part of a loaf o' bread, a quarter o' butter, and a couple o' chops he 'ad got in for 'is supper had gorn; and then when 'e said 'e was glad she 'ad got 'er appetite back she turned round and said that he grudged 'er the food she ate.

And no woman ever owned up as 'ow she was wrong; and the more you try and prove it to 'em the louder they talk about something else. I know what I'm talking about, because a woman made a mistake about me once, and though she was proved to be in the wrong, and it was years ago, my missus shakes her 'ead about it to this day.

It was about eight years arter I 'ad left off going to sea and took up night-watching. A beautiful summer evening it was, and I was sitting by the gate smoking a pipe till it should be time to light up, when I noticed a woman who 'ad just passed turn back and stand staring at me. I've 'ad that sort o' thing before, and I went on smoking and looking straight in front of me. Fat middle-aged woman she was, wot 'ad lost her good looks and found others. She stood there staring and staring, and by and by she tries a little cough.

I got up very slow then, and, arter looking all around at the evening, without seeing 'er, I was just going to step inside and shut the wicket, when she came closer.

"Bill!" she ses, in a choking sort o' voice. "*Bill!*"

I gave her a look that made her catch 'er breath, and I was just stepping through the wicket, when she laid hold of my coat and tried to hold me back.

"Do you know wot you're a-doing of?" I sez, turning on her.

"Oh, Bill dear," she ses, "don't talk to me like that. Do you want to break my 'art? Arter all these years!"

She pulled out a dirt-coloured pocket-'ankercher and stood there dabbing her eyes with it. One eye at a time she dabbed, while she looked at me reproachful with the other. And arter eight dabs, four to each eye, she began to sob as if her 'art would break.

"Go away," I ses, very slow. "You can't stand making that noise outside my wharf. Go away and give somebody else a treat."

Afore she could say anything the potman from the Tiger, a nasty ginger-'aired little chap that nobody liked, come by and stopped to pat her on the back.

"There, there, don't take on, mother," he ses. "Wot's he been a-doing to you?"

"You get off 'ome," I ses, losing my temper. "Wot d'ye mean trying to drag me into it? I've never seen the woman afore in my life."

"Oh, Bill!" ses the woman, sobbing louder than ever. "Oh! Oh! Oh!"

"'Ow does she know your name, then?" ses the little beast of a potman.

I didn't answer him. I might have told 'im that there's about five million Bills in England, but I didn't. I stood there with my arms folded across my chest, and looked at him, superior.

"Where 'ave you been all this long, long time?" she ses, between her sobs. "Why did you leave your happy 'ome and your children wot loved you?"

The potman let off a whistle that you could have 'eard acrost the river, and as for me, I thought I should ha' dropped. To have a woman standing sobbing and taking my character away like that was a'most more than I could bear.

"Did he run away from you?" ses the potman.

"Ye-ye-yes," she ses. "He went off on a vy'ge to China over nine years ago, and that's the last I saw of 'im till to-night. A lady friend o' mine thought she reckernized 'im yesterday, and told me."

"I shouldn't cry over 'im," ses the potman, shaking his 'ead: "he ain't worth it. If I was you I should just give 'im a bang or two over the 'ead with my umberella, and then give 'im in charge."

I stepped inside the wicket—backwards—and then I slammed it in their faces, and putting the key in my pocket, walked up the wharf. I knew it was no good standing out there argufying. I felt sorry for the pore thing in a way. If she really thought I was her 'usband, and she 'ad lost me——. I put one or two things straight, and then, for the sake of distracting my mind, I 'ad a word or two with the skipper of the *John Henry*, who was leaning against the side of his ship, smoking.

"Wot's that tapping noise?" he ses, all of a sudden. "'Ark!"

I knew what it was. It was the handle of that umberella 'ammering on the gate. I went cold all over, and then, when I thought that the potman was most likely encouraging 'er to do it, I began to boil.

"Somebody at the gate," ses the skipper.

"Aye, aye," I ses. "I know all about it."

I went on talking until at last the skipper asked me whether he was wandering in 'is mind, or whether I was. The mate came up from the cabin just then, and o' course *he* 'ad to tell me there was somebody knocking at the gate.

"Ain't you going to open it?" ses the skipper, staring at me.

"Let 'em ring," I ses, off-hand.

The words was 'ardly out of my mouth afore they did ring, and if they 'ad been selling muffins they couldn't ha' kept it up harder. And all the time the umberella was doing rat-a-tat-tats on the gate, while a voice—much too loud for the potman's—started calling out: "Watchman ahoy!"

"They're calling you, Bill," ses the skipper.

"I ain't deaf," I ses, very cold.

"Well, I wish I was," ses the skipper. "It's fair making my ear ache. Why the blazes don't you do your dooty, and open the gate?"

"You mind your bisness and I'll mind mine," I ses. "I know wot I'm doing. It's just some silly fools 'aving a game with me, and I'm not going to encourage 'em."

"Game with you?" ses the skipper. "Ain't they got anything better than that to play with? Look 'ere, if you don't open that gate, I will."

"It's nothing to do with you," I ses. "You look arter your ship and I'll look arter my wharf. See? If you don't like the noise, go down in the cabin and stick your 'ead in a biscuit-bag."

To my surprise he took the mate by the arm and went, and I was just thinking wot a good thing it was to be a bit firm with people sometimes, when they came back dressed in their coats and bowler-hats and climbed on to the wharf.

"Watchman!" ses the skipper, in a hoity-toity sort o' voice, "me and the mate is going as far as Aldgate for a breath o' fresh air. Open the gate."

I gave him a look that might ha' melted a 'art of stone, and all it done to 'im was to make 'im laugh.

"Hurry up," he ses. "It a'most seems to me that there's somebody ringing the bell, and you can let them in same time as you let us out. Is it the bell, or is it my fancy, Joe?" he ses, turning to the mate.

They marched on in front of me with their noses cocked in the air, and all the time the noise at the gate got worse and worse. So far as I could make out, there was quite a crowd outside, and I stood there with the key in the lock, trembling

all over. Then I unlocked it very careful, and put my hand on the skipper's arms.

"Nip out quick," I ses, in a whisper.

"I'm in no hurry," ses the skipper. "Here! Halloa, wot's up?"

It was like opening the door at a theatre, and the fust one through was that woman, shoved behind by the potman. Arter 'im came a carman, two big 'ulking brewers' draymen, a little scrap of a woman with 'er bonnet cocked over one eye, and a couple of dirty little boys.

"Wot is it?" ses the skipper, shutting the wicket behind 'em. "A beanfeast?"

"This lady wants her 'usband," ses the potman, pointing at me. "He run away from her nine years ago, and now he says he 'as never seen 'er before. He ought to be 'ung.

"Bill," ses the skipper, shaking his silly 'ead at me. "I can 'ardly believe it."

"It's all a pack o' silly lies," I ses, firing up. "She's made a mistake."

"She made a mistake when she married you," ses the thin little woman. "If I was in 'er shoes I'd take 'old of you and tear you limb from limb."

"I don't want to hurt 'im, ma'am," ses the other woman. "I on'y want him to come 'ome to me and my five. Why, he's never seen the youngest, little Annie. She's as like 'im as two peas."

"Pore little devil," ses the carman.

"Look here!" I ses, "you clear off. All of you. 'Ow dare you come on to my wharf? If you aren't gone in two minutes I'll give you all in charge."

"Who to?" ses one of the draymen, sticking his face into mine. "You go 'ome to your wife and kids. Go on now, afore I put up my 'ands to you."

"That's the way to talk to 'im," ses the potman, nodding at 'em.

They all began to talk to me then and tell me wot I was to do, and wot they would do if I didn't. I couldn't get a word in edgeways. When I reminded the mate that when he was up in London 'e always passed himself off as a single man, 'e wouldn't listen; and when I asked the skipper whether 'is pore missus was blind, he on'y went on shouting at the top of 'is voice. It on'y showed me 'ow anxious most people are that everybody else should be good.

I thought they was never going to stop, and, if it 'adn't been for a fit of coughing, I don't believe that the scraggy little woman *could* ha' stopped. Arter one o' the draymen 'ad saved her life and spoilt 'er temper by patting 'er on the back with a hand the size of a leg o' mutton, the carman turned to me and told me to tell the truth, if it choked me.

"I have told you the truth," I ses. "She ses I'm her 'usband and I say I ain't. 'Ow's she going to prove it? Why should you believe her, and not me?"

"She's got a truthful face," ses the carman.

"Look here!" ses the skipper, speaking very slow, "I've got an idea, wot'll settle it, p'raps. You get outside," he ses, turning sharp on the two little boys.

One o' the draymen 'elped 'em to go out, and arf a minute arterwards a stone came over the gate and cut the potman's lip open. Boys will be boys.

"Now!" ses the skipper, turning to the woman, and smiling with conceitedness. "Had your 'usband got any marks on 'im? Birthmark, or moles, or anything of that sort?"

"I'm sure he *is* my 'usband," ses the woman, dabbing her eyes.

"Yes, yes," ses the skipper, "but answer my question. If you can tell us any marks your 'usband had, we can take Bill down into my cabin and——"

"You'll do *wot?*" I ses, in a loud voice.

"You speak when you're spoke to," ses the carman. "It's got nothing to do with you."

"No, he ain't got no birthmarks," ses the woman, speaking very slow—and I could see she was afraid of making a mistake and losing me—"but he's got tattoo marks. He's got a mermaid tattooed on 'im."

"Where?" ses the skipper, a'most jumping.

I 'eld my breath. Five sailormen out of ten have been tattooed with mermaids, and I was one of 'em. When she spoke agin I thought I should ha' dropped.

"On 'is right arm," she ses, "unless he's 'ad it rubbed off."

"You can't rub out tattoo marks," ses the skipper.

They all stood looking at me as if they was waiting for something. I folded my arms—tight—and stared back at 'em.

"If you ain't this lady's 'usband," ses the skipper, turning to me, "you can take off your coat and prove it."

"And if you don't we'll take it off for you," ses the carman, coming a bit closer.

Arter that things 'appened so quick, I hardly knew whether I was standing on my 'ead or my heels. Both, I think. They

was all on top o' me at once, and the next thing I can remember is sitting on the ground in my shirt-sleeves listening to the potman, who was making a fearful fuss because somebody 'ad bit his ear arf off. My coat was ripped up the back, and one of the draymen was holding up my arms and showing them all the mermaid, while the other struck matches so as they could see better.

"That's your 'usband right enough," he ses to the woman. "Take 'im."

"P'raps she'll carry 'im 'ome," I ses, very fierce and sarcastic.

"And we don't want none of your lip," ses the carman, who was in a bad temper because he 'ad got a fearful kick on the shin from somewhere.

I got up very slow and began to put my coat on again, and twice I 'ad to tell that silly woman that when I wanted her 'elp I'd let 'er know. Then I 'eard slow, heavy footsteps in the road outside, and, afore any of 'em could stop me, I was calling for the police.

I don't like policemen as a rule; they're too inquisitive, but when the wicket was pushed open and I saw a face with a helmet on it peeping in, I felt quite a liking for 'em.

"Wot's up?" ses the policeman, staring 'ard at my little party.

They all started telling 'im at once, and I should think if the potman showed him 'is ear once he showed it to 'im twenty times. He lost his temper and pushed it away at last, and the potman gave a 'owl that set my teeth on edge. I waited till they was all finished, and the policeman trying to get 'is hearing back, and then I spoke up in a quiet way and told 'im to clear them all off of my wharf.

"They're trespassing," I ses, "all except the skipper and mate here. They belong to a little wash-tub that's laying alongside, and they're both as 'armless as they look."

It's wonderful wot a uniform will do. The policeman just jerked his 'ead and said "outside," and the men went out like a flock of sheep. The on'y man that said a word was the carman, who was in such a hurry that 'e knocked his bad shin against my foot as 'e went by. The thin little woman was passed out by the policeman in the middle of a speech she was making, and he was just going for the other, when the skipper stopped 'im.

"This lady is coming on my ship," he ses, puffing out 'is chest.

I looked at 'im, and then I turned to the policeman. "So long as she goes off my wharf, I don't mind where she goes," I ses. "The skipper's goings-on 'ave got nothing to do with me."

"Then she can foller him 'ome in the morning," ses the skipper. "Good night, watchman."

Him and the mate 'elped the silly old thing to the ship, and, arter I 'ad been round to the Bear's Head and fetched a pint for the policeman, I locked up and sat down to think things out; and the more I thought the worse they seemed. I've 'eard people say that if you have a clear conscience nothing can hurt you. They didn't know my missus.

I got up at last and walked on to the jetty, and the woman, wot was sitting on the deck of the *John Henry*, kept calling out: "Bill!" like a sick baa-lamb crying for its ma. I went back, and 'ad four pints at the Bear's Head, but it didn't seem to do me any good, and at last I went and sat down in the office to wait for morning.

It came at last, a lovely morning with a beautiful sunrise; and that woman sitting up wide awake, waiting to foller me 'ome. When I opened the gate at six o'clock she was there with the mate and the skipper, waiting, and when I left at five minutes past she was trotting along beside me.

Twice I stopped and spoke to 'er, but it was no good. Other people stopped too, and I 'ad to move on agin; and every step was bringing me nearer to my house and the missus.

I turned into our street, arter passing it three times, and the first thing I saw was my missus standing on the doorstep 'aving a few words with the lady next door. Then she 'appened to look up and see us, just as that silly woman was trying to walk arm-in-arm.

Twice I knocked her 'and away, and then, right afore my wife and the party next door, she put her arm round my waist. By the time I got to the 'ouse my legs was trembling so I could hardly stand, and when I got into the passage I 'ad to lean up against the wall for a bit.

"Keep 'er out," I ses.

"Wot do you want?" ses my missus, trembling with passion. "Wot do you think you're going?"

"I want my 'usband, Bill," ses the woman.

My missus put her 'and to her throat and came in without a word, and the woman follered 'er. If I hadn't kept my presence o' mind and shut the door, two or three more would 'ave come in too.

I went into the kitchen about ten minutes arterwards to see 'ow they was getting on. Besides which they was both calling for me.

"Now then!" ses my missus, who was leaning up against the dresser with 'er arms folded, "wot 'ave you got to say for yourself walking in as bold as brass with this hussy?"

"Bill!" ses the woman, "did you hear wot she called me?"

She spoke to me like that afore my wife, and in two minutes they was at it, hammer and tongs.

Fust of all they spoke about each other, and then my missus started speaking about me. She's got a better memory than most people, because she can remember things that never 'appened, and every time I coughed she turned on me like a tiger.

"And as for you," she ses, turning to the woman, "if you did marry 'im you should ha' made sure that he 'adn't got a wife already."

"He married me fust," ses the woman.

"When?" ses my wife. "Wot was the date?"

"Wot was the date *you* married 'im?" ses the other one.

They stood looking at each other like a couple o' game-cocks, and I could see as plain as a pike-staff 'ow frightened both of 'em was o' losing me.

"Look here!" I ses at last, to my missus, "talk sense. 'Ow could I be married to 'er? When I was at sea I was at sea, and when I was ashore I was with you."

"Did you use to go down to the ship to see 'im off?" ses the woman.

"No," ses my wife. "I'd something better to do."

"Neither did I," ses the woman. "P'raps that's where we both made a mistake."

"You get out of my 'ouse!" ses my missus, very sudden. "Go on, afore I put you out."

"Not without my Bill," ses the woman. "If you lay a finger on me I'll scream the house down."

"You brought her 'ere," ses my wife turning to me, "now you can take 'er away."

"I didn't bring 'er," I ses. "She follered me."

"Well, she can foller you agin," she ses. "Go on!" she ses, trembling all over. "Git out afore I start on you."

I was in such a temper that I daren't trust myself to stop. I just gave 'er one look, and then I drew myself up and went out. 'Alf the fools in our street was standing in front of the 'ouse, 'umming like bees, but I took no notice. I held my 'ead up and walked through them with that woman trailing arter me.

I was in such a state of mind that I went on like a man in a dream. If it *had* ha' been a dream I should ha' pushed 'er under an omnibus, but you can't do things like that in real life.

"Penny for your thoughts, Bill," she ses.

I didn't answer her.

"Why don't you speak to me?" she ses.

"You don't know wot you're asking for," I ses.

I was hungry and sleepy, and 'ow I was going to get through the day I couldn't think. I went into a pub and 'ad a couple o' pints o' stout and a crust o' bread and cheese for brekfuss. I don't know wot she 'ad, but when the barman tried to take for it out o' my money, I surprised 'im.

We walked about till I was ready to drop. Then we got to Victoria Park, and I 'ad no sooner got on to the grass than I laid down and went straight off to sleep. It was two o'clock when I woke, and, arter a couple o' pork-pies and a pint or two, I sat on a seat in the Park smoking, while she kep' dabbing 'er eyes agin and asking me to come 'ome.

At five o'clock I got up to go back to the wharf, and, taking no notice of 'er, I walked into the street and jumped on a 'bus that was passing. She jumped too, and, arter the conductor had 'elped 'er up off of 'er knees and taken her arms away from his waist, I'm blest if he didn't turn on me and ask me why I 'adn't left her at 'ome.

We got to the wharf just afore six. The *John Henry* 'ad gorn, but the skipper 'ad done all the 'arm he could afore he sailed, and, if I 'adn't kept my temper, I should ha' murdered arf a dozen of 'em.

The woman wanted to come onto the wharf, but I 'ad a word or two with one o' the foremen, who owed me two shillin's, and he made that all right.

"We all 'ave our faults, Bill," he ses, as 'e went out, "and I suppose she was better looking once upon a time."

I didn't answer 'im. I shut the wicket arter 'im, quick, and turned the key, and then I went on with my work. For a long time everything was as quiet as the grave, and then there came just one little pull at the bell. Five minutes arterwards there was another.

I thought it was that woman, but I 'ad

to make sure. When it came the third time I crept up to the gate.

"Halloa!" I ses. "Who is it?"

"Me, darling," ses a voice I reckernized as the potman's. "Your missus wants to come in and sit down."

I could 'ear several people talking, and it seemed to me there was quite a crowd out there, and by and by that bell was going like mad. Then people started kicking the gate, and shouting, but I took no notice until, presently, it left off all of a sudden, and I 'eard a loud voice asking what it was all about. I suppose there was about fifty of 'em all telling it at once, and then there was the sound of a fist on the gate.

"Who is it?" I ses.

"Police," ses the voice.

I opened the wicket then and looked out. A couple o' policemen was standing by the gate and arf the riff-raff of Wapping behind 'em.

"Wot's all this about?" ses one o' the policemen.

I shook my 'ead. "Ask me another," I ses.

"Your missus is causing a disturbance," he ses.

"She's not my missus," I ses; "she's a complete stranger to me."

"And causing a crowd to collect and refusing to go away," ses the other policeman.

"That's your business," I ses. "It's nothing to do with me."

They talked to each other for a moment, and then they spoke to the woman. I didn't 'ear wot she said, but I saw her shake her 'ead, and a'most direckly arterwards she was marching away between the two policemen with the crowd follering and advising 'er where to kick 'em.

I was a bit worried at fust—not about her—and then I began to think that p'raps it was the best thing that could have 'appened.

I went 'ome in the morning with a load lifted off my mind; but I 'adn't been in the 'ouse two seconds afore my missus started to put it on agin. Fust of all she asked me 'ow I dared to come into the 'ouse, and then she wanted to know wot I meant by leaving her at 'ome and going out for the day with another woman.

"You told me to," I ses.

"Oh, yes," she ses, trembling with temper. "You always do wot I tell you, don't you? Always 'ave, especially when it's anything you like."

She fetched a bucket o' water and scrubbed the kitchen while I was having my brekfuss, but I kept my eye on 'er, and, the moment she 'ad finished, I did the perlite and emptied the bucket for 'er, to prevent mistakes.

I read about the case in the Sunday paper, and I'm thankful to say my name wasn't in it. All the magistrate done was to make 'er promise that she wouldn't do it again, and then he let 'er go. I should ha' felt more comfortable if he 'ad given 'er five years, but, as it turned out, it didn't matter. Her 'usband happened to read it, and, whether 'e was tired of living alone, or whether he was excited by 'earing that she 'ad got a little general shop, 'e went back to her.

The fust I knew about it was they came round to the wharf to see me. He 'ad been a fine-looking chap in 'is day, and even then 'e was enough like me for me to see 'ow she 'ad made the mistake; and all the time she was telling me 'ow it 'appened, he was looking me up and down and sniffing.

"'Ave you got a cold?" I ses, at last.

"Wot's that got to do with you?" he ses. "Wot do you mean by walking out with my wife? That's what I've come to talk about."

For a moment I thought that his bad luck 'ad turned 'is brain. "You've got it wrong," I ses, as soon as I could speak. "She walked out with me."

"'Cos she thought you was her 'usband," he ses, "but you didn't think you was me, did you?"

"'Course I didn't," I ses.

"Then 'ow dare you walk out with 'er?" he ses.

"Look 'ere!" I ses. "You get off 'ome as quick as you like. I've 'ad about enough of your family. Go on, hook it."

Afore I could put my 'ands up he 'it me hard in the mouth, and the next moment we was at it as 'ard as we could go. Nearly every time I hit 'im he wasn't there, and every time 'e hit me I wished I hadn't ha' been. When I said I had 'ad enough, 'e contradicted me and kept on, but he got tired of it at last, and, arter telling me wot he would do if I ever walked 'is wife out agin, they went off like a couple o' love-birds.

By the time I got 'ome next morning my eyes was so swelled up I could 'ardly see, and my nose wouldn't let me touch it. I was so done up I could 'ardly speak, but I managed to tell my missus about it arter I had 'ad a cup o' tea. Judging by her face anybody might ha' thought I was telling 'er something funny, and, when I 'ad finished, she looks up at the ceiling and ses:

"I 'ope it'll be a lesson to you," she ses.

So They Say

A SMALL GIRL:
when asked by the school nurse, "Does anybody else use your toothbrush?"

"No, ma'am, I don't lend my toothbrush to nobody, only my baby Rosa, and my brother Giuseppe, and my big brother what he goes to work. Only my own family."

JAMES ANNINI:
(alias Brisco, alias Russo) on trial for swindling many New York lawyers out of $26,000 a year through a false claim

"What lawyer can I hire? I trimmed them all."

HARVEY W. WILEY:
Professor of Agricultural Chemistry, George Washington University; author, scientific crusader for pure foods—who found a marriage license cost $1 and no questions asked, while an automobile license cost $2 and two hours' questioning

"It cost me double the amount to qualify as a driver that it cost me to found a family—and in the latter case no questions were asked."

MRS. LEANDER C. GENTLE:
mother of 19 of the 29 children because of whom her husband was presented to the President as a "champion father"

"In my opinion, twenty-nine children is enough."
(*But her second public utterance maintained that the talk of economic pressure because of large families is "bunk and tommy-rot."*)

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW:
answering the secretary of a Catholic society, who wished to know if it were all right for priests to pray for the dramatist's conversion

"Lots of people pray for me, and I've never been any the worse for it. The only valid argument against the practice of prayer is that God knows his own business without prompting."

"THE AZURIDE":
of Los Angeles, Cal.

"In the old days, if anybody missed a stage-coach he was content to wait two or three days for the next. Now he lets out a squawk if he misses one section of a revolving door."

ROBERT EDMOND JONES:
designer of stage sets

"Before one starts to 'de-bunk' America, one should de-bunk one's self. It is a much harder job, of course."

LAURA STOREY:
American pianist

"The Frenchman is so superficial in his love-making that the modern American woman is not even moderately diverted by his attempts to fascinate."

TURKISH WOMEN'S UNION:
in a manifesto against the immorality of Western women's ball-dresses

"Women's morals and the country's finances are threatened by the orgy of extravagance following the introduction of demoralizing European styles."

EDITOR OF "BLACKWOOD'S":
in the course of his gentle Maytime "Musings"

"The hatred of the United States for England is the hatred of a common man for one whom he knows to be his superior, and it is not made less by the consciousness of those who have a knowledge of history that ever since the rebellion the American case against England has been established upon a basis of falsehoods and ignorance."

DR. WILHELM BODE:
Curator of the Kaiser Wilhelm Museum, Berlin, and expert on the work of Old Masters

"Rembrandt painted about 700 pictures . . . Of these 3,000 are in existence."

CHARLOTTE DE GOLIÈRE DAVENPORT:
doctor, traveler and lecturer, with 17 great-grandsons, at the age of 102

"Age is merely a state of mind."

DR. MAX MASON:
President of University of Chicago; specialist in mathematical physics; inventor of submarine detection devices

"Jiggle an atom, and every other atom in the universe, somehow, sometime, jiggles in response. . . . Stub your toe here on earth, and Mars feels it."

AMADEO BALZARO:
founder of the Italian campaign "for Correcting Fashions"

"We intend to destroy women's silly idea that they should devote themselves exclusively to attracting the men—even if it is necessary to force women to leave the choice of their clothes entirely in our hands."

RAYMOND RADCLYFFE:
English correspondent

"The Chinese do not want foreigners; they dislike their abrupt speech, their lack of politeness, their ignorance of art and literature. Therefore the present rising was inevitable. Western ideas are poison to the Oriental. They make him mad. He very naturally turns upon his poisoner."

"ED" HOWE:
73, Kansas editor, author, and common-sense philosopher, after a winter in Florida and a testimonial dinner in New York

"Florida has beautiful weather, but it's ugly, sandy, you know. Nothing can beat Missouri and eastern Kansas in the spring. . . . I like Main Street. I like the butter-and-egg men. I'm glad to get back."

MARY AGNES HAMILTON:
English author, on a lecture tour in the United States

"Neat, well-groomed, astonishingly like one another, American women carry out the national ideal of standardization. There is a bright intelligence about the American woman's conversation that becomes terribly wearing."

JOHN GUNTHER:
traveling writer

"Just now, after 2,000 years of history, Athens is trying once more to be born again. Athens has been the capital of a kingdom four times in the last ten years and the capital of a republic four times."

GEORGE SCHUBEL:
answering his wife's suit for divorce

"She was an experienced woman of the world, and was an adept in such wiles as widows know: she pursued me, making visits to my place of business, until she succeeded in marrying me."

MUNN & CO.:
New York patent attorneys, announce the patenting of a boon to motor passengers

"The object of the invention is to provide a mirror system which will not only prevent the common inconvenience of the occupants of the back seat from interfering with the view of the road in the mirror, but will also afford considerable more privacy to the occupants of the rear seat, in that they will not be under the constant surveillance of the chauffeur."

JIDDU KRISHNAMURTI:
Hindu Theosophist, announced by Mrs. Besant as a reincarnation of divinity

"Real religion requires quiet contemplation, and that cannot be found in your country."

GRANTLAND RICE:
sports writer

"Every game except golf has its left-handed stars."

MR. STANLEY RICE:
in "Asiatic Review"

"No nation has ever yet succeeded in maintaining itself in prosperity upon a creed of pure materialism."

MRS. JULIA CAROLYN WOOD BERDELL:
celebrating her 100th birthday

"I would like to take an airplane ride."

DR. FRANK PRICE:
professor at the Nanking Theological Seminary, declares that Chinese love of ceremony was all that saved him from death by the executioner's axe

"I was a prisoner eight hours. On seven different occasions my captors threatened to kill me, ordering me to get down on my knees with my head on the ground so that they could behead me. Each time I refused. It made my captors highly indignant. 'How then, can we cut off your head?' they complained to me."

SOLOMON BROFMAN:
organizer of a gang of jewelry robbers, but never present when a crime was committed, and never handling the plunder

"My arrest came as a complete shock to me."

STANLEY BALDWIN:
Premier of Great Britain

"The Englishman is the most incurably sentimental animal in the world."

JUDGE BURKE:
of Chicago, rules that Joseph Pencek need not support his wife until she gets rid of her two dozen pet cats

"216 lives is too much of a responsibility to have under one roof."

CAPTAIN CHARLES A. LINDBERGH:
before starting his Paris flight

"When I enter the cockpit it's like going into the death chamber. When I step out at Paris it will be like getting a pardon from the Governor."

CAPTAIN CHARLES A. LINDBERGH:
on landing at Le Bourget

"I am Charles Lindbergh." (*Confirming this to Stéphane Lauzanne, he explained, "I was afraid they might think I was somebody else."*)

WILLIAM K. GREGORY:
professor of paleontology at Columbia University

"To our friendly and jolly ape ancestors we owe more than the rudiments of our live-and-let-live policy, the basis of our sense of humour and some of the best features of our family life."

MISS VERA BLOOM:
daughter of Representative Bloom of New York

"Mrs. Coolidge is worth $1,000,000 a year to the Republican party."

DR. MARVIN D. SHIE:
of the faculty of Western Reserve University

"Tattooing is employed to-day by many persons as a cosmetic aid, to obtain permanently pink cheeks or cupid's bow lips, a modern refinement of the garish markings used among the savages as embellishments to their countenances."

RAYMOND L. DITMARS:
curator at the Bronx Zoölogical Park, when "Buster," the Galapagos tortoise, who weighed 120 pounds when she came to the Zoo, tipped the scale at 310

"Why wouldn't she lose her sylph-like figure? Anybody would who ate 18,000 bananas and eleven acres of wistaria."

SERGEI KOUSSEVITZKY:
director and conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra

"The Boston Symphony is without exception the best orchestra in the world. In the same breath let me say, however, that the New York Philharmonic and the Philadelphia Symphony rank with the Boston Symphony, with the advantage in favour of Boston."

JEROME K. JEROME:
English author

"Half the theaters in London are controlled from America, and the other half will be soon."

FRANCINE LARRIMORE:
actress, denies she'll re-wed Con Conrad, musical comedy composer

"He is a very nice man, but I do not wish to marry him again. I am perfectly willing to get married, but not to him."

"CHINESE ECONOMIC JOURNAL":
explaining the supremacy of jade in Chinese imagination

"Shakespeare, had he been Chinese, would have said 'jade boys and maids,' instead of 'golden boys and girls.'"

CHRISTABEL PANKHURST:
English feminist

"The prospect of more votes for women does not elate me one bit, now that I know we make the same mistakes as men."

AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF ARCHITECTS:
doubts that erection of very large school buildings serves the best interests of education

"In the larger schools, at least, it is clear that, as business organization approaches perfection, there is a noticeable slump in the quality of the product. Surely there must be something wrong with such a system."

MME. MITZI GUENTHER:
prima donna of the Theater an der Wien, Vienna, sues rich, elderly fiancé for breach-of-promise

"Consider the shame! So far, I have met only men who wished to marry me. Shall a man go unpunished who publicly states that he will not marry me, after we have been formally engaged?"

CARDINAL MISTRANGELO:
Archbishop of Florence, in an official communication to his clergy deploring immodest dressing

"If the spring is a forewarning of what the summer has in store, I need your sacerdotal aid."

JAMES CAMBRIDGE:
negro, charged with disorderly conduct and intoxication, to the Magistrate

"I couldn't have been drunk, Judge: I still had a pint of rum in my pocket."

W. C. RALSTON:
Assistant Attorney General, investigating the case of two girl teachers in Kansas town accused of playing a game of "strip poker".

"I haven't found a man to-day who ever heard of strip poker."

"SOCIABLE PADDY" MACKIN:
for thirty-nine years a letter-carrier in the Wall Street postal section

"I was friends with all of 'em—old J. P. Morgan, Thomas A. Edison, Secretary Hoover, Secretary of War Weeks—they all knew me and called me 'Paddy.' But I never invested a cent of money with 'em. That's why I'm happy and friendly-like."

MRS. ELIZABETH SMITH WHEELER:
testifying in the investigation of "King" Purnell's Israelite House of David

"I really believed he was the brother of Jesus, as he asserted."

MAURICE DE KOBRA:
French author, discusses the Boston bannings of books

"We degraded Europeans look at those outbursts of offended morality as we might observe the curious rites of some unknown tribe in Central Africa."

GERHARDT JURGENS:
who assumed the modest name of "Prince of Hanover," when arrested for deserting his wife

"Oh, well, I was about ready to quit this royalty business, anyway."

TRISTAN BERNARD:
novelist, playwright and gourmet, to the manager of an exclusive restaurant in Paris, when presented with a bill of formidable proportions

"Embrace me; for we shall never meet again."

PROF. J. B. S. HALDANE:
English scientist and author

"Nordics and Negroes include more people who cannot control themselves when they get alcohol than do the races of Southern Europe."

JANE COWL:
actress, though beautiful, is not reconciled to the shape of her nose

"If I weren't an actress, I could climb a tree and make a good living as a woodpecker."

GEORGE WHARTON EDWARDS:
American artist

"The East is no longer the market for the best American pictures. I am astounded by the way the South is becoming the art centre of this country, and the present-day development of art is due to the interest of this section of the country."

Stickeen

By JOHN MUIR

IN THE summer of 1880 I set out from Fort Wrangel in a canoe to continue the exploration of the icy region of southeastern Alaska, begun in the fall of 1879. After the necessary provisions, blankets, etc., had been collected and stowed away, and my Indian crew were in their places ready to start, while a crowd of their relatives and friends on the wharf were bidding them good-by and good-luck, my companion, the Rev. S. H. Young, for whom we were waiting, at last came aboard, followed by a little black dog, that immediately made himself at home by curling up in a hollow among the baggage. I like dogs, but this one seemed so small and worthless that I objected to his going, and asked the missionary why he was taking him.

"Such a little helpless creature will only be in the way," I said; "you had better pass him up to the Indian boys on the wharf, to be taken home to play with the children. This trip is not likely to be good for toy-dogs. The poor silly thing will be in rain and snow for weeks or months, and will require care like a baby."

But his master assured me that he would be no trouble at all; that he was a perfect wonder of a dog, could endure cold and hunger like a bear, swim like a seal, and was wondrous wise and cunning, etc., making out a list of virtues to show he might be the most interesting member of the party.

Nobody could hope to unravel the lines of his ancestry. In all the wonderfully mixed and varied dog-tribe I never saw any creature very much like him, though in some of his sly, soft, gliding motions and gestures he brought the fox to mind. He was short-legged, and bunchy-bodied, and his hair, though smooth, was long and silky and slightly waved, so that when the wind was at his back it ruffled, making him look shaggy. At first sight his only noticeable feature was his fine tail, which was about as hairy and shady as a squirrel's, and was carried curling forward almost to his nose. On closer inspection you might notice his thin sensitive ears, and sharp eyes with cunning tan-spots above them. Mr. Young told me that when the little fellow was a pup about the size of a woodrat he was presented to his wife by an Irish prospector at Sitka, and that on his arrival at Fort Wrangel he was adopted with enthusiasm by the Stickeen Indians as a sort of new good-luck totem, was named "Stickeen" for the tribe, and became a universal favourite; petted, protected, and admired wherever he went, and regarded as a mysterious fountain of wisdom.

On our trip he soon proved himself a queer character—odd, concealed, independent, keeping invincibly quiet, and doing many little puzzling things that piqued my curiosity. As we sailed week after week through the long intricate channels and inlets among the innumerable islands and mountains of the coast, he spent most of the dull days in sluggish ease, motionless, and apparently as unobserving as if in deep sleep. But I discovered that somehow he always knew what was going on. When the Indians were about to shoot at ducks or seals, or when anything along the shore was exciting our attention, he would rest his chin on the edge of the canoe and calmly look out like a dreamy-eyed tourist. And when he heard us talking about making a landing, he immediately roused himself to see what sort of a place we were coming to, and made ready to jump overboard and swim ashore as soon as the canoe neared the beach. Then, with a vigorous shake to get

rid of the brine in his hair, he ran into the woods to hunt small game. But though always the first out of the canoe, he was always the last to get into it. When we were ready to start he could never be found, and refused to come to our call. We soon found out, however, that though we could not see him at such times, he saw us, and from the cover of the briers and huckleberry bushes in the fringe of the woods was watching the canoe with wary eye. For as soon as we were fairly off he came trotting down the beach, plunged into the surf, and swam after us, knowing well that we would cease rowing and take him in. When the contrary little vagabond came alongside, he was lifted by the neck, held at arm's length a moment to drip and dropped aboard. We tried to cure him of this trick by compelling him to swim a long way, as if we had a mind to abandon him; but this did no good: the longer the swim the better he seemed to like it.

Though capable of great idleness, he never failed to be ready for all sorts of adventures and excursions. One pitch-dark rainy night we landed about ten o'clock at the mouth of a salmon stream where the water was phosphorescent. The salmon were running, and the myriad fins of the onrushing multitude were churning all the stream into a silvery glow, wonderfully beautiful and impressive in the ebon darkness. To get a good view of the show I set out with one of the Indians and sailed up through the midst of it to the foot of a rapid about half a mile from camp, where the swift current dashing over the rocks made the luminous glow most glorious. Happening to look back down the stream, while the Indian was catching a few of the struggling fish, I saw a long spreading fan of light like the tail of a comet, which we thought must be made by some big strange animal that was pursuing us. On it came with its magnificent train, until we imagined we could see the monster's head and eyes; but it was only Stickeen, who, finding I had left the camp, came swimming after me to see what was up.

When we camped early, the best hunter of the crew usually went to the woods for a deer, and Stickeen was sure to be at his heels, provided I had not gone out. For, strange to say, though I never carried a gun, he always followed me, forsaking the hunter and even his master to share my wanderings. The days that were too stormy for sailing I spent in the woods, or on the adjacent mountains, wherever my studies called me; and Stickeen always insisted on going with me, however wild the weather, gliding like a fox through dripping huckleberry bushes and thorny tangles of panax and rubus, scarce stirring their rain-laden leaves; wading and wallowing through snow, swimming icy streams, skipping over logs and rocks and the crevasses of glaciers with the patience and endurance of a determined mountaineer, never tiring or getting discouraged. Once he followed me over a glacier the surface of which was so crusty and rough that it cut his feet until every step was marked with blood; but he trotted on with Indian fortitude until I noticed his red track, and, taking pity on him, made him a set of moccasins out of a handkerchief. However great his troubles he never asked help or made any complaint, as if, like a philosopher, he had learned that without hard work and suffering there could be no pleasure worth having.

Yet none of us was able to make out what Stickeen was really good for. He seemed to meet danger and hardships without anything like reason, insisted on having his own way, never obeyed an order, and the hunter could never set him on anything, or make him fetch the birds he shot. His equanimity was so steady it seemed due to want of feeling; ordinary storms were pleasures to him, and as for mere rain, he flourished in it like a vegetable. No matter what advances you might make, scarce a glance or a tail-wag would you get for your pains. But though he was apparently as cold as a glacier and about as impervious to fun, I tried hard to make his acquaintance, guessing there must be something worth while hidden beneath so much courage, endurance, and love of wild-weathery adventure. No superannuated mastiff or bulldog grown old in office surpassed this fluffy midget in stoic dignity. He sometimes reminded me of a small, squat, unshakable desert cactus. For he never displayed a single trace of the merry, tricksy, elfish fun of the terriers and collies that we all know, nor of their touching affection and devotion. Like children, most small dogs beg to be loved and allowed to love; but Stickeen seemed a very Diogenes, asking only to be let alone: a true child of the wilderness, holding the even tenor of his hidden life with the silence and serenity of nature. His strength of character lay in his eyes. They looked as old as the hills, and as young, and as wild. I never tired of looking into them: it was like looking into a landscape; but they were small and rather deep-set,

and had no explaining lines around them to give out particulars. I was accustomed to look into the faces of plants and animals, and I watched the little sphinx more and more keenly as an interesting study. But there is no estimating the wit and wisdom concealed and latent in our lower fellow mortals until made manifest by profound experiences; for it is through suffering that dogs as well as saints are developed and made perfect.

After exploring the Sumdum and Tahkoo fiords and their glaciers, we sailed through Stephen's Passage into Lynn Canal and thence through Icy Strait into Cross Sound, searching for unexplored inlets leading toward the great fountain ice-fields of the Fairweather Range. Here, while the tide was in our favour, we were accompanied by a fleet of icebergs drifting out to the ocean from Glacier Bay. Slowly we paddled around Vancouver's Point, Wimbledon, our frail canoe tossed like a feather on the massive heaving swells coming in past Cape Spenser. For miles the sound is bounded by precipitous mural cliffs, which, lashed with wave-spray and their heads hidden in clouds, looked terribly threatening and stern. Had our canoe been crushed or upset we could have made no landing here, for the cliffs, as high as those of Yosemite, sink sheer into deep water. Eagerly we scanned the wall on the north side for the first sign of an opening fiord or harbour, all of us anxious except Stickeen, who dozed in peace or gazed dreamily at the tremendous precipices when he heard us talking about them. At length we made the joyful discovery of the mouth of the inlet now called "Taylor Bay," and about five o'clock reached the head of it and encamped in a spruce grove near the front of a large glacier.

While camp was being made, Joe the hunter climbed the mountain wall on the east side of the fiord in pursuit of wild goats, while Mr. Young and I went to the glacier. We found that it is separated from the waters of the inlet by a tide-washed moraine, and extends, an abrupt barrier, all the way across from wall to wall of the inlet, a distance of about three miles. But our most interesting discovery was that it had recently advanced, though again slightly receding. A portion of the terminal moraine had been plowed up and shoved forward, uprooting and overwhelming the woods on the east side. Many of the trees were down and buried, or nearly so, others were leaning away from the ice-cliffs, ready to fall, and some stood erect, with the bottom of the ice plow still beneath their roots and its lofty crystal spires towering high above their tops. The spectacle presented by these century-old trees standing close beside a spiry wall of ice, with their branches almost touching it, was most novel and striking. And when I climbed around the front, and a little way up the west side of the glacier, I found that it had swelled and increased in height and width in accordance with its advance, and carried away the outer ranks of trees on its bank.

On our way back to camp after these first observations I planned a far-and-wide excursion for the morrow. I awoke early, called not only by the glacier, which had been on my mind all night, but by a grand flood-storm. The wind was blowing a gale from the north, and the rain was flying with the clouds in a wide passionate horizontal flood, as if it were all passing over the country instead of falling on it. The main perennial streams were booming high above their banks, and hundreds of new ones, roaring like the sea, almost covered the lofty gray walls of the inlet with white cascades and falls. I had intended making a cup of coffee and getting something like a breakfast before starting, but when I heard the storm and looked out I made haste to join it; for many of Nature's finest lessons are to be found in her storms, and if careful to keep in right relations with them, we may go safely abroad with them, rejoicing in the grandeur and beauty of their works and ways, and chanting with the old Norsemen, "The blast of the tempest aids our oars, the hurricane is our servant and drives us whither we wish to go." So, omitting breakfast, I put a piece of bread in my pocket and hurried away.

Mr. Young and the Indians were asleep, and so, I hoped, was Stickeen; but I had not gone a dozen rods before he left his bed in the tent and came boring through the blast after me. That a man should welcome storms for their exhilarating music and motion, and go forth to see God making landscapes, is reasonable enough; but what fascination could there be in such tremendous weather for a dog? Surely nothing akin to human enthusiasm for scenery or geology. Anyhow, on he came, breakfastless, through the choking blast. I stopped and did my best to turn him back. "Now don't," I said, shouting to make myself heard in the storm, "now don't, Stickeen. What has got into your queer noodle now? You must be daft. This

wild day has nothing for you. There is no game abroad, nothing but weather. Go back to camp and keep warm, get a good breakfast with your master, and be sensible for once. I can't carry you all day or feed you, and this storm will kill you."

But Nature, it seems, was at the bottom of the affair, and she gains her ends with dogs as well as with men, making us do as she likes, shoving and pulling us along her ways, however rough, all but killing us at times in getting her lessons driven hard home. After I had stopped again and again, shouting good warning advice, I saw that he was not to be shaken off; as well might the earth try to shake off the moon. I had once led his master into trouble, when he fell on one of the topmost jags of a mountain and dislocated his arm; now the turn of his humble companion was coming. The pitiful little wanderer just stood there in the wind, drenched and blinking, saying doggedly, "Where thou goest I will go." So at last I told him to come on if he must, and gave him a piece of the bread I had in my pocket; then we struggled on together, and thus began the most memorable of all my wild days.

The level flood, driving hard in our faces, thrashed and washed us wildly until we got into the shelter of a grove on the east side of the glacier near the front, where we stopped awhile for breath and to listen and look out. The exploration of the glacier was my main object, but the wind was too high to allow excursions over its open surface, where one might be dangerously shoved while balancing for a jump on the brink of a crevasse. In the meantime the storm was a fine study. Here the end of the glacier, descending an abrupt swell of resisting rock about five hundred feet high, leans forward and falls in ice cascades. And as the storm came down the glacier from the north, Stickeen and I were beneath the main current of the blast, while favourably located to see and hear it. What a psalm the storm was singing, and how fresh the smell of the washed earth and leaves, and how sweet the still small voices of the storm! Detached wafts and swirls were coming through the woods, with music from the leaves and branches and furrowed boles and even from the splintered rocks and ice-crags overhead, many of the tones soft and low and flute-like, as if each leaf and tree, crag and spire were a tuned reed. A broad torrent, draining the side of the glacier, now swollen by scores of new streams from the mountains, was rolling boulders along its rocky channel, with thudding, bumping, muffled sounds, rushing towards the bay with tremendous energy, as if in haste to get out of the mountains; the waters above and beneath calling to each other, and all to the ocean, their home.

Looking southward from our shelter, we had this great torrent and the forested mountain wall above it on our left, the spiry ice-crags on our right, and smooth gray gloom ahead. I tried to draw the marvelous scene in my note-book, but the rain blurred the page in spite of all my pains to shelter it, and the sketch was almost worthless. When the wind began to abate, I traced the east side of the glacier. All the trees standing on the edge of the woods were barked and bruised, showing high-ice mark in a very telling way, while tens of thousands of those that had stood for centuries on the bank of the glacier farther out lay crushed and being crushed. In many places I could see down fifty feet or so beneath the margin of the glacier-mill, where trunks from one to two feet in diameter were being ground to pulp against outstanding rock-ribs and bosses of the bank.

About three miles above the front of the glacier I climbed to the surface of it by means of axe-steps made easy for Stickeen. As far as the eye could reach, the level, or nearly level, glacier stretched away indefinitely beneath the gray sky, a seemingly boundless prairie of ice. The rain continued, and grew colder, which I did not mind, but a dim snowy look in the drooping clouds made me hesitate about venturing far from land. No trace of the west shore was visible, and in case the clouds should settle and give snow, or the wind again become violent, I feared getting caught in a tangle of crevasses. Snow-crystals, the flowers of the mountain clouds, are frail, beautiful things, but terrible when flying on storm-winds in darkening, benumbing swarms, or when welded together into glaciers full of deadly crevasses. Watching the weather, I sauntered about on the crystal sea. For a mile or two out I found the ice remarkably safe. The marginal crevasses were mostly narrow, while the few wider ones were easily avoided by passing around them, and the clouds began to open here and there.

Thus encouraged, I at last pushed out for the other side; for Nature can make us do anything she likes. At first we made rapid progress, and the sky was not very threatening, while I took bearings occasionally with a pocket compass to enable me to find my way back more surely in case the storm should become blinding;

but the structure lines of the glacier were my main guide. Toward the west side we came to a closely crevassed section in which we had to make long, narrow tacks and doublings, tracing the edges of tremendous transverse and longitudinal crevasses, many of which were from twenty to thirty feet wide, and perhaps a thousand feet deep—beautiful and awful. In working a way through them I was severely cautious, but Stickeen came on as unhesitating as the flying clouds. The widest crevasse that I could jump he would leap without so much as halting to take a look at it. The weather was now making quick changes, scattering bits of dazzling brightness through the wintry gloom; at rare intervals, when the sun broke forth wholly free, the glacier was seen from shore to shore with a bright array of encompassing mountains partly revealed, wearing the clouds as garments, while the prairie bloomed and sparkled with irised light from myriads of washed crystals. Then suddenly all the glorious show would be darkened and blotted out.

Stickeen seemed to care for none of these things, bright or dark, nor for the crevasses, wells, moulins, or swift flashing streams into which he might fall. The little adventurer was only about two years old, yet nothing seemed novel to him, nothing daunted him. He showed neither caution nor curiosity, wonder nor fear, but bravely trotted on as if glaciers were playgrounds. His stout, muffled body seemed all one skipping muscle, and it was truly wonderful to see how swiftly and to all appearance heedlessly he flashed across nerve-trying chasms six or eight feet wide. His courage was so unwavering that it seemed to be due to dullness of perception, as if he were only blindly bold; and I kept warning him to be careful. For we had been close companions on so many wilderness trips that I had formed the habit of talking to him as if he were a boy and understood every word.

We gained the west shore in about three hours, the width of the glacier here being about seven miles. Then I pushed northward in order to see as far back as possible into the fountains of the Fairweather Mountains, in case the clouds should rise. The walking was easy along the margin of the forest, which, of course, like that on the other side, had been invaded and crushed by the swollen, overflowing glacier. In an hour or so, after passing a massive headland, we came suddenly on a branch of the glacier, which, in the form of a magnificent ice-cascade two miles wide, was pouring over the rim of the main basin in a westerly direction, its surface broken into wave-shaped blades and shattered blocks, suggesting the wildest updashing, heaving, plunging motion of a great river cataract. Tracing it down three or four miles, I found that it discharged into a lake, filling it with icebergs.

I would gladly have followed the lake outlet to tide-water, but the day was already far spent, and the threatening sky called for haste on the return trip to get off the ice before dark. I decided therefore to go no farther, and, after taking a general view of the wonderful region, turned back, hoping to see it again under more favourable auspices. We made good speed up the cañon of the great ice-torrent, and out on the main glacier until we had left the west shore about two miles behind us. Here we got into a difficult network of crevasses, the gathering clouds began to drop misty fringes, and soon the dreaded snow came flying thick and fast. I now began to feel anxious about finding a way in the blurring storm. Stickeen showed no trace of fear. He was still the same silent, able little hero. I noticed, however, that after the storm-darkness came on he kept close up behind me. The snow urged us to make still greater haste, but at the same time hid our way. I pushed on as best I could, jumping innumerable crevasses, and for every hundred rods or so of direct advance traveling a mile in doubling up and down in the turmoil of chasms and dislocated ice-blocks. After an hour or two of this work we came to a series of longitudinal crevasses of appalling width, and almost straight and regular in trend, like immense furrows. These I traced with firm nerve, excited and strengthened by the danger, making wide jumps, poising cautiously on their dizzy edges after cutting hollows for my feet before making the spring, to avoid possible slipping or any uncertainty on the farther sides, where only one trial is granted—exercise at once frightful and inspiring. Stickeen followed seemingly without effort.

Many a mile we thus traveled, mostly up and down, making but little real headway in crossing, running instead of walking most of the time as the danger of being compelled to spend the night on the glacier became threatening. Stickeen seemed able for anything. Doubtless we could have weathered the storm for one night, dancing on a flat spot to keep from freezing, and I faced the threat without feeling anything like despair; but we were hungry and wet,

and the wind from the mountains was still thick with snow and bitterly cold, so of course that night would have seemed a very long one. I could not see far enough through the blurring snow to judge in which general direction the least dangerous route lay, while the few dim, momentary glimpses I caught of mountains through rifts in the flying clouds were far from encouraging either as weather signs or as guides. I had simply to grope my way from crevasse to crevasse, holding a general direction by the ice-structure, which was not to be seen everywhere, and partly by the wind. Again and again I was put to my mettle, but Stickeen followed easily, his nerve apparently growing more unflinching as the danger increased. So it always is with mountaineers when hard beset. Running hard and jumping, holding precious every minute of the remaining daylight, poor as it was, we doggedly persevered and tried to hope that every difficult crevasse we overcame would prove to be the last of its kind. But on the contrary, as we advanced they became more deadly trying.

At length our way was barred by a very wide and straight crevasse, which I traced rapidly northward a mile or so without finding a crossing or hope of one; then down the glacier about as far, to where it united with another uncrossable crevasse. In all this distance of perhaps two miles there was only one place where I could possibly jump it, but the width of this jump was the utmost I dared attempt, while the danger of slipping on the farther side was so great that I was loath to try it. Furthermore, the side I was on was about a foot higher than the other, and even with this advantage the crevasse seemed dangerously wide. One is liable to underestimate the width of crevasses where the magnitudes in general are great. I therefore stared at this one mighty keenly, estimating its width and the shape of the edge on the farther side, until I thought that I could jump it if necessary, but that in case I should be compelled to jump back from the lower side I might fail. Now, a cautious mountaineer seldom takes a step, on unknown ground which seems at all dangerous, that he cannot retrace in case he should be stopped by unseen obstacles ahead. This is the rule of mountaineers who live long, and, though in haste, I compelled myself to sit down and calmly deliberate before I broke it.

Retracing my devious path in imagination as if it were drawn on a chart, I saw that I was recrossing the glacier a mile or two farther up-stream than the course pursued in the morning, and that I was now entangled in a section I had not before seen. Should I risk this dangerous jump, or try to regain the woods on the west shore, make a fire, and have only hunger to endure while waiting for a new day? I had already crossed so broad a stretch of dangerous ice that I saw it would be difficult to get back to the woods through the storm, before dark, and the attempt would most likely result in a dismal night-dance on the glacier; while just beyond the present barrier the surface seemed more promising, and the east shore was now perhaps about as near as the west. I was therefore eager to go on. But this wide jump was a dreadful obstacle.

At length, because of the dangers already behind me, I determined to venture against those that might be ahead, jumped and landed well, but with so little to spare that I more than ever dreaded being compelled to take that jump back from the lower side. Stickeen followed, making nothing of it, and we ran eagerly forward, hoping we were leaving all our troubles behind. But within the distance of a few hundred yards we were stopped by the widest crevasse yet encountered. Of course I made haste to explore it, hoping all might yet be remedied by finding a bridge or a way around either end. About three-fourths of a mile up-stream I found that it united with the one we had just crossed, as I feared it would. Then, tracing it down, I found the same crevasse at the lower end also, maintaining throughout its whole course a width of forty to fifty feet. Thus to my dismay I discovered that we were on a narrow island about two miles long, with two barely possible ways of escape: one back by the way we came, the other ahead by an almost inaccessible sliver-bridge that crossed the great crevasse from near the middle of it!

After this nerve-trying discovery I ran back to the sliver-bridge and cautiously examined it. Crevasses, caused by strains from variations in the rate of motion of different parts of the glacier and convexities in the channel, are mere cracks when they first open, so narrow as hardly to admit the blade of a pocket-knife, and gradually widen according to the extent of the strain and the depth of the glacier. Now some of these cracks are interrupted, like the cracks in wood, and in opening, the strip of ice between overlapping ends is dragged out, and may maintain a continuous connection between the sides, just as the two sides of

a slivered crack in wood that is being split are connected. Some crevasses remain open for months or even years, and by the melting of their sides continue to increase in width long after the opening strain has ceased; while the sliver-bridges, level on top at first and perfectly safe, are at length melted to thin, vertical, knife-edged blades, the upper portion being most exposed to the weather; and since the exposure is greatest in the middle, they at length curve downward like the cables of suspension bridges. This one was evidently very old, for it had been weathered and wasted until it was the most dangerous and inaccessible that ever lay in my way. The width of the crevasse was here about fifty feet, and the sliver crossing diagonally was about seventy feet long; its thin knife-edge near the middle was depressed twenty-five or thirty feet below the level of the glacier, and the up-curving ends were attached to the sides eight or ten feet below the brink. Getting down the nearly vertical wall to the end of the sliver and up the other side were the main difficulties, and they seemed all but insurmountable. Of the many perils encountered in my years of wandering on mountains and glaciers none seemed so plain and stern and merciless as this. And it was presented when we were wet to the skin and hungry, the sky dark with quick driving snow, and the night near. But we were forced to face it. It was a tremendous necessity.

Beginning, not immediately above the sunken end of the bridge, but a little to one side, I cut a deep hollow on the brink for my knees to rest in. Then, leaning over, with my short-handled axe I cut a step sixteen or eighteen inches below, which on account of the sheerness of the wall was necessarily shallow. That step, however, was well made; its floor sloped slightly inward and formed a good hold for my heels. Then, slipping cautiously upon it, and crouching as low as possible, with my left side toward the wall, I steadied myself against the wind with my left hand in a slight notch, while with the right I cut other similar steps and notches in succession, guarding against losing balance by glinting of the axe, or by wind-gusts, for life and death were in every stroke and in the niceness of finish of every foothold.

After the end of the bridge was reached I chipped it down until I had made a level platform six or eight inches wide, and it was a trying thing to poise on this little slippery platform while bending over to get safely astride of the sliver. Crossing was then comparatively easy by chipping off the sharp edge with short, careful strokes, and hitching forward an inch or two at a time, keeping my balance with my knees pressed against the sides. The tremendous abyss on either hand I studiously ignored. To me the edge of that blue sliver was then all the world. But the most trying part of the adventure, after working my way across inch by inch and chipping another small platform, was to rise from the safe position astride and cut a step-ladder in the nearly vertical face of the wall,—chipping, climbing, holding on with feet and fingers in mere notches. At such times one's whole body is eye, and common skill and fortitude are replaced by power beyond our call or knowledge. Never before had I been so long under deadly strain. How I got up that cliff I never could tell. The thing seemed to have been done by somebody else. I never have held death in contempt, though in the course of my explorations I have oftentimes felt that to meet one's fate on a noble mountain, or in the heart of a glacier, would be blessed as compared with death from disease, or from some shabby lowland accident. But the best death, quick and crystal-pure, set so glaringly open before us, is hard enough to face, even though we feel gratefully sure that we have already had happiness enough for a dozen lives.

But poor Stickeen, the wee, hairy, sleekit beastie, think of him! When I had decided to dare the bridge, and while I was on my knees chipping a hollow on the rounded brow above it, he came behind me, pushed his head past my shoulder, looked down and across, scanned the sliver and its approaches with his mysterious eyes, then looked me in the face with a startled air of surprise and concern, and began to mutter and whine; saying as plainly as if speaking with words, "Surely, you are not going into that awful place." This was the first time I had seen him gaze deliberately into a crevasse, or into my face with an eager, speaking, troubled look. That he should have recognized and appreciated the danger at the first glance showed wonderful sagacity. Never before had the daring midget seemed to know that ice was slippery or that there was any such thing as danger anywhere. His looks and tones of voice when he began to complain and speak his fears were so human that I unconsciously talked to him in sympathy as I would to a frightened boy, and in trying to calm his fears perhaps in some measure moderated my own. "Hush

your fears, my boy," I said, "we will get across safe, though it is not going to be easy. No right way is easy in this rough world. We must risk our lives to save them. At the worst we can only slip, and then how grand a grave we will have, and by and by our nice bones will do good in the terminal moraine."

But my sermon was far from reassuring him: he began to cry, and after taking another piercing look at the tremendous gulf, ran away in desperate excitement, seeking some other crossing. By the time he got back, baffled of course, I had made a step or two. I dared not look back, but he made himself heard; and when he saw that I was certainly bent on crossing he cried aloud in despair. The danger was enough to daunt anybody, but it seems wonderful that he should have been able to weigh and appreciate it so justly. No mountaineer could have seen it more quickly or judged it more wisely, discriminating between real and apparent peril.

When I gained the other side, he screamed louder than ever, and after running back and forth in vain search for a way of escape, he would return to the brink of the crevasse above the bridge, moaning and wailing as if in the bitterness of death. Could this be the silent, philosophic Stickeen? I shouted encouragement, telling him the bridge was not so bad as it looked, that I had left it flat and safe for his feet, and he could walk it easily. But he was afraid to try. Strange so small an animal should be capable of such big, wise fears. I called again and again in a reassuring tone to come on and fear nothing; that he could come if he would only try. He would hush for a moment, look down again at the bridge, and shout his unshakable conviction that he could never, never come that way; then lie back in despair, as if howling, "O-o-oh! what a place! No-o-o, I can never go-o-o down there!" His natural composure and courage had vanished utterly in a tumultuous storm of fear. Had the danger been less, his distress would have seemed ridiculous. But in this dismal, merciless abyss lay the shadow of death, and his heartrending cries might well have called Heaven to his help. Perhaps they did. So hidden before, he was now transparent, and one could see the workings of his heart and mind like the movements of a clock out of its case. His voice and gestures, hopes and fears, were so perfectly human that none could mistake them; while he seemed to understand every word of mine. I was troubled at the thought of having to leave him out all night, and of the danger of not finding him in the morning. It seemed impossible to get him to venture. To compel him to try through fear of being abandoned, I started off as if leaving him to his fate, and disappeared back of a hummock; but this did no good; he only lay down and moaned in utter hopeless misery. So, after hiding a few minutes, I went back to the brink of the crevasse and in a severe tone of voice shouted across to him that now I must certainly leave him, I could wait no longer, and that, if he would not come, all I could promise was that I would return to seek him next day. I warned him that if he went back to the woods the wolves would kill him, and finished by urging him once more by words and gestures to come on, come on.

He knew very well what I meant, and at last, with the courage of despair, hushed and breathless, he crouched down on the brink in the hollow I had made for my knees, pressed his body against the ice as if trying to get the advantage of the friction of every hair, gazed into the first step, put his little feet together and slid them slowly, slowly over the edge and down into it, bunching all four in it, and almost standing on his head. Then, without lifting his feet, as well as I could see through the snow, he slowly worked them over the edge of the step and down into the next and the next in succession in the same way, and gained the end of the bridge. Then, lifting his feet with the regularity and slowness of the vibrations of a seconds pendulum, as if counting and measuring *one-two-three*, holding himself steady against the gusty wind, and giving separate attention to each little step, he gained the foot of the cliff, while I was on my knees leaning over to give him a lift should he succeed in getting within reach of my arm. Here he halted in dead silence, and it was here I feared he might fail, for dogs are poor climbers. I had no cord. If I had had one, I would have dropped a noose over his head and hauled him up. But while I was thinking whether an available cord might be made out of clothing, he was looking keenly into the series of notched steps and finger-holds I had made, as if counting them, and fixing the position of each one of them in his mind. Then suddenly up he came in a springy rush, hooking his paws into the steps and notches so quickly that I could not see how it was done, and whizzed past my head, safe at last!

And now came a scene! "Well done, well done, little boy! Brave boy!" I cried, trying to catch and caress him; but he

would not be caught. Never before or since have I seen anything like so passionate a revulsion from the depths of despair to exultant, triumphant, uncontrollable joy. He flashed and darted hither and thither as if fairly demented, screaming and shouting, swirling round and round in giddy loops and circles like a leaf in a whirlwind, lying down, and rolling over and over, sidewise and heels over head, and pouring forth a tumultuous flood of hysterical cries and sobs and gasping mutterings. When I ran up to him to shake him, fearing he might die of joy, he flashed off two or three hundred yards, his feet in a mist of motion; then, turning suddenly, came back in a wild rush and launched himself at my face, almost knocking me down, all the time screeching and screaming and shouting as if saying, "Saved! saved! saved!" Then away again, dropping suddenly at times with his feet in the air, trembling and fairly sobbing. Such passionate emotion was enough to kill him. Moses' stately song of triumph after escaping the Egyptians and the Red Sea was nothing to it. Who could have guessed the capacity of the dull, enduring little fellow for all that most stirs this mortal frame? Nobody could have helped crying with him!

But there is nothing like work for toning down excessive fear or joy. So I ran ahead, calling him in as gruff a voice as I could command to come on and stop his nonsense, for we had far to go and it would soon be dark. Neither of us feared another trial like this. Heaven would surely count one enough for a lifetime. The ice ahead was gashed by thousands of crevasses, but they were common ones. The joy of deliverance burned in us like fire, and we ran without fatigue, every muscle with immense rebound glorying in its strength. Stickeen flew across everything in his way, and not till dark did he settle into his normal fox-like trot. At last the cloudy mountains came in sight, and we soon felt the solid rock beneath our feet, and we were safe. Then came weakness. Danger had vanished, and so had our strength. We tottered down the lateral moraine in the dark, over boulders and tree trunks, through the bushes and devil-club thickets of the grove where we had sheltered ourselves in the morning, and across the level mud-slope of the terminal moraine. We reached camp about ten o'clock, and found a big fire and a big supper. A party of Hoona Indians had visited Mr. Young, bringing a gift of porpoise meat and wild strawberries, and Hunter Joe had brought in a wild goat. But we lay down, too tired to eat much, and soon fell into a troubled sleep. The man who said, "The harder the toil, the sweeter the rest," never was profoundly tired. Stickeen kept springing up and muttering in his sleep, no doubt dreaming that he was still on the brink of the crevasse; and so did I, that night and many others long afterward, when I was over-tired.

Thereafter Stickeen was a changed dog. During the rest of the trip, instead of holding aloof, he always lay by my side, tried to keep me constantly in sight, and would hardly accept a morsel of food, however tempting, from any hand but mine. At night, when all was quiet about the campfire, he would come to me and rest his head on my knee with a look of devotion as if I were his god. And often as he caught my eye he seemed to be trying to say, "Wasn't that an awful time we had together on the glacier?"

Nothing in after years has dimmed that Alaska storm-day. As I write, it all comes rushing and roaring to mind as if I were again in the heart of it. Again I see the gray flying clouds with their rain-floods and snow, the ice-cliffs towering above the shrinking forest, the majestic ice-cascade, the vast glacier outspread before its white mountain fountains, and in the heart of it the tremendous crevasse,—emblem of the valley of the shadow of death,—low clouds trailing over it, the snow falling into it; and on its brink I see little Stickeen, and I hear his cries for help and his shouts of joy. I have known many dogs, and many a story I could tell of their wisdom and devotion; but to none do I owe so much as to Stickeen. At first the least promising and least known of my dog-friends, he suddenly became the best known of them all. Our storm-battle for life brought him to light, and through him as through a window I have ever since been looking with deeper sympathy into my fellow mortals.

None of Stickeen's friends knows what finally became of him. After my work for the season was done I departed for California, and I never saw the dear little fellow again. In reply to anxious inquiries his master wrote me that in the summer of 1883 he was stolen by a tourist at Fort Wrangel and taken away on a steamer. His fate is wrapped in mystery. Doubtless he has left this world—crossed the last crevasse—and gone to another. But he will not be forgotten. To me Stickeen is immortal.

The Clammer

By WILLIAM JOHN HOPKINS

II

A DAUGHTER OF THE RICH

SOME there may be who will say—who do say, no doubt, for they dearly love a bit of gossip—that I am no better than an adventurer; that I have wormed my way into a girl's heart under false pretenses, and will but devour what I find there; and that two weeks—or three, or whatever the time was, according to the usual measure of man—is too short a time for two people to have found out that they love each other. Now, those who are most apt to speak thus foolishly are my neighbours, who have mated according to their lights; and I have not observed that they are happier than other folk, Indeed, I doubt whether they are as happy.

It is not to be imagined that my neighbours have remonstrated with me upon the subject. But I have observed, when I have met two of them together, they do but wait until I am out of hearing—sometimes scarcely that—before they get their heads together.

"That's the fellow," says one, "who is engaged to Old Goodwin's daughter."

"Is it, indeed?" says the other—and turns his head about, that he see me the better. And I stop short and lean casually upon a wall, my face toward them. For I would not cheat them of their birthright.

"Yes," says the first. "In two weeks. Disgraceful, I call it."

They gaze at me—both of them—as if I were some monster from a museum.

"Rich, isn't he?" asks the second. "Goodwin, I mean—not this fellow."

And they pass on, laughing uproariously. I would not stint their mirth, and giving over my leaning upon the wall, I, too, pass on.

Therefore it comes to pass that I have no great opinion of my neighbours' judgment. Indeed, I contend that they speak of that they know not of. Eve agrees with me in this,—she agrees with me in most things, now,—for have we not been engaged for one whole month, and not the littlest shadow on our happiness? And still I am wont to take my basket on my arm and my clam hoe in my hand and wander the shores. But the clams that I dig would make but a sorry meal, and the clams that I leave—well, they will be the bigger and the lustier for digging when I am minded to it. And it is easy to guess what clam beds I frequent.

So it befell that I wandered, one afternoon, over the oozy flats toward my chosen hunting ground. The sun was getting low in the west, and well I knew what colours the Great Painter was spreading over the still water and upon the shining mud. But yet I would not look at them, but wended on, at a pace too great for a clammer. And joy was in my heart. For there, just where the sod broke off to the sand and the pebbles shone bright in the sun, sat Eve. And she smiled upon me as she spoke.

"Adam," said she, reproving, "you are almost late to-night."

And, at that, the ganglion that I have mentioned, that does duty for my heart, leaped for joy, so that I was nigh to choking. And indeed, though it is but a ganglion, it knows its duty well, and leaps for joy or aches with sorrow as well as the best-behaved heart in the world. I have not known the ache for sorrow since the day of my clambake; but it can make a man very wretched. And I am convinced that it can ache for pure joy, too—although that is a different ache, with happiness in it.

So I smiled back at her. "Almost late," I said, "is just in time. Late has no——"

"Adam, Adam," she cried, "are you become a grammarian? Grammarians are tiresome. And I must go, for I have an engagement——"

"No, no," I answered, in haste; for though in my heart I knew well she did but jest, yet I feared to lose her. "There is small danger that I shall become a grammarian. I have put all that behind me.

It gets farther behind me with every day that passes. And your engagement is with me."

She laughed, a low, sweet laugh.

"Yes," she said, "it was."

And we sat there, silent, and Eve gazed at the sun, that was near his setting, and he gazed back at her. He set no longer behind the bearded hill,—the time was passed for that,—but there were other hills, and he must set behind them, for that is his destiny. And if any should say to me that I do but ill to speak thus of his destiny, for that his destiny is a greater than that; and if that one should hint of some hypothesis or other concerning the life and death of the universe,—they may have a new one now—they may get up a new one every week, for aught I know or care; for what is the death of the universe to me?—I should answer such an one in this wise: "Go to, you speak foolishly. For have I not seen him every evening of my life, that he sets in the west? Talk not to me of any hypothesis. I know what I know."

And I was leaning on my elbow, down upon the sod, and idly gazing at the sun, and idly gazing up at Eve. But I gazed at Eve the more. And the west was all golden, with a soft haze everywhere that left nothing with sharp outlines, and the sun was set, like a great yellow diamond, in its midst. It was one of those days—come a month or more before its time—when the whole earth seems to drowse and doze and breathe forth peace.

"Eve," I said softly, for I almost feared lest I break the spell that was upon us.

She turned to me, but did not speak.

"Would you have me analyze those colours that we see? I might make shift to do it. Would this soft light be more beautiful to you——"

"Oh, no, no," she cried. "Let it be. See, the sun is almost down. Stand beside me, Adam."

So I stood, and she clasped my fingers close in hers, and we faced the west, for we would bid the old sun good-night. And as we stood thus, came Old Goodwin, silently, and stood at her other side. And she took his hand in hers, too, one hand to each, and we looked at the sun, and his rim rested on the hill. And there stood a tree, great and tall like a spire, that showed black against his disk. So we watched him sink, and as the last thin line vanished behind the hill, we saluted, all three. Then Eve breathed a deep sigh.

"Such a lovely day, Adam," she said, "ended in beauty! If all the days could be like this!"

I remembered me of a day, not two months back, that had been a driving drizzle of rain, and of a certain figure that had stood beneath a tree, and the water dripped from the rim of her wide felt hat, and shone upon her long coat. And that day, with all its wetness, had seemed as good a day as this, for she had smiled to see me coming along the shore, my face as black as the clouds, and not expecting to find her; and she had smiled again to see my face change at the sight of her, and to see that I could not speak for the joy of it. But I had looked at her until she flushed red.

"Truly," said I, "beauty is from within, Eve, and each day is but what we make it."

Then Eve and I sat us down upon the bank where we were wont to sit, and Old Goodwin gave me a quiet smile for greeting. He was a quiet man, peaceable and peace-loving, and I marveled, often, that he should be Goodwin the Rich. But so it was. And his automobiles flashed past my front gate, as they had done before, covering my hedge with dust and enveloping my house in nauseous smells; also as they had done before. But I like automobiles better than I did. I even ride in them sometimes, with Eve, on the back seat; and Old Goodwin rides on the front seat, and drives as though the Devil were after him; which I think he is not, for Old Goodwin is a lovable man, and a good man, I believe, as men go. So I sit in the back seat, with Eve, and hold my clothes on,—my hat I long ago learned to leave at home,—and I bump here and there, and now and then I shout a tender word to Eve, and I think my thoughts; and when we turn a corner—on two wheels—I thank goodness that there are high sides to hold me in.

But Old Goodwin had gone to a tree that was at hand, and from some recess had pulled some rubber boots. They were old boots, battered and dingy with much wading through mud. And after the boots came a hat, as old and battered as they, and a coat. And he put them all on, deliberately, and stood. And, standing, he looked more like some old fisherman than like Goodwin the Rich, which was, no doubt, why he wore them. My neighbours would be but too happy if they were to see Old Goodwin—and know him—digging in my clam beds, and their tongues are ever ready at inventing tales. Those neighbours of mine are a grief to Eve, and an incitement

to anger, which, as every one knows, heats the blood and causes vapours in the brain. Eve does not like vapours. So I was at some pains to get those boots.

And Old Goodwin, after further searching in the tree, drew forth a clam hoe and a basket; and being thus equipped, he hied him to the flats, which were, by now, almost bare, and he began to dig. Now that is a luxury which the rich may seldom have, that they should dig for clams. Old Goodwin enjoyed it mightily, splashing here and there in his boots, and digging as the fancy seized him; which was as like to be where the clams were not as where they were. But he cared not at all, and drew long breaths for very joy of living; and the clams that he found he put within his basket. And with his boots, as he waded here and there, he stirred long lines of colour that went rippling in waves of yellow or red or a tender blue until they died at our feet. For the west was all a brilliant, dazzling yellow, with one long cloud that showed indigo above, but a bright crimson below. And behind us were other long clouds, and they were crimson, too. But the sky between was a tender blue. And I gazed long.

"Adam," cried Eve at last, "how can you be content to sit there?"

I looked up in some surprise. "Should I not be content?" I said. "For here are you, beside me, and before us is spread a picture of peace that changes with each moment that passes. Look at that tranquil water, Eve, with its long tongue of blue that marks the current. Should I not be content?"

"Yes, yes," she answered, "I hope so. I trust so, always—with me beside you. I would not have it otherwise. But even the tranquil water has its current. Let us dig, too."

I laughed—as quietly as I could, for I would not break that tranquillity. She had me there.

"What a governess!" I said. "She has her way always. Well, then, let us dig—though it seems a pity to disturb the clams."

"They live in eternal darkness," said Eve. "It is better for them to be disturbed. Besides, Adam, I came to dig. I got this gown on purpose."

I had not noticed the gown. But she stood straight before me, and I looked her up and down, as she would have me. Truly, I could see no difference between that gown and any other—save that it was shorter. But Eve would look adorable in any—and it was the woman that I saw.

I said as much. "To tell the truth," I said, "I did not see your gown. What does it matter what you wear?"

"To dig?" she said, reproving. "Have you forgotten, Adam? Surely you would not have your wife drip salt water upon her best dress and spot it?"

As she spoke she looked at me, and I saw that in her eyes that brought me up upon one knee. At least I might kiss her hand, with Old Goodwin pottering about my clam beds. He considerately turned his back upon us.

And so we digged for clams, too, until the light had faded from the western sky, and the twilight was almost gone. And when, at last, Old Goodwin turned and lumbered peacefully up the bank and sat him down to become once more Goodwin the Rich, behold, our basket was well filled. For Eve and I have but the one basket; and her back does not tire now.

And I, too, sat me down—for Eve had to take off her rubber boots—and I sat me near Old Goodwin. And he gave me once more that quiet smile of greeting that breathed of peace.

"And Mrs. Goodwin?" I asked. "Will she not see me yet?"

"Not yet," he answered, still with that quiet smile. "But do you have patience. She will come around—at least, I hope so. It was rather—in the way of a surprise, you know. And as a surprise," he added, with a chuckle of delight, "it was rather good—yes, it was a success."

I sighed. I am not a patient man; and here was Old Goodwin counseling me to have patience. There is nothing harder for me to have.

"I have had patience," I said; "and shall have it until it leaves me. And when that will be I do not know, but not so long as I can keep it with me. And, after all, I do not know that I care—except for Eve's sake."

"No," he said, and the smile was gone. "You win in any case,—or so it seems to me. She loses. Remember that. She loses. And so I ask you to have patience. It is worth while, if only for Eve's sake."

"It is not easy for me to be patient," I replied. "But I will,—at least I will try. That I promise, and no man can promise more. For I win in any case. She may gain a son or lose a daughter—but Eve—. No, I will be patient."

Old Goodwin had got his boots changed by this, and now he rose— Goodwin the Rich.

"I thank you, Adam," he said. He called

me Adam, too. "It will be the easier for me. And that is something to you—is it not?"

I jumped to my feet and seized his hand. "It is much to me," I cried. "If ever you see me going wrong, I beg you to remind me. For Eve's sake and yours. That will bring me back."

Indeed, he had been my good friend—my good friend and Eve's. And now he smiled once more Old Goodwin's quiet smile. I loved that smile, breathing peace on earth and good-will to men. It was easy to see where Eve had got hers. She smiled with her eyes, too, and in them I saw—but perhaps that was for me alone. But Old Goodwin, with his quiet smile, was yet Goodwin the Rich. It was a marvel.

"You are good children," he said. "Good-night,—and bless you."

So he ambled off, up the path that was beginning to show, even in that dim light. For a path is made by walking upon it, and even once a day will serve for that. And that path was walked on more than once a day. As he reached a turn, he waved his hand to us, and we to him.

"Eve," I said, musing, "there goes a good man."

She turned to me. "He is," she said. "And I am glad to have you think that, Adam. There are those—who say cruel things of him."

"They are wrong," I cried. "I am convinced of it. From all envy, hatred, and malice, good Lord, deliver us. But what of that other rich man, Eve?"

As I looked up at Eve, waiting for my answer, I saw that she was smiling merrily.

"I told him," she said, "that I was engaged already. And he seemed surprised at that, and he would know the name of the happy man. And I told him that, too. Did I do well? Are you—" She stopped and hesitated.

"Am I happy, Eve?" I answered softly. "Surely you know that I am. Happier than I thought I should ever be. And what did he say to that?"

"Oh, then, he did not understand. For I think he did not know you, Adam. And I said you were a fisherman, or a clammer, as occasion served. You should have seen his face. And he but wished me joy, and went; which was what I wanted."

I chuckled. For I do chuckle on occasion.

"I have no other occupation," I said, "and neither has he. And he comes, in his yacht, to ask you,—steam yachts are luxuries, Eve, which my wife will know nothing of,—he comes, very grand, in his yacht, to ask you. And you tell him that you are to wed a digger of clams. And where is he now?"

"I do not know," she answered; and the smile faded.

And I thought my thoughts, and was silent. Truly, the digging of clams has its delights, and not all the rich are fitted to partake thereof. For how many of them see what lies before their eyes? How many of them see the colours the old sun spreads on the still water and the shining mud? A flat is a flat to them, a thing to be shunned; a thing that will spoil their white flannels and get their dresses all muddy. Not all of them are Old Goodwins. And the works of the Great Painter are not for such as these. But the colours were gone now, and the light, too, and I heard Eve sighing.

"What is it, Eve?" I asked. "Must you go?"

"Soon," she said, "very soon. But I was thinking of my mother. She hinted—almost threatened—that he would come again."

"That rich man?" I said. "He is better forgot." And, indeed, I had forgot him already. "After all, what does it matter? His goings and his comings are nothing to us. And your mother—was it hard to tell her? I did what I could."

"It was not easy," she answered, and I knew by her voice that tears were in her eyes, though I could not see. "Your note, Adam, she tore up before my eyes. Oh, I was angry! And I said what I should not. And then she said—she was angry, too—that she would not come to my wedding—"

"We will have patience, Eve," I said, "and perhaps she may change her mind. And for the note, why, it is better torn up than passed around among her friends to be laughed over. Yes, I am glad about the note."

"And I saved the pieces—every one," she said then, laughing shyly. "After my mother was gone, I gathered them up. But now I must go, Adam. See, it is quite dark. You may come up the path with me—if you will—for just a minute."

If I would! And if our parting took more than just the minute she had said, why, I will bear the blame—if blame there is. For I left her happy and with her eyes shining. And so I stumbled home along the shore, my heart singing. And my supper—for what clammer would dine at seven?—was ambrosia and nectar, being plain corn meal mush and fresh milk. And

when I had filled myself full of it I betook me to the seat under the old pine, and I gazed at the stars and wondered. I saw Arcturus, hanging red, high in the west; and Altair blazing above me. But, gaze where I would, I saw always that wonderful hair with the light upon it from the western sky; and those wonderful eyes with the light within them that made them to outshine Altair himself. And, gazing, I wondered if in all the worlds that revolve about those innumerable suns there were a being as happy and as content as I.

Of all the gifts of the gods, happiness is the most elusive. For they that most seek it find it not; and to them that seek it not, but go calmly about their business, on a sudden it appears, saying: "Lo, here am I." And we must not then attempt to hold it fast, for ever it breaks away and is gone—for a time—and naught is to do but wait, with what patience we may, until it come again. And the more we have patience the sooner will it come back.

So the days passed, and some days I found happiness, and other days I found it not; but usually I had it for a bedfellow. And it was lucky that I did, for what is to be said of a clammer who cannot sleep? And each afternoon, when the sun was low, I wended slowly over toward my clam beds along the shore where the water lapped ever. And the Great Painter spread his colours with lavish hand, and peace covered the earth and was upon the face of the waters. And peace was in my heart, too, for there on the bank sat Eve, and she smiled to see me come.

And it befell on a day that there was a flat calm, and the sun veiled his face before he set; and, above, the veil spread out in a thin sheet, feathery and white, so that I could not tell where it began.

"Look, Eve," I said. "To-morrow it will be stormy."

And she said nothing, but only looked as she was bid, being content to take my word in all things. But Old Goodwin was not.

"Indeed!" he said. "What makes you think so, Adam?"

Then I was tempted I might have entered upon a disquisition concerning cyclones and the sequence of the weather. But I put that temptation from me. It was but a part of my past.

"Oh," I answered simply, "the look of the sky."

"And in what does the look of the sky differ from its look on any other day?" he asked. "I see no difference."

"It is hard to tell," I said; "but this is the hurricane season. I may be quite mistaken. But I think it will storm to-morrow."

And so he was forced to be content, though he was but half convinced; and he would have betaken him to the digging of clams, but the tide was not half down. This he mourned, with frequent upward glances at the sky. For Old Goodwin was become more skilled in the finding of clams than he had been. Indeed, I marveled what he could do with the clams he dug, for he no longer gave them to us. I mentioned it to Eve.

She laughed, whispering. "I fear, Adam," she said, "that he is contaminated. He sits up late at night, after everybody else is gone to bed—and I met him yesterday coming from the kitchen. He looked furtive as he smiled in passing. Yes, I fear that he is contaminated."

"Steamed clams?" I whispered, in reply. "But steamed clams are not baked clams. They are, to clams from a bake, what—a bath in a tub is to a dip in that great ocean."

"It is the best that he can do," she said. "He may not have a clambake. My mother——"

"Ah," said I, illuminated, "the poor man! We will have one for him. And we will ask your mother, too. She can but refuse, at the worst. And perhaps——"

Eve shook her head. "She will refuse," she said—"or take no notice of your asking. But father will be grateful. There are so few things the rich may do simply. Father would like to muss around, himself,—to help you with the bake, Adam,—and wear his old clothes. He generally has a horrid time."

She was smiling and eager, and her eyes shone. I nodded. "He shall have his clambake."

So Eve went in early, and Old Goodwin, for the sky was become all gray and nothing to see. And to me there is nothing so dismal as a dull gray sky when there is neither wind nor rain. There is the same gray light on the water, the same wherever I look, and all nature seems waiting. After a day of it, I am fit for battle and murder. But now a little breeze came creeping in out of the east, chill and drear. And I was wakened in the night by the wind, howling like a lost soul in torment. I turned over and drew the covers closer and slept again.

And. when the day broke, it was not

tranquil, and no sun to see; and the wind shrieking and yelling out of the southeast like some wild thing, with gusts of drenching rain. I thought of my late corn, which was heavy with great ears—and had been tall, too, the night before. It was like to be blown flat in that wind—as flat as if it had been harvested—and what was a clambake without fresh corn? But there was no help for it. I ate my breakfast at my leisure,—there would be more wind before there was less,—put on oil-skins, boots, and sou'wester, and fared forth.

As I passed down through my garden I glanced at my corn. It was flat, as I expected, save one great stalk, stronger than its comrades, or more deeply rooted, and that stalk waved and thrashed about in anguish. It would break soon, I knew. And I mused, as I leaned against the wind, upon its fate—how it must be broken and die, while the stalks less well rooted did but go down before the blast, and live and grow. But I gave my corn no more thought, for I was come to the steep path that led me down along the shore, and by the water, now all brown with sand and mud that had been stirred from the bottom. For, although it was fairly quiet here, being in the lee of the bluff, the water was well stirred, as any might guess from looking out upon it. And I came to the bank, where the sod breaks off to the sand, and no Eve was there. And, indeed, I had known better, but can a man help hoping? It was much too early, and who could expect her to come down in that wind? And as I made these excuses for her, behold, she stepped from behind a great tree, and she laughed aloud to see my face.

"Oh, Adam!" she cried, "one would think, to see you as you came, that you had lost your last friend, and were just come to the funeral."

"And then," I answered, smiling up at her,—"what then, Eve?"

"Why, then,—you seemed surprised, and—" With that she stopped, and she stood upon the bank above, and I on the sand below; and she put her hands upon my shoulders, one on each, and looked down into my face. And I looked up into her eyes, and I forgot the storm, and I forgot that wild wind that blew, and I forgot all things save what I saw there. And an instant, she bent to me. "Oh, Adam, Adam!" she cried, "I am glad, glad that you care so much. For it is not easy for me."

And I said no word, but only held her so for some while. And presently she laughed, as if she were half ashamed, and drew her from my arms. And I saw that her face was wet. It may have been the rain—I do not know. A fisherman, in sou'wester and oil-skins, holding in his arms a Daughter of the Rich. I laughed aloud at the thought. For, though she, too, had on boots, she seemed no fit mate for such as I—in her long coat, that covered her from neck to heel, and with her wide felt hat, tied down behind. Indeed, I grudged that to necessity—for her hair was all hid, under the hat.

Out from my clam beds—some way out—is a reef of rocks. It is grim enough in any weather: at low water just showing its rough head, dark brown, barnacled, bearded with seaweed; at high tide, in calm weather, nothing but a wide expanse of placid water. For which reason, the government, in its wisdom, and to protect the lives of yachtsmen, who ever walk in darkness—the fishermen know it from the beginning of time—the government had set, upon the most outward rock a spindle. It was awkward enough, that spindle, with its sprawling arms, like a telegraph pole—but it served its purpose well in ordinary weather I have no doubt. But now,—this was no ordinary weather, as any might see,—it seemed like to go down, even as my solitary stalk of corn; to be torn from its hold in the rock, or the shaft twisted and bent and broken, till it served no longer.

"Look, Eve," I shouted. For the gale tore my words out of my mouth. "The spindle—it will go down at high tide—or before. See, it is bent already."

For, as I spoke, a great sea smashed down upon the rock, sending its spray high; and when the wind had blown the bits of broken water far to leeward, leaving the rock in a smother of foam, I saw the spindle, and it stood straight no longer. And I watched for the fellow of the sea that had come. But Eve held her peace. And we two watched the rock, with its leaning spindle, and ever it leaned the more, but it kept fast hold on the rock, though it was nearly buried in the foam. And ever the tide came higher, until it was buried in every sea that came. So it was come to dinner time; and I felt a great hunger that gnawed within me. For a clammer must eat, even as other men.

"Eve," I said, "it is my dinner time, and I am hungry."

"Oh, Adam," she cried, "can you think about eating—with this to see? I thought better of you."

"Think none the worse of me," I answered, "that when I am hungry I would

eat. For I am not one of your theorists who believe that when a man is hungry he should go without. But I believe that hunger is a sign from Heaven. God gave man hunger that he might know when to eat; and thirst, that he might know when to drink. And so I do. I have never found myself the worse for it, but the better. Hunger breeds an evil temper, as you may see. Mark how much pleasanter I am when I have dined."

And she laughed at me. "And the spindle, Adam," she said. "It may go down and you at dinner. And this storm—surely, it is worth staying for."

"The storm will increase," I replied, "according to the lore of my neighbours, until full tide. In such matters their lore is older than my learning. As for the spindle, it will go or it will hold fast as it is ordained for it. If it hold fast, well; and if it go down, why,—that will be well enough, too. At least, I shall have dined. I wish that I might ask you to dine with me, Eve. We shall have roast mutton, with corn, and potatoes, and—whatever else the wind has left. And a steamed pudding, after. It is not fashionable, but it will be good. My cook makes excellent steamed puddings. And a dinner eaten alone—it is a lonely meal."

Again Eve laughed, then sighed. I know that she sighed, for I saw her; I could not hear.

"I should love it, Adam," she said, "but you know I may not."

"Love what, Eve?" I asked. "The steamed pudding?"

"No doubt," she answered, "for now that you have reminded me, I am hungry, too. But you know that was not what I meant. I should love to dine with you in your own house. But it will not be long—there will not be many more lonely dinners——"

She hesitated and stopped. But I knew. "Let us count them," I said. "Let us see how many."

And again the storm was forgot, and the great wind that blew. And so she went in, and I tramped home, in the rain, along the shore. But my dinner was too quickly eaten for a clammer, and I thanked a kind Heaven that there were not many more such—there were far too many, but they could be counted—there were less than a hundred. And having bolted my dinner, which deserved better of me, I hurried back to the bank, and there stood Eve, and she smiled to see me come along the shore.

"Eve," I observed, "see now for what you are responsible. For, dining alone, I did but bolt my dinner, for I would not miss a minute of your company. And thereby I risked dyspepsia. And that is not the worst, for the ills that follow hard upon it are these: melancholy and an evil disposition; and backbiting and gossip, and, in short, all the qualities which you see in my neighbours. And——"

But she was laughing. "Is that not enough?" she asked. "I would not be responsible for more, and I promise to give you an hour for your dinner—hereafter. You will have no need to hurry back, for I shall not be here sooner. But this is an exception. We shall not have such another storm, surely, in the next—" Again she stopped. "Look, Adam, can you see the spindle? Is it gone?"

I looked. The tide was risen now, so that only now and then, between the great seas that came, could I catch a glimpse of it; and I saw that it was bent almost even with the rock. It would be useless for its purpose even if it held, and the tide that was coming would be very high. Even now the waves lapped about my feet as I stood upon the sand, and the seaweed washed against the bank, and it lacked an hour of high tide. I feared for the pebbles, that they would no more shine in the sun.

"I see it," I said. "It is yet fast to the rock—as fast as any oyster. But it is bent flat, so that it is no manner of use. It may as well go as stay. The water covers it already, or it would, if it were smooth."

And, indeed, the seas broke no longer over the rock, save an occasional one, higher than the rest, and the trough lower. Such a sea did but open an instant, to show the top dark brown and barnacled, then closed again, roaring, in a whirlpool of foam. And Eve said nothing, but only looked. And as we stood looking, and the rain running off from our clothes in streams, Old Goodwin came down to us, in oilskins and boots and sou'wester. And he said nothing, either, which was not strange, for he was not a man of words. And when he had been there some while, came a mighty sea, and fell upon the rock. I shouted at the sight of that sea; I could do no other. And when it was passed, the water opened once more and there was but the shaft, bent and twisted.

"Gone!" I cried. And Eve looked at me with wide eyes, but Old Goodwin only nodded.

So we three watched for some while,

and at last the water was as smooth over the rock as it was elsewhere. And that is not saying that it was smooth at all—even on my clam beds, where it was, in a measure, sheltered, the waves broke high, so that I feared for the bank; but the great seas raced evenly over the rock, and it was as there was none there, for no man could tell its place.

Then, on a sudden, the rain ceased and the wind increased, and it seemed that the whole earth must be torn up by the roots. And up on the hill I heard the crash of a tree, falling, and then another. And the water was level with the bank, and the waves broke over my pebbles. Old Goodwin turned at the sound of the trees, and said something, I know not what. For the noise of the wind and the noise of the water was a great noise, and swallowed up the sound of his voice. And he looked once more out to sea, and there came that into his face that made me to look, too.

Now there had been, a moment before, a veil of rain over the surface of the sea that prevented our seeing more than a little way. But now the veil was withdrawn, and I looked, and rubbed my eyes, and looked again. For there came a yacht—a steam yacht, and she was steaming her best, and with the wind nearly behind her she came at a great pace. Now she was lost in a hollow, so that I saw no more than her stack, belching smoke, and now she rose on a wave, so that I saw her hull. What fool, thought I, would venture from a safe harbour in such weather? If they had left port before this storm,—well, it is but a poor skipper that knows the weather no better,—and they were not like to have been a day's steaming from some good harbour. And as I thought these things, the yacht was come nearer, and I knew it, and I knew that here was that certain rich man come to plague me. I even saw the man himself, standing forward, and holding on by a stanchion. And as I saw I marveled, for I had supposed the man a coward.

I turned to Eve. "Do you know—" but I did not finish, for she nodded; and her look was troubled. I hated that rich man with a mighty hate. And while I still gazed into her eyes, I saw them open wide with horror.

"Oh, Adam," she cried. "The spindle is gone, and they will go on the rocks! See!"

I turned. They had come on swiftly—too swiftly—and now were headed straight for the place where the rock lay hid; steaming headlong to destruction. I hesitated—I say it to my shame, though a man is but a man after all—I hesitated an instant; then Old Goodwin began to shout, and I shouted, too, wading into the water up to my waist, and waving my hands. For I would warn them farther off. And at our shouting, the man did but get upon the rail, still holding by the stanchion, and lean far out, and put his hand behind his ear. For the wind whipped the words out of our mouths before they were well spoken, and they reached him not at all. And the yacht was but a length from the rock. And the man understood, though he could not hear, and he leaned yet farther out, to call up to the captain; but the captain had understood, too, and she was already turning. And as we looked and held our breath for fear, she struck with a great shock and careened, and the great seas dashed high and hid her for a moment. And when she rolled back again, and I could see the man was gone.

Then Eve shrieked and I cursed, under my breath, and I hurried to shore; and hastily I stripped off my coats and cast down my sou'wester upon them as they lay, and tried to pull off my boots. But they were filled full with water from my wading, and would not come. So I pulled out my knife and ripped them down the side; for I was of no mind to be weighted down with rubber boots. Then they came off easily enough, and I rose and looked at Eve.

"Oh, Adam," she cried, "can you swim—in that water?"

I looked out upon the water that was roaring and racing. A fish might fail to swim on the top of that water, and be well excused for failing. And I was no fish, though I could swim passing well.

"Yes," I said.

"Then," said Eve, "go, and God keep you!" And she kissed me, taking no shame to herself that her father saw, and those on the yacht—they had little leisure for observing—and some of my neighbours, who had gathered near,—who had leisure.

And, with that kiss upon my lips, I could have gone to my death with a light heart; indeed, I knew not but that I was going to it. So I plunged in and swam, thinking as I went, with some bitterness, that here was I, risking my life for a man who was come but to give me trouble. Truly, I thought, he has begun well, and it will be no strange matter if the beginning and the ending are the same. Then I was come to an end of my shelter, and the wind tore at me, and the waves buffeted me, so that I was forced to

give all my thought to my swimming; and that was well, too.

Now I have no purpose to give an account of my fool's errand that I had swum out upon, for thus should I be but a boaster and a braggart and one marked out for destruction. But I found the man,—I do not well know how,—and I brought him to shore, to Eve and Old Goodwin waiting there; and I do not well know how I did that either. And there I left him, to be cared for by those same neighbours of mine, and to recover or not, as it happed him. But I turned to Eve before I went, and she was crying softly.

"Oh, Adam, Adam," she said; and with that she stopped and said no more, for she could not speak. But she put her arms about me, all wet as I was, and held me tight, and I heard her voice whispering, but I could make out no words. And when she had made an end of her whispering, she let me go.

"Now, Adam," she said, "you are all wet, and you are all weary. Do you go home and get off those wet clothes, and rest yourself. And when you are all rested I will come and tell you how he is."

So I went, and weary I must have been, for I thought not to marvel that Eve should come to my house, and I gave no thought to the yacht, that had been in evil case enough when I saw her last. And as I plodded along the shore, it chanced that I glanced out upon the water. For the wind was beginning to fall already. And the yacht was on the rock, where she had struck, but she had swung clean around, so that her bow was toward the seas, and she seemed like to slide off. And as I looked, a boat put out from shore and pulled toward her. After all, my neighbours have their good points.

And when I had got into dry clothes and had swallowed a draught of hot tea I felt somewhat rested. So I went out and sat me down on the seat under my pine. From that place I could see the west, and the clouds were somewhat broken and driving fast, but no glimpse of the sun yet, though he must be near his setting. And out upon the water lay the yacht, at anchor in a spot that was sheltered, and she was well down by the head. About her, like a flock of crows, were some small boats. And I looked no more upon the yacht, but I gazed at the tree like a spire, that should show against the sun's disk as he set, and I thought with bitterness on what I had done; and my thoughts were the thoughts of Ahab. In the bitterness of my heart I spoke aloud:

"Hast thou found me, O mine enemy?"

And, even as I spoke, I heard behind me the light step that I knew and loved, and there was Eve. And she sat upon the seat beside me.

I looked at her questioning. "Is it well?" I asked.

She smiled up at me. "It is well," she answered; and my bitterness fell from me as a garment, and I marveled that it was so.

And so we sat and saw the twilight fail, early, and the night fall. And out upon the water, a light marked where the yacht lay at her anchor, and the light bowed slowly, up and down; for there yet was a swell coming in, although the wind had fallen. And peace fell upon my spirit, and a great content.

Under my great pine is a pleasant place for a man—or for a Daughter of the Rich, as I make bold to guess—with a heart at ease. And for a certain rich man it might, indeed, be pleasant under my pine,—I did not know. But I was to find out, for a week had gone by since I hauled him ashore like any drifting mess of seaweed, and with no more life in him, as it seemed, than in the weed; his legs and his arms trailing in the water. And, Eve asking it, I invited him to my clambake that I made to pleasure Old Goodwin. From my seat against the tree he might look out upon my clam beds. But it might well be that he would not care for clam beds; for every Rich man is not an Old Goodwin. And he might see, too, the place where he so nearly lost his life. And it might well be that he would not care for that, either. But he should have the chance. And, to make the tale complete, I had asked Mrs. Goodwin, too.

It was there, just without the shadow of the pine, that the hole was scooped in the ground, and lined with great stones. Indeed, this was already done; for had I not had a clambake there? And, that I might not forget it—there was little danger of my forgetting—and, too, that I might have other clambakes, I had left the hole as it was, and the great stones. And on these stones I kindled a fire that roared high; and when it had burned long and the stones were hot I raked the ashes off. And Old Goodwin helped me, and he whistled as he worked. He was no artist at the whistling, but yet it gave me pleasure to see him so well pleased, so that I must needs join

him in his whistling; and I am no artist at it, either. But we were merry at our whistling, and we made so great a racket with it that any one would have thought to hear us, there was a flock of strange birds and it was springtime; instead of which it was Fall and the birds had left, except some robins and some sparrows and the meadow-larks. And even they were silent. And the terns had gone, too,—that always marks the change of season, for me,—and the winter gulls had come to take their place.

And when, at last, we had the embers all raked off and the stones clean, Old Goodwin leaned upon his rake and wiped his forehead. It was hot there, so near the hot stones, and the fire just burned out. And he began to laugh, for sheer pleasure and for the merriment that he might hold in no longer; and, laughing, he could whistle no more.

"Adam," he said, "do you know what it is that you are whistling?"

And I stopped long enough to answer. "No," I said. "It does not matter. Make a glad noise."

And, with that, I began to sing; and I am only worse at singing than I am at whistling. But what cared I? And Old Goodwin, as soon as he could, for his laughter, joined me in singing. And he sang worse than I. But we cared not at all,—our hearts were at ease,—and took our forks and shook down upon the stones fresh seaweed from the pile, and on the seaweed laid the clams that I had digged that morning. Then, more seaweed; and the other things, according to their season, orderly, in layers: the lobsters, and the fish, fresh caught, and the chicken, not too fresh, and sweet potatoes and white, and the last of my corn that had survived the storm. I had a fear that the ears might not be well filled—but they were fresh and tender. And over all we piled the weed and made a dome that smoked and steamed and filled the air with incense.

Then, our work done, we sat there and looked out, and were silent. At last Old Goodwin spoke, and he was looking at the smoking dome.

"Adam," he said, "will there be another clambake after this?"

"I fear not," I answered. "For it gets on toward winter, and it will be too cold. But when summer comes again we may have many, we three."

He looked at me and smiled. "I feared this was the last," he said. "But when summer comes again we will have many—God willing. You are good to please an old man so. I thank you, Adam."

Now that was nothing more than a figure of speech for him to call himself an old man. For he was a very boy, and could whistle and sing and dig clams and mess about, and youth was in his heart. And who, having youth in his heart, can be rightly called old? Indeed, in point of years, he was not old; for he was not turned sixty, as I should have guessed. But he was again silent, gazing at the smoking dome of weed, and I made no answer, but I gazed out over the water. And presently Old Goodwin rose and went to garb himself, for he was dressed in his clammer's clothes, that were well stained with mud and with salt water and with clams. And then I, too, would change my clothes, for I was no better dressed than he.

And when I was all arrayed I set out along the shore, and my heart-beat was too high, by far; but my spirits were high, too, so that I scarce kept from singing aloud, or from waving my arms and shouting at the deep-sounding sea. But I remembered that certain Rich man that I was to meet. What would he think of a clammer that sang aloud, by himself,—and most outrageously,—or that shouted an occasional line from Homer—what could he think, but that I knew no better—and no more? So I strode along the shore and came to the bank where the sod broke off to the sand and the pebbles shone in the sun; for the storm had spared them. And I sat not down, but paced to and fro. And soon came Eve, and up leaped my heart into my throat and choked me; and behind her came Old Goodwin and that other Rich man. A moment only Eve smiled at me and then she stood aside. And that other Rich man stepped forward and broke in upon Old Goodwin's speech; for he would have introduced us.

"We need no introduction," he said. "Thanks seem a poor thing enough to give in return for my life, but I can offer you no more."

I took the hand he held out, and I murmured something, I know not what, about its being of no consequence,—which, indeed, it was not, though I should not have said so. And we looked each other up and down, and either measured other. And what he thought of me I did not know—nor care.

So we wended along the shore to the steep path, and Eve walked beside me. She was not in white now, for it was cool, with a sharp wind out of the northwest.

Indeed, what she had on I did not know—some dark stuff gown that well became her—I was not looking at her gown. No doubt I was grinning like any idiot; but I did not hold her hand, for behind us walked Old Goodwin and that Rich man—that Rich man that I would have cast into the sea so short a time before. And, walking so, we came to the steep path and climbed it, and we stood beneath my pine. And before the seat against the tree stood my table that I had made large enough for four; but the seat was unchanged, and it held but two.

Old Goodwin looked upon the seat, and he said no word, but he smiled his quiet smile and betook him to my shed. I bethought me of the other guest that I had asked.

"And Mrs. Goodwin?" I said. "Will she not come?" But I did but jest, for I had no idea that she would come.

And that Rich man spoke, and what he said was a surprise to me. "Mrs. Goodwin wished me to say," said he, "that she feared to catch cold, as the wind is somewhat biting. But she thanks you for asking her."

Then I looked at Eve, and she seemed surprised, too. But Old Goodwin had found his box that he had sat upon before, and he brought it out and set it by the table.

"I will sit here," he said. "I have an affection for this box. It tilts nicely."

And that other stared a moment. "I wonder," he said at last, "if there is another—no, no." For I had started for the shed. "Let me get it."

And I laughed and nodded, and he went. And we heard a tremendous racket, and presently he came, bringing a box that was the fellow to Old Goodwin's. Laughing, too, he set it down.

"There!" he said. "And now for the clams!" He looked at me. "Is there a fork for me? You must let me help."

"Heaven forbid!" I said hastily. "You and Eve are the guests."

And so Eve and he sat, while Old Goodwin helped me. And I took my fork and opened the smoking dome, and together we set upon the table corn and potatoes, both sweet and white, and a chicken and some fish and the lobsters; and last of all a great pan of clams. And the rest, upon the hot stones, I covered again with seaweed; but not deep, for soon we should want more clams—and more fish and another chicken, for here were three good men to eat them; and what three men can eat at a clambake is nothing less than a marvel. Eve did her part, too. And Old Goodwin, setting the things upon the table, was as pleased as Punch. And as I pitched the weed, again I heard Eve laughing.

"Now, who would believe," she said, "that had not seen,——"

But Old Goodwin interrupted her cheerily. "Not a bit too much—not half enough," he said.

So Eve and I sat side by side upon the bench, and the two Rich men sat opposite, on their boxes. And no sound was heard save the noise of the wind that whispered softly in the tree above, and the noise of the clam shells as they struck upon the ground among their fellows that had gone before. And if we spoke little or not at all, but only ate, we were merry at our eating, which, as I have heard, wards off dyspepsia. For dyspepsia abides not with them that are merry, but is mortally afraid of a laugh. And those two Rich men got to tilting back and forth upon their boxes—they had been too busy at the first—and, having eaten a prodigious quantity of clams and all things else, they fell a-laughing as they had been two boys; and they called for more clams. So I opened the bake again, and, behold, there were no clams left, not one, so that I marveled at it.

I must have looked blank with astonishment. "Now who would have supposed," said I, "that we could have eaten them all? For I thought that I had had enough for six at least."

At that Old Goodwin burst out laugning afresh. "If you could have seen your face, Adam! But never mind. No doubt we have eaten more than is good for us, as it is."

"I am sure of that," I observed. And the two Rich men, filled full of lobster and corn and clams, did but laugh again, and they tilted upon their boxes. And I was filled full, too, but with content more than with clams, so that the wind that sighed in my pine sighed merrily.

We sat long at my little table under my great tree, but at last it was cold, for the sun was gone behind a black cloud. And Old Goodwin rose, reluctantly, and that other Rich man rose too, and his pocket that had been toward Old Goodwin bulged. And when he emptied it there were clam shells that Old Goodwin had deposited there. And he laughed—I thought him good to laugh—I fear that, in his place, I should not have laughed—and he chased Old Goodwin. And when he had caught him and had filled his pocket with the shells, he came and stood before us, where we yet sat upon the seat.

"I have to thank you," he said to me, and his laugh was gone, "for the pleasantest time and the most delicious feast that I have had in many a long day." Then he hesitated and looked away a moment; but presently his eyes came back to mine. "You are a better man than I am, Adam, and better worthy of her. From my heart I wish you joy. I shall not come again to plague you." Again he looked away. "And I shall say as much to Mrs. Goodwin, —with your permission."

And I stood, and took the hand he offered; but I did not speak. I could not for a moment. Then I mumbled something, I know not what, about his kindness. But it did not matter what I said. And my heart warmed to him, and I was sorry for him—he had lost so much—but he took it as a man should. I thought nothing of his having called me Adam; indeed, I doubted if he knew it. And so he went, quickly, without so much as looking back, and Old Goodwin followed him as quickly, and they went down the steep path, and we heard their laughter. And I turned to Eve, and she smiled up at me.

"Oh, Adam," she cried, softly, "if we only could!"

"We can but try, Eve," I answered, smiling back at her; "and we will. He seems worth it." And then I mused awhile, and at last I spoke my thoughts. "Eve," I said, "why did you choose me?"

She looked at me, her eyes wide. "Why did I choose you?" she asked, perplexed. "What do you mean, Adam? Would you give me up?"

"Now, God forbid," I cried, "that I should do that thing! What man, having got you, would give you up? But that Rich man——"

She laughed, a merry laugh. "Why, that is simple—as simple as life itself. I chose you because I loved you, and I did not love that Rich man. And why it should be so I do not know."

And what I did at that, I leave it to any to guess; for Old Goodwin was gone, and that other, and there was no one there save only Eve and me, under my great tree.

"I thank Heaven that it is so," I said, at last, "and what the reason is I do not care."

And, at that, the black cloud that was before the sun spilled a few drops, great drops that splashed as they struck. For it was well over us, and almost passed.

Eve was distressed. "Adam," she said, "do you believe in signs?"

"Yes," I answered, "if you like. Would you take that cloud to be a sign?"

She nodded, saying nothing.

"Well," said I, rising, "so be it. But come where we can see the east, and I will interpret for you."

So she rose, too, and together we went down the steep path and along the shore. And as we went I interpreted for her in this wise:

"The shadow of that cloud, Eve, that seems so black, is the shadow of a sorrow. And the cause is the behaviour of your mother, who will have none of me for a son-in-law,—who says that she will not come to your wedding—if I am there. And the drops are your tears, or hers; for I do not doubt that she has shed many tears over this same matter. But the cloud, although it is black, is not large and it is passed. Look, Eve; you can see the sun."

And as I spoke, the sun was peeping under the western edge, and we saw his disk grow until we could look at him no longer. And we were come to the bank, where the pebbles shone red in the sun. For he was near his setting.

"Now," said I, "I may have to wait some while for the rest of my interpreting."

And we waited, watching in silence, for some minutes. And the cloud was gone from above us, into the east, and there were no more drops; but under the cloud it was raining hard. And there began to form a bow: first a patch of colour here and a patch there; then, gradually, the patches joined by fainter parts; then those faint parts brightened into a perfect bow with its ends dipping into the sea, and with all its colours perfect. And as we gazed there formed, within the first, another bow, and yet a third—though one must look hard to find it.

"Indeed, Eve," I said softly, "it needs no interpreter."

And Eve smiled up at me. But the marvels were not yet done; for there came broad sheaves of light that overspread the bows, but did not hide them. And there, at the centre of the bows, was a tiny sail; and the sail was brighter than aught else, and it was as if the sheaves of light had issued from it. And above were great masses of cloud, roll upon roll, and the sun, in his setting, spread them with all manner of saffron and scarlet and crimson, and with all the delicate shades of pink that are known to man—and with many that man, with all his skill, knows nothing of. But the shadows were blue or lilac or purple.

And we gazed long, until the brightness began to fade. Then Eve sighed, saying nothing. The sun had dropped behind the western hills; and the twilight faded swiftly, and the night was come.

There is a restlessness that seizes upon men in certain case. I had felt it before, and had wandered the shores with my basket upon my arm and my hoe in my hand; and I had digged here and there as the fancy took me. But the clams that I digged lay forgotten upon the sands, to bury themselves once more; while I, seated upon a barnacle-covered rock—or even standing—gazed and gazed and saw nothing of what was before me until the tide, lapping about my ankles, brought me to myself. And then, with a heart-breaking sigh, I would shoulder my hoe and again betake me to wandering the shores. Then Eve had been the cause, for I had not got her; but at least I might find my content again at sunset, when I sat upon the bank, where the sod breaks off to the sand, with her beside me. Now, Eve was the cause, too, and my content was fled from me, and though I might sit upon the bank, I sat alone, or with no one but Old Goodwin. And Old Goodwin was well enough, but he was not Eve. And I had no joy in the colours that the Great Painter spread so lavishly, but was ill-tempered and out of sorts, giving short answers to the remarks Old Goodwin made, and never sitting still five minutes. And Old Goodwin but smiled his quiet smile and was very patient with me; he knew well the cause of my sour temper. For Eve had betaken herself to the city, that she might the better make preparation for a certain Event. What Event that was, it is but a dullard that cannot guess; and it was eighty days off, and then it was seventy. Eighty æons—with Eve away. But I diverted myself by counting it in hours, then in minutes. It was a prodigious number of minutes—but I took what comfort I might in it.

Then, one morning, I awoke at dawn, and, as I leaned from my window, I saw the ground all white with frost. Then the east was grown all red, a narrow line of colour changing to yellow and a faint green, and on a sudden the sun popped up. And then I got to thinking of that other dawn that Eve and I had seen, and content abode with me no longer. And I drew in my head and dressed in sullen haste and went down to breakfast. It was a good breakfast, but gall and wormwood had been sweeter in my mouth if I could but find again that peace I sought; and, having done, I lighted my pipe and went forth. Sighing, I betook me—not to the shore—I had traveled that until I knew each pebble, and I had not found content; but the woods were gorgeous—I betook me to the woods. Perchance content had taken refuge there.

So all that day I wandered the wood, seeing the red of the dogwood and of the sumach, the reds and yellows of the maples, and the yellow leaves of the birches showing against the white trunks; and there and there a clump of pine, their dark green the darker for the colour with which they were surrounded. But I found no beauty in any. Truly content was not there; or, if it were, I found it not. And I saw the seed-pods lifting on their dry stems, and the rotting logs and the dead leaves. I sat me down on a log, and from my pocket I drew forth a bundle of letters. They were Eve's letters—and one for each day that she had been gone from me—and I read them all through again—for the hundredth time. When I was done the sun was on his downward journey, and I had found some measure of peace—and I bethought me that it was almost time for another letter. I seized my stick and hurried home.

And with days like this one, or, later, with days when I sat moping before my fire, a book in my hand, my tale of days was coming to an end. I had great fireplaces, fitting for the chimneys, and I would gaze deep into the glowing heart of one of them, my book forgotten. I thanked Heaven that I was alone. For I was no less than a fool. I knew it well; but I had no power to do otherwise—the veriest lovesick boy might give me points—and then would come the postman's knock at the door—I knew that knock, you may be sure, and, as it went clattering through the house,—before its echoes had died away,—I was on my feet, and running. And I would open to him, and he, with a knowing smile, would hand me my letter, and make some foolish remark about the weather. The weather, forsooth! What knew I about the weather? It might be raining great guns, but for me the sun was shining—with that letter. And so I made him some answer—which was as like to be wise as foolish, for I doubt if he ever heard it clearly—I do not remember one of those answers—and I shut the door before he was well turned about, and I hurried back to my fire to read—but not my book.

So at last my tale of days was done, and

Eve was come home. And I awoke one morning to see a thin skimming of ice, crisp and crackling, spread over every shallow pool, and it was well into November. And my breakfast was ambrosia and nectar, being the same that had been gall and wormwood before; for Eve was come. And if I did not eat much, why, that lovesick boy that I have mentioned can tell you why it was. Then having done, I hurried off, and on every shallow pool that was skimmed with ice I slid. And the ice rose up before my feet, and broke into a thousand pieces behind them; but I did not wet so much as the sole of my shoe. And I hurried over to my clam beds; for there, I thought, shall I find my lost content.

The sun lay warm upon the bank, where the pebbles shone in the sun, but no Eve was there. And I paced to and fro, fuming with impatience, my head down upon my breast. For I found not content, having been certain that I should find it that had been lost to me for a month and more. And as I paced the shore, to and fro, there came a light touch upon my shoulder. I turned swiftly, and there was Eve, her eyes shining. And I—but I know not what I did—and, if I knew, I would not tell.

"Eve, Eve," I cried, my voice shaking, "you were gone so long!"

And she only smiled up at me, the same smile that I had seen so often in my dreaming before my fire; and I knew that I had found again that peace that had been so long lost. And what we did then is for my Eve and me to remember; but presently we found ourselves sitting upon the bank, and the ice was gone from the shore and the sun shone warm.

"And when shall I see your finery?" I asked. "So long a visit should accomplish much."

She laughed, a merry laugh. "Shall a bride not be properly fitted out?" she answered. And she said it softly, as if she were half ashamed; and at that I kissed her,—I could not help it. Eve did not chide me for it. "And you shall see all my finery—on Christmas day, or any day after."

Then I looked blank, I do not doubt, and she laughed again her merry laugh. For Christmas day is to be our wedding day. But I had Eve. That was enough—and she had promised that she would not go away again. And we sat there, talking or silent, as the whim took us, until Eve was cold.

So the days passed, and I was happy; and the leaves of the wood, that had been red and yellow and bronze, turned to a dull brown and fell, whirling; but the oaks kept theirs, and they rattled in each breeze. And the ice formed on the shore, great jagged cakes that covered my clam beds and the bank as well, so that we could not see the pebbles. And though the sunsets came earlier with each day that passed, it was become too cold to stay and see them. But the days of my waiting were grown less and less, till there was but one left. Still, there was no snow. And the morrow was Christmas day.

I was prowling the shores that morning, looking for Eve—as I ever did when I was not with her. And as I made my way carefully among the broken cakes of ice that the tide had left, I saw her coming down the path under the trees. I hurried—and looked again—and, behold, it was not Eve at all, but a lady clad in furs, and seeming proud and haughty. And she came near the bank, and so did I.

"I wished to speak with you," she said. And I bowed low. But what she said next astonished me.

"You have robbed me of a daughter," she said again, her head high,—"and you a fisherman!"

Again I bowed low, saying nothing. What should I say to that? Had she not been told? I had ado not to laugh—but I did not, only bowed. And yet again she spoke.

"You have robbed me of a daughter," she repeated; "but I will come to your wedding—to my daughter's wedding. I wished you to know that, so I came to tell you."

And I thought she would have wept, but she did not. For she was proud—and now I realized where my Eve had got her beauty. But I had found my tongue at last.

"I thank you, madam," said I; "and I am grateful for so little. I should be the more grateful for a little more—for Eve's sake more than for my own—I am not your enemy, come to rob you, and if you would——"

"You have robbed me of a daughter," she broke in, and turned swiftly, and was gone up the path, her head high. But I could hear her weeping, though she tried to still it. And so I stood and watched her out of sight among the trees.

I was telling Eve of it that afternoon. And the sun was low, though it was early. Eve listened in silence, watching the sun.

"Let us stay and say good-night to him," she said, at last.

"With all my heart," I answered. "But let us walk, Eve. You will be the warmer."

And so she slipped her hand within my arm, and we walked to and fro along the shore, and we watched the sun. And, on a sudden, I looked at Eve, and her eyes were filled with tears. And I stopped short.

"What is it, Eve?" I asked.

"This is the last sunset, Adam," she said softly, "that Eve Goodwin will ever see."

And the tears fell, and she was weeping. My heart stood still.

"And you are sorry, Eve?" I said; and I scarce knew my own voice. "Would you draw back?"

"No, oh, no, Adam," she cried. "Not that—I did not mean that. I do not regret—anything. But—let me cry a little."

"Cry to your heart's content," I said, and smiled upon her; for my heart was going again—like a hammer.

And so she wept and smiled at once, and then she wept again. And presently she was done, her heart eased. And the sun was sitting on the western hills.

"See," I said. "He has stopped his southern journey, and has started back again."

And Eve said nothing, but she clasped my fingers close in hers, and we saw the sun spreading the still waters with all manner of reds and purples and shimmering greens. And as the last thin line of red vanished behind the hills, we saluted. And Eve murmured something, I knew not what.

"Good-night, Adam," she said.

"Good-night, Eve—for the last time," I whispered in return.

And she fled up the path under the trees.

For to-morrow will be Christmas day; to-morrow the gates will open.

(*To be concluded*)

Let Us Eat Grapes

(*In the year 1879, Sir Louis Napoleon Cavagnari, British envoy at Kabul, was murdered by order of the Amir of the Afghans. England thereupon invaded Afghanistan, the army being commanded by Lord Roberts, who, after initial successes, was besieged at Sherpur, whence he escaped only by the skin of his teeth. To this day the hills ring with martial ballads, reminiscent of this war. The following has all the ear marks of a nursery song with its refrain:* "Biya basha'am angar bakhoor—(*Come, little son, let us eat grapes.*") *But it also refers to Lord Roberts' critical situation at Sherpur, and is a sardonic comment on the careless nurse, Lord Roberts, asking his little son the British-Indian Army, to eat grapes—not to worry—in spite of the terrible danger.* ACHMED ABDULLAH.)

Mohammed Jan, the warrior, is our hero—
Come, little son, let us eat grapes.

He commands our soldiers on the field of battle—
Come, little son, let us eat grapes.

Daud Shah is a bastard—
Come, little son, let us eat grapes.

Vali Mohammed Khan is a demon—
Come, little son, let us eat grapes.

Yakub Khan is a loyal gentleman—
Come, little son, let us eat grapes.

Musa Khan is the Amir of the Afghans—
Come, little son, let us eat grapes.

Abderrahman Khan is the child of the Tsar—
Come, little son, let us eat grapes.

Asmatullah Khan is at Kashman—
Come, little son, let us eat grapes.

Mohammed Shareef Khan is in prison—
Come, little son, let us eat grapes.

His son is a vile stench in our nostrils—
Come, little son, let us eat grapes.

Kabul has become Hindu—
Come, little son, let us eat grapes.

Our women are widowed—
Come, little son, let us eat grapes.

But there is yet a great battle to be fought—
Come, little son, let us eat grapes.

The decision will rest with Iran—
Come, little son, let us eat grapes.

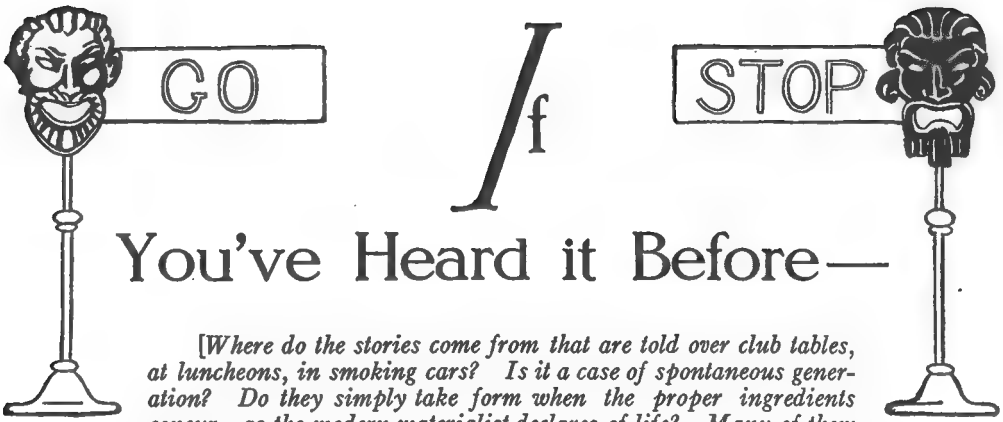
All the plains are blood-red with flowers—
Come, little son, let us eat grapes.

The roses are red with the martyrs' blood—
Come, little son, let us eat grapes.

On all sides fly double rupees—
Come, little son, let us eat grapes.

Herat belongs to Teheran—
Come, little son, let us eat grapes.

Ayoob Khan is at his wits' end—
Come, little son, let us eat grapes.



If You've Heard it Before—

[Where do the stories come from that are told over club tables, at luncheons, in smoking cars? Is it a case of spontaneous generation? Do they simply take form when the proper ingredients concur—as the modern materialist declares of life? Many of them never appear in print; and while there are obvious reasons for a certain proportion (Kipling and Mark Twain agreed that the best ones could not be printed)—there remains a steady stream, often on the latest topics, which represents the effort of ordinary human beings to entertain each other, viva voce, in daily social intercourse. They range from "lines" and "wisecracks" to circumstantial anecdotes of people everybody knows.

Since we Westerners have not attained the high level of civilization of the bookless, head-hunting, cannibalistic Trobiand Islanders, among whom a story belongs to the teller, and no one else may relate it—this is an attempt to catch some of those transitory flashes of the Comic Spirit.

The British in India have a useful custom: when anyone starts on one of these stories which is "old stuff," each man who recognizes it puts a spoon in his glass. It is reported that the tinkle of these spoons around a lunch-table is highly discouraging to a visitor who has attempted to fill the rôle of humourist. Our amateur monologist heads off impatience with—"If you've heard it before, stop me."—THE LISTENER.]

FATHER TABB, Southern poet, born story-teller, and Catholic priest, used to tell of a friend's experiences in her zeal for spreading the Gospel among the poorer Negroes.

She was a young Virginia married woman, lovely, simple, devout. Her feelings had been greatly aroused by a forlorn black little waif, Angeline, whom she took in, clothed, and taught assiduously, becoming the more interested in training the pickaninny as she proved to be incredibly ignorant of everything from housework to religion. But Mrs. Barton was beginning to have hopes that her care and prayers were really having effect on this small savage.

One Sunday Angeline came in from Sunday School. She looked at her mistress speculatively. Her black eyes were full of something.

"Miss Ma—ry, what yuh think dat Mandy say?"

"Why, I don't know, Angeline. What did she say?"

"Ah was comin' 'long afteh school, an' dat Mandy she come up an' she stick her ugly face mos' into meh, so dat Ah mos' had to smack it——"

"Oh, but, Angeline, you shouldn't even think such things on the Sabbath."

"Yas'm—an' she say 'Dey *ain'* no God.'"

"Why, Angeline," said Mrs. Barton, much shocked. "That was a wicked, wicked thing to say."

"Yas'm. She a wicked gal, dat Mandy. Yas'm."

"Wicked and silly," said the lady. Then, hopefully: "But what did you say?"

"Me, Ah ain' said nuffin' when she stick her face——"

"No. I mean what did you say when Mandy said there wasn't any God?"

"Ah say, 'Ah ain' ca-uh'."

IT SEEMS there were once two colleges, whom we will call Harvard and Princeton (arranged alphabetically.) These hotbeds of culture had apparently been momentarily outdistanced in that "pursuit of sweetness and light" which Arnold (following Dean

Swift) identified with true education. Princeton undergraduates for instance, had voted that their "third favourite woman's college" was Harvard.

Anyhow——

It was at a Rotary Club, in a Middle Western City. The alert secretary had worked up a "College Lunch." Various graduates of various universities, members and guests, got up and summarized their college, business and personal careers, striving to link these where possible.

There rose one who introduced himself: "Cabot Williams, Harvard, 1897, married; two daughters, one at Wellesley, one at Smith." And he proceeded to sketch his business activities to date.

Another followed: "Bill Smith. Yale, '95. Football team. Married; two sons, both at Yale."

A third announced himself: "Wharton James, Princeton, '99. Unmarried; four sons. All at Harvard."

The latest college motto: "Never tight and never tender."

WILLIAM J. ("Fingy") CONNERS, the Big Man of Buffalo, finished his schooling and started to work on a Lake steamboat at the age of thirteen. Eleven years ago he headed a transportation company which took over all the railway-operated steamships on the Lakes, 95,000 tons of them. During those intervening years he had become contractor on a huge scale, car-shop owner, newspaper proprietor, yachtsman and, incidentally, the supreme political boss of Buffalo and points adjacent.

He stayed on one occasion at one of those intensely superior new hotels which seem to be an expression of contemporary America.

The proprietor treated the great man like royalty and outdid himself to anticipate his every wish. Mr. Conners was graciousness itself in his appreciation. A happy time having been had by all, "Fingy" was about to depart—and the hotel man found himself unable to restrain his emotions.

"The thing that amazes me, Mr. Conners," he burst out, "is to see a man in such a high place as you, who is so *common*."

Which seems to have been the beginning of a beautiful friendship.

WILTON LACKAYE was giving a very formal dinner at his club. It was an exceedingly important affair, planned to the last detail.

Quite early in the festivities, one guest, brought by a friend, showed signs of far too much preparation on his own part. He became more and more obnoxious, noisily interrupting the program, making himself drunkenly offensive to everybody at the table.

At last, Lackaye in desperation took him aside, and made a fervent appeal to his better nature, if any. "You see, old man, this is really an occasion for me. It's something I worked out awfully carefully, in order to accomplish a really successfully commemoration. Now, you're too good a sport to want to spoil a good time for all the rest of us."

Stimulated by his own eloquence and bonhomie, as well as by the rapt attention with which the Disturber received his opening remarks, the actor dilated on his theme. For fully five minutes he exhausted all of his resources in a good-fellow appeal. The offending one sat, absorbed, attentive to every phrase, every nuance. "Now come on. Have a heart, old sport. Give us a chance to pull this thing off," was Lackaye's peroration.

He looked expectantly at the silent figure.

The Disturber brushed it all away with a sweeping gesture.

"No," said he; "I prefer Burton Holmes."

The Ghost-Ship

By RICHARD MIDDLETON

FAIRFIELD is a little village lying near the Portsmouth Road about half-way between London and the sea. Strangers who find it by accident now and then, call it a pretty, old-fashioned place; we who live in it and call it home don't find anything very pretty about it, but we should be sorry to live anywhere else. Our minds have taken the shape of the inn and the church and the green, I suppose. At all events we never feel comfortable out of Fairfield.

Of course the Cockneys, with their vasty houses and noise-ridden streets, can call us rustics if they choose, but for all that Fairfield is a better place to live in than London. Doctor says that when he goes to London his mind is bruised with the weight of the houses, and he was a Cockney born. He had to live there himself when he was a little chap, but he knows better now. You gentlemen may laugh—perhaps some of you come from London way—but it seems to me that a witness like that is worth a gallon of arguments.

Dull? Well, you might find it dull, but I assure you that I've listened to all the London yarns you have spun to-night, and they're absolutely nothing to the things that happen at Fairfield. It's because of our way of thinking and minding our own business. If one of your Londoners were set down on the green of a Saturday night when the ghosts of the lads who died in the war keep tryst with the lassies who lie in the churchyard, he couldn't help being curious and interfering, and then the ghosts would go somewhere where it was quieter. But we just let them come and go and don't make any fuss, and in consequence Fairfield is the ghostiest place in all England. Why, I've seen a headless man sitting on the edge of the well in broad daylight, and the children playing about his feet as if he were their father. Take my word for it, spirits know when they are well off as much as human beings.

Still, I must admit that the thing I'm going to tell you about was queer even for our part of the world, where three packs of ghost-hounds hunt regularly during the season, and blacksmith's great-grandfather is busy all night shoeing the dead gentlemen's horses. Now that's a thing that wouldn't happen in London, because of their interfering ways, but blacksmith he lies up aloft and sleeps as quiet as a lamb. Once when he had a bad head he shouted down to them not to make so much noise, and in the morning he found an old guinea left on the anvil as an apology. He wears it on his watch-chain now. But I must get on with my story; if I start telling you about the queer happenings at Fairfield I'll never stop.

It all came of the great storm in the spring of '97, the year that we had two great storms. This was the first one, and I remember it very well, because I found in the morning that it had lifted the thatch of my pigsty into the widow's garden as clean as a boy's kite. When I looked over the hedge, widow—Tom Lamport's widow that was—was prodding for her nasturtiums with a daisy-grubber. After I had watched her for a little I went down to the "Fox and Grapes" to tell landlord what she had said to me. Landlord he laughed, being a married man and at ease with the sex. "Come to that," he said, "the tempest has blowed something into my field. A kind of a ship I think it would be."

I was surprised at that until he explained that it was only a ghost-ship and would do no hurt to the turnips. We argued that it had been blown up from the sea at Portsmouth, and then we talked of something else. There were two slates down at the parsonage and a big tree in Lumley's meadow. It was a rare storm.

I reckon the wind had blown our ghosts all over England. They were coming back for days afterwards with foundered horses and as footsore as possible, and they were so glad to get back to Fairfield that some of them walked up the street crying like little children. Squire said that his great-grandfather's great-grandfather hadn't

looked so dead-beat since the battle of Naseby, and he's an educated man.

What with one thing and another, I should think it was a week before we got straight again, and then one afternoon I met the landlord on the green and he had a worried face. "I wish you'd come and have a look at that ship in my field," he said to me; "it seems to me it's leaning real hard on the turnips. I can't bear thinking what the missus will say when she sees it."

I walked down the lane with him, and sure enough there was a ship in the middle of his field, but such a ship as no man had seen on the water for three hundred years, let alone in the middle of a turnip-field. It was all painted black and covered with carvings, and there was a great bay window in the stern for all the world like the Squire's drawing-room. There was a crowd of little black cannon on deck and looking out of her port-holes, and she was anchored at each end to the hard ground. I have seen the wonders of the world on picture-postcards, but I have never seen anything to equal that.

"She seems very solid for a ghost-ship," I said, seeing the landlord was bothered.

"I should say it's a betwixt and between," he answered, puzzling it over, "but it's going to spoil a matter of fifty turnips, and missus she'll want it moved." We went up to her and touched the side, and it was as hard as a real ship. "Now there's folks in England would call that very curious," he said.

Now I don't know much about ships, but I should think that that ghost-ship weighed a solid two hundred tons, and it seemed to me that she had come to stay, so that I felt sorry for landlord, who was a married man. "All the horses in Fairfield won't move her out of my turnips," he said, frowning at her.

Just then we heard a noise on her deck, and we looked up and saw that a man had come out of her front cabin and was looking down at us very peaceably. He was dressed in a black uniform set out with rusty gold lace, and he had a great cutlass by his side in a brass sheath. "I'm Captain Bartholomew Roberts," he said, in a gentleman's voice, "put in for recruits. I seem to have brought her rather far up the harbour."

"Harbour!" cried landlord; "why, you're fifty miles from the sea."

Captain Roberts didn't turn a hair. "So much as that, is it?" he said coolly. "Well, it's of no consequence."

Landlord was a bit upset at this. "I don't want to be unneighbourly," he said, "but I wish you hadn't brought your ship into my field. You see, my wife sets great store on these turnips."

The captain took a pinch of snuff out of a fine gold box that he pulled out of his pocket, and dusted his fingers with a silk handkerchief in a very genteel fashion. "I'm only here for a few months," he said; "but if a testimony of my esteem would pacify your good lady I should be content," and with the words he loosed a great gold brooch from the neck of his coat and tossed it down to landlord.

Landlord blushed as red as a strawberry. "I'm not denying she's fond of jewellery," he said, "but it's too much for half a sackful of turnips." And indeed it was a handsome brooch.

The captain laughed. "Tut, man," he said, "it's a forced sale, and you deserve a good price. Say no more about it"; and nodding good-day to us, he turned on his heel and went into the cabin. Landlord walked back up the lane like a man with a weight off his mind. "That tempest has blowed me a bit of luck," he said; "the missus will be main pleased with that brooch. It's better than blacksmith's guinea, any day."

Ninety-seven was Jubilee year, the year of the second Jubilee, you remember, and we had great doings at Fairfield, so that we hadn't much time to bother about the ghost-ship, though anyhow it isn't our way to meddle in things that don't concern us. Landlord, he saw his tenant once or twice when he was hoeing his turnips and passed the time of day, and landlord's wife wore her new brooch to church every Sunday. But we didn't mix much with the ghosts at any time, all except an idiot lad there was in the village, and he didn't know the difference between a man and a ghost, poor innocent! On Jubilee Day, however, somebody told Captain Roberts why the church bells were ringing, and he hoisted a flag and fired off his guns like a loyal Englishman. 'Tis true the guns were shotted, and one of the round shot knocked a hole in Farmer Johnstone's barn, but nobody thought much of that in such a season of rejoicing.

It wasn't till our celebrations were over that we noticed that anything was wrong in Fairfield. 'Twas shoemaker who told me first about it one morning at the "Fox and Grapes." "You know my great great-uncle?" he said to me.

"You mean Joshua, the quiet lad," I answered, knowing him well.

"Quiet!" said shoemaker indignantly. "Quiet you call him, coming home at three o'clock every morning as drunk as a magistrate and waking up the whole house with his noise."

"Why, it can't be Joshua!" I said, for I knew him for one of the most respectable young ghosts in the village.

"Joshua it is," said shoemaker; "and one of these nights he'll find himself out in the street if he isn't careful."

This kind of talk shocked me, I can tell you, for I don't like to hear a man abusing his own family, and I could hardly believe that a steady youngster like Joshua had taken to drink. But just then in came butcher Aylwin in such a temper that he could hardly drink his beer. "The young puppy! the young puppy!" he kept on saying; and it was some time before shoemaker and I found out that he was talking about his ancestor that fell at Senlac.

"Drink?" said shoemaker hopefully, for we all like company in our misfortunes, and butcher nodded grimly.

"The young noodle," he said, emptying his tankard.

Well, after that I kept my ears open, and it was the same story all over the village. There was hardly a young man among all the ghosts of Fairfield who didn't roll home in the small hours of the morning the worse for liquor. I used to wake up in the night and hear them stumble past my house, singing outrageous songs. The worst of it was that we couldn't keep the scandal to ourselves, and the folk at Greenhill began to talk of "sodden Fairfield" and taught their children to sing a song about us:

"Sodden Fairfield, sodden Fairfield, has no use for bread-and-butter,
Rum for breakfast, rum for dinner, rum for tea, and rum for supper!"

We are easy-going in our village, but we didn't like that.

Of course we soon found out where the young fellows went to get the drink, and landlord was terribly cut up that his tenant should have turned out so badly, but his wife wouldn't hear of parting with the brooch, so that he couldn't give the Captain notice to quit. But as time went on, things grew from bad to worse, and at all hours of the day you would see those young reprobates sleeping it off on the village green. Nearly every afternoon a ghost-wagon used to jolt down to the ship with a lading of rum, and though the older ghosts seemed inclined to give the Captain's hospitality the go-by, the youngsters were neither to hold nor to bind.

So one afternoon when I was taking my nap I heard a knock at the door, and there was parson looking very serious, like a man with a job before him that he didn't altogether relish. "I'm going down to talk to the Captain about all this drunkenness in the village, and I want you to come with me," he said straight out.

I can't say that I fancied the visit much myself, and I tried to hint to parson that as, after all, they were only a lot of ghosts, it didn't very much matter.

"Dead or alive, I'm responsible for their good conduct," he said, "and I'm going to do my duty and put a stop to this continued disorder. And you are coming with me, John Simmons." So I went, parson being a persuasive kind of man.

We went down to the ship, and as we approached her I could see the Captain tasting the air on deck. When he saw parson he took off his hat very politely, and I can tell you that I was relieved to find that he had a proper respect for the cloth. Parson acknowledged his salute and spoke out stoutly enough. "Sir, I should be glad to have a word with you."

"Come on board, sir; come on board," said the Captain, and I could tell by his voice that he knew why we were there. Parson and I climbed up an uneasy kind of ladder, and the Captain took us into the great cabin at the back of the ship, where the bay-window was. It was the most wonderful place you ever saw in your life, all full of gold and silver plate, swords with jewelled scabbards, carved oak chairs, and great chests that look as though they were bursting with guineas. Even parson was surprised, and he did not shake his head very hard when the Captain took down some silver cups and poured us out a drink of rum. I tasted mine, and I don't mind saying that it changed my view of things entirely. There was nothing betwixt and between about that rum, and I felt that it was ridiculous to blame the lads for drinking too much of stuff like that. It seemed to fill my veins with honey and fire.

Parson put the case squarely to the Captain, but I didn't listen much to what he said; I was busy sipping my drink and looking through the window at the fishes swimming to and fro over landlord's turnips. Just then it seemed the most natural thing in the world that they should be there, though afterwards, of course, I could see that that proved it was a ghost-ship.

But even then I thought it was queer when I saw a drowned sailor float by in the thin air with his hair and beard all full of bubbles. It was the first time I had seen anything quite like that at Fairfield.

All the time I was regarding the wonders of the deep parson was telling Captain Roberts how there was no peace or rest in the village owing to the curse of drunkenness, and what a bad example the youngsters were setting to the older ghosts. The Captain listened very attentively, and only put in a word now and then about boys being boys and young men sowing their wild oats. But when parson had finished his speech he filled up our silver cups and said to parson, with a flourish, "I should be sorry to cause trouble anywhere where I have been made welcome, and you will be glad to hear that I put to sea to-morrow night. And now you must drink me a prosperous voyage." So we all stood up and drank the toast with honour, and that noble rum was like hot oil in my veins.

After that Captain showed us some of the curiosities he had brought back from foreign parts, and we were greatly amazed, though afterwards I couldn't clearly remember what they were. And then I found myself walking across the turnips with parson, and I was telling him of the glories of the deep that I had seen through the window of the ship. He turned on me severely. "If I were you, John Simmons," he said, "I should go straight home to bed." He has a way of putting things that wouldn't occur to an ordinary man, has parson, and I did as he told me.

Well, next day it came on to blow, and it blew harder and harder, till about eight o'clock at night I heard a noise and looked out into the garden. I dare say you won't believe me, it seems a bit tall even to me, but the wind had lifted the thatch of my pigsty into the widow's garden a second time. I thought I wouldn't wait to hear what widow had to say about it, so I went across the green to the "Fox and Grapes," and the wind was so strong that I danced along on tip-toe like a girl at the fair. When I got to the inn landlord had to help me shut the door; it seemed as though a dozen goats were pushing against it to come in out of the storm.

"It's a powerful tempest," he said, drawing the beer. "I hear there's a chimney down at Dickory End."

"It's a funny thing how these sailors know about the weather," I answered. "When Captain said he was going to-night, I was thinking it would take a capful of wind to carry the ship back to sea, but now here's more than a capful."

"Ah, yes," said landlord, "it's to-night he goes true enough, and, mind you, though he treated me handsome over the rent, I'm not sure it's a loss to the village. I don't hold with gentrice who fetch their drink from London instead of helping local traders to get their living."

"But you haven't got any rum like his," I said, to draw him out.

His neck grew red above his collar, and I was afraid I'd gone too far; but after a while he got his breath with a grunt.

"John Simmons," he said, "if you've come down here this windy night to talk a lot of fool's talk, you've wasted a journey."

Well, of course, then I had to smooth him down with praising his rum, and Heaven forgive me for swearing it was better than Captain's. For the like of that rum no living lips have tasted save mine and parson's. But somehow or other I brought landlord round, and presently we must have a glass of his best to prove its quality.

"Beat that if you can!" he cried, and we both raised our glasses to our mouths, only to stop half-way and look at each other in amaze. For the wind that had been howling outside like an outrageous dog had all of a sudden turned as melodious as the carol-boys of a Christmas Eve.

"Surely that's not my Martha," whispered landlord; Martha being his great-aunt that lived in the loft overhead.

We went to the door, and the wind burst it open so that the handle was driven clean into the plaster of the wall. But we didn't think about that at the time; for over our heads, sailing very comfortably through the windy stars, was the ship that had passed the summer in landlord's field. Her portholes and her bay-window were blazing with lights, and there was a noise of singing and fiddling on her decks. "He's gone," shouted landlord above the storm, "and he's taken half the village with him!" I could only nod in answer, not having lungs like bellows of leather.

In the morning we were able to measure the strength of the storm, and over and above my pigsty there was damage enough wrought in the village to keep us busy. True it is that the children had to break down no branches for the firing that autumn, since the wind had strewn the woods with more than they could carry away. Many of our ghosts were scattered abroad, but this time very few came back, all the

young men having sailed with Captain; and not only ghosts, for a poor half-witted lad was missing, and we reckoned that he had stowed himself away or perhaps shipped as cabin-boy, not knowing any better.

What with the lamentations of the ghost-girls and the grumblings of families who had lost an ancestor, the village was upset for a while, and the funny thing was that it was the folk who had complained most of the carryings-on of the youngsters, who made most noise now that they were gone. I hadn't any sympathy with shoemaker or butcher, who ran about saying how much they missed their lads, but it made me grieve to hear the poor bereaved girls calling their lovers by name on the village green at nightfall. It didn't seem fair to me that they should have lost their men a second time, after giving up life in order to join them, as like as not. Still, not even a spirit can be sorry for ever, and after a few months we made up our mind that the folk who had sailed in the ship were never coming back, and we didn't talk about it any more.

And then one day, I dare say it would be a couple of years after, when the whole business was quite forgotten, who should come trapesing along the road from Portsmouth but the daft lad who had gone away with the ship, without waiting till he was dead to become a ghost. You never saw such a boy as that in all your life. He had a great rusty cutlass hanging to a string at his waist, and he was tattooed all over in fine colours, so that even his face looked like a girl's sampler. He had a handkerchief in his hand full of foreign shells and old-fashioned pieces of small money, very curious, and he walked up to the well outside his mother's house and drew himself a drink as if he had been nowhere in particular.

The worst of it was that he had come back as soft-headed as he went, and try as we might we couldn't get anything reasonable out of him. He talked a lot of gibberish about keel-hauling and walking the plank and crimson murders—things which a decent sailor should know nothing about, so that it seemed to me that for all his manners Captain had been more of a pirate than a gentleman mariner. But to draw sense out of that boy was as hard as picking cherries off a crab-tree. One silly tale he had that he kept on drifting back to, and to hear him you would have thought that it was the only thing that happened to him in his life. "We was at anchor," he would say, "off an island called the Basket of Flowers, and the sailors had caught a lot of parrots and we were teaching them to swear. Up and down the decks, up and down the decks, and the language they used was dreadful. Then we looked up and saw the masts of the Spanish ship outside the harbour. Outside the harbour they were, so we threw the parrots into the sea and sailed out to fight. And all the parrots were drownded in the sea and the language they used was dreadful." That's the sort of boy he was, nothing but silly talk of parrots when we asked him about the fighting. And we never had a chance of teaching him better, for two days after he ran away again, and hasn't been seen since.

That's my story, and I assure you that things like that are happening at Fairfield all the time. The ship has never come back, but somehow as people grow older they seem to think that one of these windy nights she'll come sailing in over the hedges with all the lost ghosts on board. Well, when she comes, she'll be welcome. There's one ghost-lass that has never grown tired of waiting for her lad to return. Every night you'll see her out on the green, straining her poor eyes with looking for the mast-lights among the stars. A faithful lass you'd call her, and I'm thinking you'd be right.

Landlord's field wasn't a penny the worse for the visit, but they do say that since then the turnips that have been grown in it have tasted of rum.

The Dream

Korean Song. Translated by E. Powys Mathers

I DREAMED that I was touching her eyelids, and I awoke
To find her sleepy temples of rose jade
For one heart-beat. . . .

Though the moonlight beats upon the sea,
There is no boat.

A Sea Dirge

By
LEWIS
CARROLL

Illustrations by
A. B. Frost

THERE are certain things—as, a spider, a ghost,
The income-tax, gout, an umbrella for three—
That I hate, but the thing that I hate the most
Is a thing they call the Sea.

Pour some salt water over the floor—
Ugly I'm sure you'll allow it to be:
Suppose it extended a mile or more,
That's very like the Sea.

Beat a dog till he howls outright—
Cruel, but all very well for a spree:
Suppose that he did so day and night,
That would be like the Sea.

I had a vision of nursery-maids;
Tens of thousands passed by me—
All leading children with wooden spades,
And this was by the Sea.

Who invented those spades of wood?
Who was it cut them out of the tree?
None, I think, but an idiot could—
Or one that loved the Sea.

It is pleasant and dreamy, no doubt, to float
With "thoughts as boundless, and souls as free":
But, suppose you are very unwell in the boat—
How do you like the Sea?

There is an insect that people avoid
(Whence is derived the verb "to flee").
Where have you been by it most annoyed?
In lodgings by the Sea.

If you like your coffee with sand for dregs,
A decided hint of salt in your tea,
And a fishy taste in the very eggs—
By all means choose the Sea.

And if, with these dainties to drink and eat,
You prefer not a vestige of grass or tree,
And a chronic state of wet in your feet,
Then—I recommend the Sea.

For *I* have friends who dwell by the coast—
Pleasant friends they are to me!
It is when I am with them I wonder most
That any one likes the Sea.

They take me a walk: though tired and stiff,
To climb the heights I madly agree;
And, after a tumble or so from the cliff,
They kindly suggest the Sea.

I try the rocks, and I think it cool
That they laugh with such an excess of glee,
As I heavily slip into every pool
That skirts the cold, cold Sea.

Ironstone

By PHYLLIS BOTTOME

MARY arranged her skirt carefully and sat down on a patch of heather at the edge of the cliff. She did not do this to admire the view, though it was a singularly fine view. She despised views, and thought them the perquisites of visitors, a despicable people.

The Cornish headland, bold and rough, stood out into the sea like some carved figurehead fronting a ship. Heather and bracken and gorse flamed to the land's edge, and the cliff, formed of black ironstone. dropped sheer into green waters.

Heather, sea, and clean, keen wind as sweet as wild honey were parts of Mary's existence. She never noticed them, because she had never been without them. She lived at Trelinnock, which has a population of one hundred and twenty people, sees a newspaper once a week, and generally has a post in the course of twenty-four hours unless there should be too heavy a gale blowing. Mary sat on the edge of the cliff because it was a quiet place in which to think about David. David was also a part of Mary's existence, and it is not until things go wrong that you begin to think about your existence.

It was the close of a late-summer day. The light rested upon the world like a spell; it held the luminous, green edges of the sea, the single ghostlike spires of the ling, the robust, bright heather, Mary herself, in her twentieth year, burned brown by the sun, in a deep-golden glow.

Mary had never heard of Giorgione, but Giorgione would have known in a moment what to do with the glow. He would have made the colour of it on Mary's heavy, brooding face shine through her flesh as light strikes through water. He would have got languor and pleasure and youth into Mary, and then he would have got the weight of a deep, mysterious sorrow, and with that he would have left her.

Mary sat quite still and gazed down into the green waters; she looked as if she were searching for something lost. But she did not see any green waters; she saw only David.

Mary was not one of those who wish the world to be wide. She wished it to be much narrower; she wanted it to hold only herself and David.

All Trelinnock had welcomed visitors except Mary; she had set her face against them from the first. Trelinnock had pandered to their strange tastes; it had sold picture post-cards to them, morbid in colour and structurally impossible; it had put up bathing-tents on the strand, where rocks had always done; it had let lodgings, and given way to unnatural instincts for hot water at unreasonable hours.

In the first rush of their enthusiasm over these money-bringing hordes, the inhabitants of Trelinnock had even let out their boats to visitors who had thought they could sail boats, apparently under the impression that winds were malleable and could be kept quiet while one tried experiments; but this had proved expensive. Trelinnock winds blew where they listed, and blew hard; boats were lost, and, incidentally, visitors (not enough of them, Mary thought) were lost with them. Boats at Trelinnock are more important than houses, and when visitors began losing boats, they were stopped hiring them without a fisherman. They could easily, if they wished to be drowned, bathe. A good many visitors were drowned all along the coast; they seemed to expect the sea to put itself out for them.

The sea behaved, just as Mary would have done in its place, precisely as it was accustomed to behave. When it had

formed the habit of swirling round a rock with dangerous swiftness, it swirled round the rock, and if it carried some one out to sea with it who didn't know that where there is a swirl there is an undertow, that one was drowned (very rightly, Mary thought) for not knowing it. The natural laws were against visitors and on the side of Mary.

Mary's father had a small farm. A good deal of it was granite, but there was enough grass for half a dozen cows, and Mary was very knowing about all animals—cart-horses, cows, pigs, and poultry. She worked hard from early morning till the dews fell, but on Sundays she only fed the animals, went twice to church, and took a walk with David. The walk with David was also a religious institution. She had walked with him for four years; she would walk with him for another, and then she would marry him. She had meant to marry him all her life.

She was only six years old when the word "sweetheart," flung at her as a taunt, sank burning into the bottom of her heart. From the earliest years she and David had shared the same pools, the same rocks, the same punishments. The same waves wet the same portions of their persons insisted upon by parents as portions which must, in all circumstances, be kept dry. They went to the same school, and wept uncomprehendingly over the same sums.

As the years advanced, some vague, invincible law stepped in and swept them apart, but there was nothing personal or permanent in it. It was nature's method of keeping a sharper significance for their companionship later on.

David retired into groups of boys and killed whatever he could find to kill, and Mary retired into groups of girls and giggled at whatever she could find to giggle at; behind the accomplished deaths of small animals and the wall of feminine laughter their attachment progressed invisibly, as Nature herself progresses, without noise and without haste.

Theoretically, David despised girls, but knew that Mary was different; and Mary thought boys nasty and rough, but made, even while the assertion was on her lips and while her head tossed to accentuate it, a mental reservation in favour of David.

Then Mary was confirmed, in white muslin, with her hair up. This settled David. He was seventeen, and girls suddenly ceased to be to him as trees walking. He knew that they were girls, and he wanted to walk with them.

He did not know how to put it into words; for though he was a carpenter of quite exceptional skill for his years, words had always evaded him. But he knew when Mary would come home from milking the cows, and at this hour he met her in the fields, by a gray stone covered with golden lichen, and said:

"Hullo, Mary!"

Mary knew in an instant that she had been waiting all her life to hear David say just those words in just that voice, and she replied, after a moment's pause, in which both their hearts stood still:

"Hullo, David!"

Their hearts went on again after that, but they went on differently; they went on together, and they had gone on together ever since.

The golden glow faded from the cliffs. It left Mary's face first, and little by little the ling became more ghostly, and the red heather burned on with a light of its own; a shadow fell to the land's edge and left all the colour on the sea. The sinking sun lit up the waters into fiery emerald, and the spray flung up its white, tossed veil, shining like drops of morning dew.

Mary shivered as she sat there, but it was not with cold. She took a stone that lay under her hand and let it drop over the edge. She did not throw it; she let it drop.

It did not fall sheer into the boiling surf. It rattled through the heathery fringe, and then struck on the ironstone, and sprang back, like something affrighted, into the air, and struck again lower down, and then once more; and Mary, leaning over, saw the surf take it. A moment's gap, and the waters closed again. Nothing was any different. A gull, flying high above her, came down on easy wings to look at her more closely. It passed so near her head that she heard the hiss of the air cleaved by its passage.

"'Tis a gull," she said to herself, defensively; "'tis but a gull."

The colour withdrew from the waters into the sky; the whole arch of the heavens became a deep-rose colour, and beneath its screen of fire the sea turned black and very cold. Mary got up and went home.

The farm was a quarter of a mile from the cliffs. It lay in a fold of moor; a copse of small and shuddering beech-trees, with their backs bent double by the wind, softened the outline of its granite walls.

It was there that Mary and David picked beechnuts together in the autumn. Below

the farm was a small wind-blown orchard. Mary's heart contracted in sudden pain when her eyes fell on it. She had meant to have her pain out on the cliffs, but some of it was waiting for her under the apple-trees. Last night she and David had had words in the orchard.

They had had singularly few words, but this is the most terrible form that words can take. Torrents of temper burst like surf and seldom drown, but when words are few, meaning is deep. Mary had seen David from the house, and had gone out to meet him; but she had known that he was not there for her.

She had gone straight to him under the small trees, noticing carefully as she went that apples were forward for the time of year, and when she had reached him she had said breathlessly and as if the words hurt her:

"'Tis me, not her. You can't have the two of us; you must choose. Choose *now*, David!"

David hadn't wanted to choose, and he was taken by surprise. He had naturally supposed that Mary had noticed nothing; he was not sure how much there was to notice. He was suddenly not sure of anything. He said:

"Hullo, Mary, what's wrong?"

He wanted her to put it into words, so that he could look at it; this was usually the way they arranged life. But Mary was not arranging life now; she was destroying it. Her eyes blazed at him, and she said:

"You know what's wrong well enough."

"There's no harm in looking at a maid," said David, cautiously. "Her's different."

And Mary, stung beyond endurance, cried:

"Then take her!" and went back as swiftly as she had come, with the word "different" sticking in her heart like a sword.

Of course Lizzie was different. She was almost a visitor; she would have been a visitor if she had not been a relative. She was Mary's first cousin, come from London, a place which Mary saw vaguely as larger than Plymouth, filled with vast crowds of people in muslin and high-heeled shoes, buying picture post-cards, and drinking inordinate quantities of ginger-beer. Lizzie had come from this place for a holiday. She worked in a shop in Oxford Street, and wore brown boots every day and a silk sport-jacket. She had several muslin frocks, left over from sales, and she had brought large hats, unsuitable for windy cliffs, and ribbons that Mary rejoiced to know would have the colour taken out of them by the sea.

Lizzie would have told you that she meant no harm, a phrase which prepares the conscience for an unearned repose after the harm has happened; but she generally did a little just to keep her hand in, and because, if other girls want to keep their young men, they ought to look sharp about it.

Mary hadn't looked sharp. David came in on the evening of Lizzie's arrival. Lizzie, who had been previously told about David, looked at him, during the course of an hour or two, perhaps three times. David was an extremely good-looking young fellow, but he did not know that, possibly because Mary, who was quite used to his appearance, did not know it either. The first time Lizzie looked at him it occurred to David that he was handsome; the second time that Lizzie looked at him he wondered if by any chance he could be clever, too; and the third time she looked at him he hoped that Mary hadn't seen.

Mary had seen every time, but she supposed that London ways might be different and Lizzie might not mean any harm by it. She never supposed anything at all about David. She took for granted that he would dislike everything in Lizzie that differed from Trelinnock, and yet, since she was Mary's cousin, he would consent to overlook the objects of his dislike. They would include, Mary supposed, an affected voice, very movable, provocative eyes, a great deal of wholly unnecessary conversation, and an appalling ignorance of the simplest natural laws.

When Lizzie asked David how many tides there are in a day, Mary coloured with shame and confusion for her. She did not dream that David was pleased at being asked idiotic questions, or that men in general enjoy imparting what they know to conversational young women with provocative eyes, whose knowledge, however circumscribed in one direction, is quite sufficient in another.

But Mary learned this lesson; she learned very silently and reluctantly half a dozen other lessons in the course of a few weeks, and all she asked while she was learning them was that neither her father nor her mother might see the accumulation of her knowledge. The farm was some distance out of the village, so that the prying eyes and sharp tongues of neighbouring gossips could be kept at bay; but those tender spies of love in her parents' hearts, how long could she mislead them by artificial laughter or hide from them the traces of her secret tears?

David fell into the habit of bringing his

friend the blacksmith up to the farm, and the four young people behaved as much like visitors as Mary would consent to behave. They went for walks on the cliff, and made expeditions to neighbouring coves and villages. Mary had never seen so much of the country in her life as she saw with Lizzie, and it confirmed in her the desire to remain at Trelinnock and keep everybody else out of it, including relatives.

Mary felt she could have borne it if Lizzie had been worth David, but Lizzie was worth no man's love. She was as light and cold as foam. She had told Mary things that Mary had never dreamed any woman thought, far less did.

Trelinnock was no better than other places, but it was more limited, and it had no edges. You were good or bad in Trelinnock, and all Trelinnock knew which you were, and acted accordingly. Lizzie lived upon edges, and it was in the light of a fresh edge that she considered David. She was going to go as far as she could with David, and then she would return to London and leave Mary with what was left of David's heart. There would not be very much left of it, and what there was would be broken. That was the last of the lessons Mary learned from Lizzie.

David did not come to Tremayne Farm the evening after Mary had been on the cliff. There was a good deal of conjecture as to why he didn't come, but Farmer Tremayne had heard that Job Oldcastle, the most ancient fisherman at Windyhazle, had died that morning, and it was settled that probably David was employed upon his coffin.

"Death," said Farmer Tremayne, with a chuckle, "won't wait's long as a maid. Mind that, Mary!" And Mary, looking across at Lizzie, minded it.

It was a day when the whole of summer was let loose upon the air. The sea lay stretched out under the sky, a smooth, unbroken mirror of pale blue. The air shimmered and danced with the heat, and every breath of it was filled with meadow-sweet, honeysuckle, and the tonic wildness of the sea.

The farm-work was over, and Lizzie and Mary set off towards the cliffs. Mary had heard that morning that her aunt was in trouble with a sick cow; it was a four-mile walk to her aunt's farm.

"I reckon," she said to Lizzie, "I'll be back an hour after sunset."

Lizzie was going down to the strand to bathe; Mary believed that she had a secret arrangement to meet David at the strand. Their ways parted on the edge of the cliff.

"My," said Lizzie, "the air is just like scent! It is, reely. I often wonder, Mary, you don't buy any scent. Men like it. It was only last night that David said to me, 'You're as sweet as a flower.' He did, reely."

Mary stood quite still at the cliff's edge.

"'Tis all sweet here," she said, quietly. "We don't need glass bottles for to hold it. 'Tis all clean sweet."

"No," said Lizzie, scornfully; "nor, with your knowledge of the sun and the tide, you don't need watches to tell you the time. All the same, it's a pretty thing to wear on your wrist, and it pays to wear pretty things and take a little trouble over yourself. I only tell you for your own good, Mary. Lor'! the strand's a long way off; I never can get there in this heat. Isn't there a shorter way down by the cliffs? David said, if you knew them, there was many a short cut."

"There is a way," said Mary; her voice sounded strange and hoarse in her ears. "There is a nearer way," she said,—and then twenty years of conscience broke through her reluctant lips,—"but the cliffs are mortal' dangerous an' all."

Lizzie tossed her head.

"Who's afraid?" she said airily. "I'll tease David about them; he wanted me to promise not to try to get down without him with me—he did, reely. But catch me promising a man anything! As long as you'll not promise, they do; the moment you begin, they stop. I know men."

Mary did not dispute her cousin's knowledge; she took her boots off without speaking, and slung them together by their laces round her neck.

"You don't find me taking my boots off," said Lizzie; "my feet aren't as tough as yours, and the Lord only knows how I'd get them on again. Are you coming, too? I thought you'd got to go and help that aunt of yours about a sick cow. I must say you do funny things in the country; no wonder you can't dress properly."

"I'll see you down-along," said Mary, briefly. She led the way by a grassy path to the heathery verge. The slope looked easy, and was possible for the sure-footed. Half-way down it changed abruptly into a sheer drop of ironstone rock; one could not see the edge until one was upon it.

Mary began to descend very methodically and slowly. She never left a foothold until she had found and tested the one beneath

it; as the slope grew steeper, she laid her hands lightly, without trusting her weight, on bracken and heather. She heard Lizzie laughing above her.

"Lor'!" her cousin cried, "you are a cautious, slow cat, Mary! I shall be down in half the time you take over it."

Mary looked up above her at the brown boots, with high heels, and once more her conscience shook the words out of her. "You'd best take off they boots!" she shouted up; but even as her words left her lips, she saw Lizzie's eyes change to startled horror. The smooth, grassy slope was as slippery as ice, and the brown boots had no grip; she found herself moving without volition, swiftly and still more swiftly over the short, dry grass. In a flash she was on a level with Mary, and then past her. She began to clutch wildly at the bracken and heather; tufts of them came off in her hands. She screamed spasmodically, like a toy doll. She was not really frightened at first, but she screamed hilariously, ceaselessly.

Mary stood firm in her foothold and, leaning forward, saw the drop beneath and the murmurous, blue water moving to the cliff's edge, softly back and forth, with scarcely a ripple. Then Lizzie's scrambling rush changed to a fall; her body turned right over, and she saw what was beneath her. A sound came from her that seemed to shake the cliffs; it rang across from side to side, a horrible, tormented sound.

Mary caught a glimpse of her face turned upward. Her mouth was wide open, and her eyes were blind with fear. They glared up at Mary, blind blue eyes, horribly fixed and intent. And then her hair shone, and she turned over and over, while her screams were shaken out of her—short, convulsive sounds, trailing into silence.

Mary still looked. There was a ledge of rock before her on which she crept on hands and knees; from there she saw the body tossed like a bounding stone into the gulf, and Lizzie's waving hands, full of grass and heather, flung up toward the sky. Mary saw no more than that, but she heard a muffled sound of blows when the body struck rock—iron rock; and then all the earth was like a pause. Even the sea was still. Gulls circled noiselessly over the cove. Perhaps they saw something, but Mary only saw the smooth, blue mirror of the sea, and heard nothing but the soft whisper of it as it lipped the rocks beneath.

It was a great relief to Mary that there were no more cries. She climbed up to the summit of the cliff and turned her back upon the sea. There was no one in sight. She sat down on a clump of heather and put on her boots. It seemed to her as if she had just had a dream, a shocking, iniquitous, involuntary dream. As soon as she had fastened her boots she hastened to her aunt's farm, but she need not have hastened. Ten minutes had been enough to cover a fallen life.

The cow was worse, and Mary boiled the kettle and laid fomentations on the moaning beast, and as the day darkened slowly, she lit a lantern and hung it over the stall.

"You'm praperly knowledgable with cows, Mary," said her aunt approvingly.

"If you'll bide to bed, I'll watch with her till morning," Mary promised. She wanted to be alone with the cow. Its agonized eyes turned to her appealingly. The fitful light, the long, dark shadows, the sweet-scented hay, and the dire need of ministering to physical pain worked like an anodyne in Mary. She no longer saw the wavering, helpless hands in which the heather and the earth still lay, nor heard the screams louder and louder in her brain, reverberating like the sound of a deep bell when an hour has struck. The troubled breathing of the beast beside her eased her heart. It was alive, and she was helping it, and all her life until that day she had been helping what was alive. Then she heard a tap on the stable window, saw David's face in the shadow, and heard him say:

"Where be your cousin Lizzie?" He asked her twice before her lips would move to answer him.

"I dun not know," said Mary, hoarsely. "I dun not know, David."

"Where did you see her last?" asked David. Beads of perspiration stood on his brow, his eyes were wild and hungry. Mary's heart beat against her side like some plunging bird.

"I saw her last upon the cliff-side," she said. "'T were after work was over, and the sun was full high; happen 't was three o'clock."

"God help her, then!" said David, passionately. "O Mary, I do believe her's over them iron cliffs! Her's not been seen upon the strand nor in the village nor any gate."

"If 'tis so," said Mary, slowly, "the dawn tide will bring her in, David."

"Iss," said David, heavily. "I'll go down and meet the sea, Mary."

The cow cried out, and Mary turned back to her. She could speak better to David without looking at him.

"You be a praper sorrowful man, David,"

she said gently. "'Tis a dreadful thing that have come to 'ee."

"'Tis all of that," said David, heavily, "and 'tis kind of 'e to take it so, Mary. Happen we'll forget them words in the orchard?"

"Happen we'll forget them," she repeated without tears; and David left her and went down to meet the sea.

The tide brought Lizzie in at dawn, and laid her broken and mauled and bitterly disfigured under the fringe of the black rock where the surf had flung her.

David never told any one that half her hair, half the wonderful gold plaits he had so marveled at, was false. Even David knew that they were false.

He buried them reverently and deeply under the heather, and there he buried with them all his moments of romance, and turned back forever to Mary and to faithfulness.

In a year they were married, just as they had always arranged to be. But the village said her cousin's death had "overtaken" Mary. She was changed from that day. She had always been a woman of few words, but they had come from a serene and satisfied cheerfulness and they had carried with them a sense of solid peace; now they were fewer than ever, and her eyes were strange while she uttered them. They seemed to be looking at something that was not there, and hearing something which had no sound.

After her marriage Mary and David went to live in Trelinnock. David was afraid Mary would miss the cliffs and the sea, and every Sunday he took her out to Tremayne Farm and home by the cliffs. Mary made no protest, but she went by his side like a sleep-walker, with fixed and sightless eyes.

Once when they sat on the edge of the heather above a grassy slope David dislodged a stone and would have thrown it down, but Mary gave a scream and caught his hand back. It was a strange, shrill scream, like a wild bird's, and her face suddenly grew white and crumpled. For a moment David saw her youth dead in her eyes—dead and transfixed, like a live thing turned to stone.

"Dunnot throw it down, David!" she gasped. "Dunnot throw it down! 'Twould fall into the sea."

David gazed at her, and then he said curiously, in a sharp, high voice:

"Mary, if 't were a body that fell, them rocks would strike at it praperly hard. 'Twould crush a human head in like an eggshell, if 't were struck down on they."

Mary's lips moved, and her eyes darkened till they looked as black as wet ironstone.

"Surely 'tis hard," she said, with sudden fierceness—"'tis mortal hard to fall on they; but 'tis not so hard, David, as to fall on a fickle heart."

"Mary," whispered David—"Mary—" Then he turned his head away, and asked her no more questions.

Contented wi' Little

By ROBERT BURNS

(*Tune—"Lumps o' Pudding"*)

CONTENTED wi' little, and cantie wi' mair,
Whene'er I forgather wi' sorrow and care,
I gie them a skelp as they're creepin' alang,
Wi' a cog o' gude swats, and an auld Scottish sang.

I whyles claw the elbow o' troublesome thought;
But man is a soger, and life is a faught:
My mirth and gude humour are coin in my pouch,
And my freedom's my lairdship nae monarch dare touch.

A towmond o' trouble, should that be my fa',
A night o' gude fellowship sowthers it a';
When at the blythe end of our journey at last,
Wha the deil ever thinks o' the road he has past?

Blind Chance, let her snapper and stoyte on her way,
Be't to me, be't frae me, e'en let the jad gae:
Come ease, or come travail; come pleasure or pain,
My warst word is—"Welcome, and welcome again!"

When the Sea Grows Angry

It is a pleasure for to sit at ease
Upon the land, and safely for to see
How other folk are tossed upon the seas
That with the blust'ring winds turmoiléd be.
LUCRETIUS (SIR THOMAS NORTH).

ODYSSEUS AND THE THUNDER-SQUALL

So I went with him on board the ship, suspecting his guile, yet perforce. And she ran before the North Wind, blowing fresh and fair, on a mid-sea course to the windward of Crete, and Zeus devised destruction for the men. So when we had left Crete, and no other land appeared, then verily the son of Cronas set a black cloud above the hollow ship, and the sea grew dark beneath it. Herewith Zeus thundered, and hurled his bolt upon the ship, and she quivered from stem to stern, smitten by the bolt of Zeus, and was filled with sulphurous smoke, and all the crew fell from out the ship. Like sea-crows they were borne on the waves about the black ship, and the god took from them their returning. But, as for me, Zeus himself, when my heart was compassed with woe, put under my hands the tossing mast of the dark-prowed ship, that I might again escape destruction. To this I clung, and was borne by the direful winds. For nine days I was borne, but on the tenth black night the great rolling wave brought me to the land of the Thesprotians. HOMER.

Dorian, ridiculing the description of a tempest in the "Nautilus" of Timotheus, said that he had seen a more formidable storm in a boiling saucepan.
The Deipnosophists. ATHENÆUS.

PAUL'S JOURNEY TO ROME AS A PRISONER

But not long after there arose against it a tempestuous wind, called Euroclydon.

And when the ship was caught, and could not bear up into the wind, we let her drive.

And running under a certain island which is called Clauda, we had much work to come by the boat:

Which when they had taken up, they used helps, undergirding the ship; and, fearing lest they should fall into the quicksands, strake sail, and so were driven.

And we being exceedingly tossed with a tempest, the next day they lightened the ship;

And the third day we cast out with our hands the tackling of the ship.

And when neither sun nor stars in many days appeared, and no small tempest lay on us, all hope that we should be saved was then taken away. . . .

But when the fourteenth night was come, as we were driven up and down in Adria, about midnight the shipmen deemed that they drew near to some country;

And sounded, and found it twenty fathoms: and when they had gone a little farther, they sounded again, and found it fifteen fathoms.

Then fearing lest we should have fallen upon rocks, they cast four anchors out of the stern, and wished for the day.

And as the shipmen were about to flee out of the ship, when they had let down the boat into the sea, under colour as though they would have cast anchors out of the foreship,

Paul said to the centurion and to the soldiers, "Except these abide in the ship, ye cannot be saved". . . .

And we were in all in the ship two hundred three score and sixteen souls.

And when they had eaten enough, they lightened the ship, and cast out the wheat into the sea.

And when it was day, they knew not the land: but they discovered a certain creek with a shore, into the which they were minded, if it were possible, to thrust in the ship.

And when they had taken up the anchors, they committed themselves unto the sea, and loosed the rudder bands, and hoisted up the mainsail to the wind, and made toward shore.

And falling into a place where two seas met, they ran the ship aground: and the forepart stuck fast, and remained unmoveable, but the hinder part was broken with the violence of the waves.

And the soldiers' counsel was to kill the prisoners, lest any of them should swim out, and escape.

But the centurion, willing to save Paul, kept them from their purpose; and commanded that they which could swim should cast themselves first into the sea, and get to land:

And the rest, some on boards, and some on broken pieces of the ship. And so it came to pass, that they escaped all safe to land.

And when they were escaped, then they knew that the island was called Melita.

The Acts of the Apostles.

The mariner of old said to Neptune in a great tempest, "O God! thou mayest save me if thou wilt, and if thou wilt thou mayest destroy me; but whether or no, I will steer my rudder true." MONTAIGNE.

WHEN JUNO'S WRATH STILL PURSUED THE TROJANS

The raging winds rush through the hollow wound,
And dance aloft in air, and skim along the ground:
Then settling on the sea, the surges sweep,
Raise liquid mountains, and disclose the deep.
South, east, and west, with mixed confusion roar,
And roll the foaming billows to the shore.
The cables crack, the sailors' fearful cries
Ascend; and sable night involves the skies,
And Heaven itself is ravished from their eyes.
Loud peals of thunder from the poles ensue,
Then flashing fires the transient light renew;
The face of things a frightful image bears,
And present death in various forms appears.

. . . . . .

Thus while the pious prince his fate bewails,
Fierce Boreas drove against his flying sails,
And rent the sheets: the raging billows rise,
And mount the tossing vessel to the skies:
Nor can the shivering oars sustain the blow;
The galley gives her side, and turns her prow:
While those astern, descending down the steep,
Through gaping waves behold the boiling deep.
Three ships were hurried by the southern blast,
And on the secret shelves with fury cast. . . .
Three more, fierce Eurus in his angry mood,
Dashed on the shallows of the moving sand,
And in mid-ocean left them moored a-land.
Orontes' barque, that bore the Lycian crew,
(A horrid sight) even in the hero's view,
From stem to stern by waves was overborne;
The trembling pilot, from his rudder torn,
Was headlong hurled, thrice round the ship was tossed,
Then bulged at once, and in the deep was lost.
And here and there above the waves were seen
Arms, pictures, precious goods, and floating men.
The stoutest vessel to the storm gave way,
And sucked through loosened planks the rushing sea.

The Æneid. VIRGIL (DRYDEN).

The sea heaves up, hangs loaded o'er the land,
Breaks there, and buries its tumultuous strength.
BROWNING.

ON DRAKE'S GREAT SWING AROUND THE WORLD, 1577–80

But the winds returning to their old wont, and the seas raging after their former manner, yea everything as it were setting itselfe against our peace and desired rest, here was no stay permitted us, neither any safety to be looked for.

For such was the present danger by forcing and continuall flawes, that we were rather to looke for present death then hope for any delivery, if God Almightie should not make the way for us. The winds were such as if the bowels of the earth had set all at libertie, or as if all the clouds under heaven had been called together to lay their force upon that one place. The seas, which by nature and of themselves are heavie, and of a weightie substance, were rowled up from the depths, even from the rootes of the rockes, as if it had beene a scroll of parchment, which by the extremity of heate runneth together; and being aloft were carried in most strange manner and abundance, as feathers or drifts of snow, by the violence of the winds, to water the exceeding tops of high and loftie mountaines. Our anchors, as false friends in such a danger, gave over their holdfast, and as if it had beene with horror of the thing, did shrink down to hide themselves in this miserable storme, committing the distressed ship and helpelesse men to the uncertaine and rowling seas, which tossed them, like a ball in a racket. In this case, to let fall more anchors would availe us nothing; for, being driven from our first place of anchoring, so unmeasurable was the depthe, that 500 fathome would fetch no ground. So that the violent storme without intermission; the impossibility to come to anchor; the want of opportunitie to spread any sayle; the most mad seas; the lee shores; the dangerous rocks; the contrary and most intollerable winds; the impossible passage out; the desperate tarrying there; and inevitable perils on every side, did lay before us so small likelihood to escape present destruction, that if the special providence of God himselfe had not supported us, we could never have endured that wofull state: as being invironed with most terrible and most fearefull judgements round about. For truly, it was more likely that the mountaines should have beene rent in sunder from the top to the bottome, and cast headlong into the sea, by these unnaturall winds, then that we, by any helpe or cunning of man, should free the life of any one amongst us.

Notwithstanding, the same God of mercy which delivered *Jonas* out of the Whales belly, and heareth all those that call upon him faithfully in their distresse, looked downe from heaven, beheld our teares, and heard our humble petitions, joyned with holy vowes. Even God (whom not the winds and seas alone, but even the divels themselves and powers of hell obey) did so wonderfully free us, and make our way open before us, as it were by his holy Angels still guiding and conducting us, that, more then the affright and amaze of this estate, we received no part of damage in all the things that belonged unto us.

The World Encompassed by Sir Francis Drake. (From notes of FRANCIS FLETCHER.)

SHIPWRECK

. . . But when Drake passed
From out the strait to take his Northward way
Up the Pacific coast, a great head-wind
Suddenly smote them; and the heaving seas
Bulged all around them into billowy hills,
Dark rolling mountains, whose majestic crests
Like wild white flames far-blown and savagely flickering
Swept through the clouds; and on their sullen slopes
Like wind-whipt withered leaves those little ships,
Now hurtled to the Zenith and now plunged
Down into bottomless gulfs, were suddenly scattered
And whirled away. Drake, on the *Golden Hynde*,
One moment saw them near him, soaring up
Above him on the huge o'erhanging billows
As if to crash down on his poop; the next,

A mile of howling sea had swept between
Each of those wind-whipt straws, and they were gone
Through roaring deserts of embattled death,
Where, like a hundred thousand chariots charged
With lightnings and with thunders, one great wave
Leading the unleashed ocean down the storm
Hurled them away to Southward.

One last glimpse
Drake caught o' the *Marygold*, when some mighty vortex
Wide as the circle of the wide sea-lines
Swept them together again. He saw her staggering
With mast snapt short and wreckage-tangled deck
Where men like insects clung. He saw the waves
Leap over her mangled hulk, like wild white wolves,
Volleying out of the clouds down dismal steeps
Of green-black water. Like a wounded steed
Quivering upon its haunches, up she heaved
Her head to throw them off. Then, in one mass
Of fury crashed the great deep over her,
Trampling her down, down into the nethermost pit,
As with a madman's wrath. She rose no more,
And in the stream of the ocean's hurricane laughter
The *Golden Hynde* went hurtling to the South,
With sails rent into ribbons and her mast
Snapt like a twig. . . . Height o'er height
The heavens rolled down, and waves were all the world. ALFRED NOYES.

JOHNSON—"*Why, sir, no man will be a sailor, who has contrivance enough to get himself into a jail; for, being in a ship is being in jail, with the chance of being drowned.*"
BOSWELL.

THE WINDS COMMAND

ADOLPHUS—. . . .
Towards mid-day the tempest 'gan to grow
More and more raging. Didst thou ever see
The Alps?
ANTHONIUS—I have.
ADOLPHUS—Those hills appeare to bee
But warts to such sea billowes (if compared):
Be judge then, how with us it that time far'd;
How often we were lifted up so high,
Till to the very Moone we came so nigh,
To touch it with our fingers. Then againe
So low cast, that the Channell rent in twaine
To let us downe to Hell.
ANTHONIUS—Mad men, no doubt,
Who leave the land, to seeke such dangers out.
ADOLPHUS—The Sailers striving with the Storme some space,
(But all in vaine) the Pilot with a face
Like ashes, came to us.
ANTHONIUS—And now I feare,
By his wan colour, some strange mischiefe neare.
ADOLPHUS—I am no more your Pilot now (saith he);
My friends, the Windes command both ship and me:
Prepare for all extremes, there's now no hope
Save in our God, no trust in Saile or Rope.
ANTHONIUS—('Twas a hard speech.)
ADOLPHUS—First therefore let us ease
Our ship (saith he) by casting in the seas
Her weighty lading; for so now commands

Necessitie: It with more safety stands,
By losse of goods, death present to prevent,
Than with them perish here incontinent.
The truth persuades them; Instantly they hoise
Into the Maine, rich Wares, and Vessels choice,
And those in plenty.
ANTHONIUS—This a Wracke indeed
May well be call'd. THOMAS HEYWOOD.

ALONSO—*O, it is monstrous! monstrous!*
Methought the billows spoke and told me of it;
The winds did sing it to me; and the thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounc'd
The name of Prosper: it did bass my trespass.
Therefore my son i' th' ooze is bedded; and
I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded,
And with him there lie mudded. SHAKESPEARE.

CAPE HORN WEATHER

Between five and six—the sun was then nearly three hours high—the cry of "All Starbowlines ahoy!" summoned our watch on deck, and immediately all hands were called. A true specimen of Cape Horn was coming upon us. A great cloud of a dark slate-colour was driving on us from the southwest; and we did our best to take in sail (for the light sails had been set during the first part of the day) before we were in the midst of it. We had got the light sails furled, the courses hauled up, and the topsail reef-tackles hauled out, and were just mounting the fore-rigging when the storm struck us. In an instant the sea, which had been comparatively quiet, was running higher and higher; and it became almost as dark as night. The hail and sleet were harder than I had yet felt them; seemed almost to pin us down to the rigging. We were longer taking in sail than ever before; for the sails were stiff and wet, the ropes and rigging covered with snow and sleet, and we ourselves cold and nearly blinded with the violence of the storm. By the time we had got down upon deck again, the little brig was plunging madly into a tremendous head sea, which at every drive rushed in through the bow-ports and over the bows, and buried all the forward part of the vessel. At this instant the chief mate, who was standing on top of the windlass, at the foot of the spenser-mast, called out, "Lay out there and furl the jib!" This was no agreeable or safe duty, yet it must be done. John, a Swede (the best sailor on board), who belonged in the forecastle, sprang out upon the bowsprit.

Another one must go. It was a clear case of holding back. I was near the mate, but sprang past several, threw the downhaul over the windlass, and jumped between the knight-heads out upon the bowsprit. The crew stood abaft the windlass and hauled the jib down, while John and I got out upon the weather-side of the jib-boom, our feet on the foot-ropes, holding on by the spar, the great jib flying off to leeward and *slatting* so as almost to throw us off the boom. For some time we could do nothing but hold on, and the vessel, diving into two huge seas, plunged us twice into the water up to our chins. We hardly knew whether we were on or off when, the boom lifting us up dripping from the water, we were raised high into the air and then plunged below again. John thought the boom would go every moment, and called out to the mate to keep the vessel off, and haul down the staysail; but the fury of the wind and the breaking of the seas against the bows defied every attempt to make ourselves heard, and we were obliged to do the best we could in our situation.

Fortunately no other seas so heavy struck her, and we succeeded in furling the jib "after a fashion"; and coming in over the staysail nettings, were not a little pleased to find that all was snug and the watch gone below; for we were soaked through, and it was very cold. John admitted that it had been a post of danger, which good sailors seldom do when the thing is over. The weather continued nearly the same through the night.

RICHARD HENRY DANA.

A strong nor'wester's blowing, Bill!
Hark, don't you hear it roar now?
Lord help 'em, how I pities them
Unhappy folks on shore now. WILLIAM PITT.

Gale and Lightning

. . . The *Aurora* flew before the gale, under her foresail and topsails close reefed. The weather was now so thick that nothing could be observed twenty yards from the vessel; the thunder pealed, and the lightning darted in every direction over the dark expanse. . . .

At this moment a tremendous noise was heard above, a shock was felt throughout the whole ship, which trembled fore and aft as if it was about to fall into pieces; loud shrieks were followed by plaintive cries, the lower deck was filled with smoke, and the frigate was down on her beam ends. Without exchanging a word, the whole of the occupants of the berth flew out, and were up the hatchway, not knowing what to think, but convinced that some dreadful accident had taken place.

On their gaining the deck it was at once explained; the foremast of the frigate had been struck by lightning, had been riven into several pieces, and had fallen over the larboard bow, carrying with it the main topmast and jib-boom. The jagged stump of the foremast was in flames, and burnt brightly, notwithstanding the rain fell in torrents. The ship, as soon as the foremast and main topmast had gone overboard, broached-to furiously, throwing the men over the wheel and dashing them senseless against the carronades; the forecastle, the forepart of the main deck, and even the lower deck, were spread with men, either killed or seriously wounded, or insensible from the electric shock. The frigate was on her beam ends, and the sea broke furiously over her; all was dark as pitch, except the light from the blazing stump of the foremast, appearing like a torch held up by the wild demons of the storm, or when occasionally the gleaming lightning cast a momentary glare, threatening every moment to repeat its attack upon the vessel, while the deafening thunder burst almost on their devoted heads. All was dismay and confusion for a minute or two; at last Captain Wilson, who had himself lost his sight for a short time, called for the carpenter and axes. They climbed up, that is, two or three of them, and he pointed to the mizenmast; the master was also there, and he cut loose the axes for the seamen to use; in a few minutes the mizenmast fell over the quarter, and the helm being put hard up, the frigate payed off and slowly righted. But the horror of the scene was not yet over. The boatswain, who had been on the forecastle, had been led below, for his vision was gone forever. The men who lay scattered about had been examined, and they were assisting them down to the care of the surgeon, when the cry of "Fire!" issued from the lower deck. The ship had taken fire at the coal-hole and carpenter's store-room, and the smoke that now ascended was intense.

"Call the drummer," said Captain Wilson, "and let him beat to quarters—all hands to their stations—let the pumps be rigged—and the buckets passed along. Mr. Martin, see that the wounded men are taken down below. Where's Mr. Haswell? Mr. Pottyfar, station the men to pass the water on by hand on the lower deck. I will go there myself. Mr. Jones, take charge of the ship."

Pottyfar, who actually had taken his hands out of his pockets, hastened down to comply with the captain's orders on the main deck, as Captain Wilson descended to the deck below. *Mr. Midshipman Easy.* Captain Marryat.

"Would'st thou,"—so the helmsman answered,
"Learn the secret of the sea?
Only those who brave its dangers
Comprehend its mystery." Longfellow.

"Tom Cringle's Log"

The gale had increased, yet the prize had not been cast off, and the consequence was, that by some mismanagement or carelessness, the swag of the large ship had suddenly hove the brig in the wind, and taken the sails a-back. We accordingly fetched stern way, and ran foul of the prize, and there we were, in a heavy sea, with our stern grinding against the cotton ship's high quarter.

The main boom, by the first rasp that took place after I came on deck, was broken short off, and nearly twelve feet of it hove right in over the taffrel; the vessels then closed, and the next rub ground off the ship's mizzen channel as clean as if it had been sawed away. Officers

shouting, men swearing, rigging cracking, the vessels crashing and thumping together, I thought we were gone, when the first lieutenant seized his trumpet—"Silence men; hold your tongues, you cowards, and mind the word of command!"

The effect was magical.—"Brace round the foreyard; round with it—set the jib—that's it—fore-topmast staysail—haul—never mind if the gale takes it out of the bolt rope"—a thundering flap, and away it flew in truth down to leeward, like a puff of white smoke.—"Never mind, men, the jib stands. Belay all that—down with the helm, now—don't you see she has stern way yet? Zounds! we shall be smashed to atoms if you don't mind your hands, you lubbers—main-topsail sheets let fly—there she pays off, and has headway once more, that's it—right your helm now—never mind his spanker boom, the fore-stay will stand it—there—up with helm, sir—we have cleared him—hurrah!"—And a near thing it was too, but we soon had everything snug; and although the gale continued without any intermission for ten days, at length we ran in and anchored with our prize in Five Fathom Hole, off the entrance to St. George's Harbour. . .

. . . "The still vexed Bermoothes"—I arrived at them in a gale of wind, and I sailed from them in a gale of wind. What the climate may be in the summer I don't know; but during the time I was there, it was one storm after another.

We sailed in the evening with the moon at full, and the wind at west-north-west. So soon as we got from under the lee of the land, the breeze struck us, and it came on to blow like thunder, so that we were all soon reduced to our storm staysails; and there we were, transports, merchantmen, and men-of-war, rising on the mountainous billows one moment, and the next losing sight of every thing but the water and sky in the deep trough of the sea, while the seething foam was blown over us in showers from the curling manes of the roaring waves. But overhead, all this while, it was as clear as a lovely winter moon could make it, and the stars shone brightly in the deep blue sky; there was not even a thin fleecy shred of cloud racking across the moon's disk. Oh, the glories of a northwester!

But the devil seize such glory! Glory, indeed! with a fleet of transports, and a regiment of soldiers on board! Glory! why, I dare say five hundred rank and file, at the fewest, were all cascading at one and the same moment,—a thousand poor fellows turned inside out, like so many pairs of old stockings. Any glory in that? But to proceed.

Next morning the gale still continued, and when the day broke, there was the frigate standing across our bows, rolling and pitching, as she tore her way through the boiling sea, under a close-reefed main-topsail and reefed foresail, with topgallant-yards and royal masts, and every thing that could be struck with safety in war time, down on deck. There she lay with her clear black bends, and bright white streak, and long tier of cannon on the main-deck, and the carronades on the quarterdeck and forecastle grinning through the ports in the black bulwarks, while the white hammocks, carefully covered by the hammock-cloths, crowned the defences of the gallant frigate fore and aft, as she delved through the green surge,—one minute rolling and rising on the curling white crest of a mountainous white sea, amidst a hissing snow-storm of spray, with her bright copper glancing from stem to stern, and her scanty white canvass swelling aloft, and twenty feet of her keel forward occasionally hove into the air clean out of the water, as if she had been a sea-bird rushing to take wing,—and the next, sinking entirely out of sight, hull, masts, and rigging, behind an intervening sea, that rose in hoarse thunder between us, threatening to overwhelm both us and her. As for the transports, the largest of the three had lost her fore-topmast, and had bore up under her foresail; another was also scudding under a close-reefed fore-topsail; but the third or head-quarter ship was still lying to windward, under her storm stay-sails. None of the merchant vessels were to be seen, having been compelled to bear up in the night, and to run before it under bare poles.

At length, as the sun rose, we got before the wind, and it soon moderated so far that we could carry reefed topsails and foresail; and away we all bowled, with a clear, deep, cold, blue sky, and a bright sun overhead, and a stormy leaden-coloured ocean, with whitish green-crested billows, below. The sea continued to go down, and the wind to slacken, until the afternoon, when the commodore made the signal for the Torch to send a boat's crew, the instant it could be done in safety, on board the dismasted ship, to assist in repairing damages, and in getting up a jury-fore-topmast.

MICHAEL SCOTT.

I loved the sea
Whether in calm it glassed the gracious day
With all its light, the night with all its fires;

Whether in storm it lashed its sullen spray,
Wild as the heart when passionate youth expires;
Or lay, as now, a torture to my mind,
In yonder land-locked bay, unwrinkled by the wind.

R. H. STODDARD.

"WHITE-JACKET"

About midnight, when the starboard watch, to which I belonged, was below, the boatswain's whistle was heard, followed by the shrill cry of "*All hands take in sail!* jump, men, and save ship!"

Springing from our hammocks, we found the frigate leaning over to it so steeply, that it was with difficulty we could climb the ladders leading to the upper deck.

Here the scene was awful. The vessel seemed to be sailing on her side. . . . With every lurch to leeward the yard-arm-ends seemed to dip in the sea, while forward the spray dashed over the bows in cataracts, and drenched the men who were on the fore-yard. By this time the deck was alive with the whole strength of the ship's company, five hundred men, officers and all, mostly clinging to the weather-bulwarks. . . . The ship's bows were now butting, battering, ramming, and thundering over and upon the head seas, and with a horrible wallowing sound our whole hull was rolling in the trough of the foam. The gale came athwart the deck, and every sail seemed bursting with its wild breath. . . .

"Clew down! clew down!" shouted Mad Jack, husky with excitement, and in a frenzy, beating his trumpet against one of the shrouds. But, owing to the slant of the ship, the thing could not be done. It was obvious that before many minutes something must go—either sails, rigging, or sticks; perhaps the hull itself, and all hands.

Presently a voice from the top exclaimed that there was a rent in the main-top-sail. And instantly we heard a report like two or three muskets discharged together; the vast sail was rent up and down like the Vail of the Temple. This saved the main-mast, for the yard was now clewed down with comparative ease, and the top-men laid out to stow the shattered canvas. Soon, the two remaining topsails were also clewed down and close reefed. . . .

At this time a hurricane of slanting sleet and hail was descending upon us; the rigging was coated with a thin glare of ice, formed within the hour.

"Aloft, main-yard-men! and all you main-top-men! and furl the main-sail!" cried Mad Jack.

I dashed down my hat, slipped out of my quilted jacket in an instant, kicked the shoes from my feet, and, with a crowd of others, sprang for the rigging. . . .

"Up—up, my brave hearties!" shouted Mad Jack; and up we got, some way or other, all of us, and groped our way out on the yard-arms.

"Hold on, every mother's son!" cried an old quarter-gunner at my side. He was bawling at the top of his compass; but in the gale, he seemed to be whispering; and I only heard him from his being right to windward of me.

But his hint was unnecessary; I dug my nails into the *jack-stays*, and swore that nothing but death should part me and them until I was able to turn round and look to windward. As yet, this was impossible; I could scarcely hear the man to leeward at my elbow; the wind seemed to snatch the words from his mouth and fly away with them to the South Pole.

All this while the sail itself was flying about, sometimes catching over our head, and threatening to tear us from the yard in spite of all our hugging. For about three-quarters of an hour we thus hung suspended right over the rampant billows, which curled their very crests under the feet of some four or five of us clinging to the lee-yard-arm, as if to float us from our place.

Presently the word passed along the yard from windward, that we were ordered to come down and leave the sail to blow, since it could not be furled. . . . Strange as it may appear, I do not suppose that, at this moment, the slightest sensation of fear was felt by one man on that yard. We clung to it with might and main; but this was instinct. The truth is, that, in circumstances like these, the sense of fear is annihilated in the unutterable sights that fill all the eye, and the sounds that fill all the ear. You become identified with the tempest; your insignificance is lost in the riot of the stormy universe around.

HERMAN MELVILLE.

(*To be continued*)

The Gorilla

By RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD

"NOT a woman within a hundred and fifty miles," said Steinmetz, the banker.

We were sitting on a pile of iron trusses three thousand feet above sea-level in the Gorgon Pass. Steinmetz had underwritten half of the bonds of the irrigation project, and he was out there to take first-hand information back to the other members of the syndicate.

Behind us was the shadowed, echoing cathedral hall of the giant firs; before us the chasm of the Pass yawned, its cragged top open like the toothed jaws of an upturned mouth, its bottom holding the white foaming thread of the river. The stream, at the site of the irrigation dam, had been picked up in a wooden sluice. On the far side a gigantic wall of white concrete reflected the sunlight, and along its top the black-steel cranes were busy dumping the syrup of stone into new forms. An army of inconsequent black specks around the switching-engines, steam-drills, and rock-crushers shifted its position constantly—spreading, retracting, and re-grouping like bacilli on a microscopic slide. We knew the specks were men.

When the power-house shack gave forth a long puff of snow-white steam, and ten seconds later the shriek of the whistle followed, we saw the bacilli coming up the trail. The day was over; the wops, the Bohunks, and the greasers were returning to their barracks; they would pass us on the way.

"That is not our machine," said Steinmetz, his city-fed, soft-muscled body still sweating from our climb. He had heard the puffing of a motor-car coming up the slope. "No," said he, with his eternally worried banker-face. "A stranger."

A man who had driven the car came walking through the pillared, needle-carpeted grove. He had distinction, but not of manners, for he stood near us for several minutes gazing down at the job without so much as looking at us. Nor was he of agreeable appearance; for, though his clothes were of the best, his body was graceless, and the strength of character in his face was tragic with the suggestion of power gained at the sacrifice of soul.

Without a word of greeting he came to watch the panting labourers, yellow and black with sweat and combustion, file by along the trail with shuffling feet and tinkle of empty dinner-pails; and as each Italian, Slav, Hungarian, or Lett passed, the stranger gazed into the man's face as one who seeks to recognize a lost brother.

"It would surprise us to see Christ walking among them," said he to Steinmetz, sharply.

"No doubt," the banker replied, with the surprise and alarm of the conventional thinker. "These fellows are the scum of Europe."

The stranger pulled back his cuffs and looked first at one wrist, then at the other. His face, we could see, was cold and hard like an iron mask—the face developed by a youth who at twenty-one has set his eyes on the pot of American gold beneath the painted rainbow and ridden at it a lifetime, half blind, and digging spurs into the spirit; only his gray eyes showing human fire burning.

"I now regard the immigrant with terror," said he, gazing steadily at the long-slanted rays on the snowy head of Third Peak. "The German farmer and wife passing the Statue of Liberty are just people coming to America. These specimens walking before us are the real immigrants, sir. It's the male migrating alone from nowhere and in full litters. It has fearful hope in its eyes. It has marched in armies without hate, it has sweated in fields without dreams, and gone over in windrows when the plagues swept it down."

"Talk about the fall of sparrows!" exclaimed Steinmetz, with a shudder.

"It comes to us"—the stranger was musing—"it comes to us half a man. What is your idea of the other half, sir—beast or God?"

The banker spread his mustache back

from his thin lips with his pale fingers and shrugged his shoulders; then, seeing that the stranger was holding a cigar toward him, he took it, examined the red-and-gold band, and clipped the end with a well-manicured nail. One could see that Steinmetz regarded the expensive cigar-band as a recommendation of financial standing.

"I am cutting down on my smoking," the stranger said, rubbing his smooth-shaven, taut, immobile cheeks with the palm of his hand. "I went through the flood at Dayton. It was all blackness, wind, rain, fire, water, chaos—the Terror. It is a bad thing to see the river silt drying on the faces of people who have been caught in second-story rooms. I came out here to forget it."

He had taken out a gold-mounted fountain-pen and a little white card, which he stretched over the rough home-spun cloth on his knee, and over and over again he was writing on the card, so that we could see by covert glances, the name "Evelyn, Evelyn, Evelyn." Steinmetz regarded the man with curiosity and apprehension; he gauged the distance between our perch on the iron girders and the edge of the cliff. He might have feared that the stranger would jump up and wrestle with him nearer and nearer that rim of death.

"You were speaking of immigrants," said the banker, nervously.

"Yes, I was about to tell you the story given me by a woman I know—a very beautiful woman with hair the colour of that sunlight beyond those peaks."

Said he:

Perhaps you know the typical iron industry that squats on the bank of a river in the Middle West. It is like a creature which has come down to drink or wallow in the slime. There are black, steel-guyed chimneys throwing up green smoke, and a spur-track curling like a tail up to the siding where the freight-cars stand with the yard-master's chalk-marks on them. The city is up the river; down the river, the flat marshes are half poisoned with the vapours of chemicals and oil on the waters, and soot. A concrete road runs toward the city, without a tree on it, and hundreds of workmen's cottages of green-gray wood take up the space until the one-story grocery and clothing stores and saloons come along. And there a car-track picks you up. You look back and see swallows diving in the evening air and the flare of red light where the night gang has begun a new pouring-off and a parade of men like these fellows we have just seen comes out of the gate and scatters into side-streets, where the mud swacks beneath the shoes.

It is not a very pretty picture. But to some man it is as beautiful as his own flesh and blood, because it was all done by him; there is a flavour of terrible prosperity—money, money, money! We see the plant and think of private cars, Europe, steam-yachts, society, dollar cigars, new motors. The plant means power and authority for some man—great power, great authority, great pride—and we forget that when the man's shadow no longer falls upon the ground, unless he has bequeathed the world something in spirit, he is forgotten.

It is cruel. It is merciless. All his striving has gone for a few rides in an eighty horse-power "six," and a half-dozen marble columns in front of his show-place in the residence section on the Hill!

The woman had in mind a particular industry exactly as I have described it. And she knew the man. She called the plant the "Fish-Plate, and Metal Tie Company," and the man "John Wolf." It was the story of the development of many successful Americans—such gentlemen as we count among our acquaintances.

She had known Wolf intimately; she could tell of him so that you could see him. There were not any curves in the man—body or mind.

He had been born in Indiana. His father idled, and now and then put on wall-paper for neighbours, but the boy had *steam.* No one knows why those things happen—the difference between father and son. When the youngster was in the days when he fell out of apple-trees, and had the measles, he was the only boy in that town who had begun to sense the American game and plan a drive for a big success. School was not business; he shook his lessons out as a bulldog shakes a rag—mad to toss childhood aside and drive on and drive on!

He began with a railroad—the old Illinois & Indiana Central—in the purchasing department; in five years he was its head. He would not take the graft offered by the supply-houses in exchange for patronage, he would not smoke or drink, and without turning a hair he allowed himself to be promoted into a position which belonged by rights to his best friend—who was on his back with typhoid. Wolf was too shrewd to be dishonest, too selfish to indulge himself, too calculating not to see that the

bigger job was worth more than the better friend, on the road *he* travelled. We Americans drive on—harnessed, covered with foam, blinders on our bridles—stark, staring mad. So was John Wolf.

At twenty-eight he was assistant to the receiver; at thirty he was selling four transcontinental roads the Barr Truck; at thirty-five he was vice-president of the Western Supply Agency; at thirty-nine he was manufacturing fish-plates in the back yard of the American Tube, Derrick and Boiler shops in Chicago; at forty-two he had twice increased the capital of his own plant—the one on the bank of the river; four years later he had the third largest railroad-specialty plant in the country. Six months ago he went to the home of the biggest manganese-steel producer in Pennsylvania, and, standing with his back to the Barbizon pictures in the man's art-gallery, he told him that he must give him a rebate or suffer the presence of a new competitor in the Alleghany field. The man turned white!

Wolf had been too busy to marry—too mad, too wild for commercial power, until he saw his first half-century coming on him. He had one passion—business; it had consumed him.

When he was forty-three he met the woman. She was only a girl, just graduated from a co-educational institution. She had come from New England stock which had immigrated to Minnesota. Her hair was gold, her skin was old ivory, browned with the sun, and on her cheeks the colour showed through, and the inner curve of her elbow was marked delicately with blue veins.

She was interested, in her girlish way, in woman suffrage and economics, but Wolf liked her at first for her laugh, her activity, her health. He was thrilled by her grace. She represented to him youth, joy, the promise of life—all the things he had cast away and now wanted to bring back. He even laughed tolerantly at her tenderness of heart and her interest in human things. These, too, he had thrown from him so he could travel without their weight; but now, though he believed them to be baggage carried by the weak and unsuccessful, when she brought them before him he saw them as pretty playthings. He wanted her as he had wanted his commercial success.

His wealth, power, dominant personality, swept the girl and her humble family off their feet. She married him, and he built a great house on the bluff overlooking the river, with gardens which had to be watered by an electric pumping-plant, and underground tunnels to the servants' quarters and the garage—a three-hundred-thousand-dollar place. Brandt of Rochester was the architect.

He dragged her through Europe in a touring-car while the house was being built, spent money in wads, and wondered why she did not seem happy. He did not know himself that he sought youth. She had sold him hers, and he had taken it. Blind as a poor sick bat he brought her back, showed her once around the Works, showed her buildings, machinery, his office with blue-prints hanging on Circassian-walnut paneling. He took her into the shops where eight hundred men were sweating, among the pots of hot, swaying liquid metal, among the rumbling rollers and shrieking lathes.

She drew her soft white skirts close about her thin, small ankles, and the corners of her mouth were down; he noticed that her lips, which had been full and bright in colour when he married her, had grown pale and were pressed tight upon each other. He was glad when she put her hand through his arm.

"All this is—you," she said.

Later on, as they were going through the gate where their car was waiting for them, with the bored chauffeur half asleep on the front seat, she pointed at a giant of a man with a two-hundred-pound casting slung in his hands in front of him. She and John Wolf stopped to look.

He was one of the immigrants out of the nameless mob that come and go; his great feet, staggering under his weight and that of his burden, crunched the cinders as he swayed along. He was looking down—a creature whose mind is fastened to the ground, whose face is always turned toward the earth from which he has sprung.

From his low, concave forehead short-cropped, wiry hair grew backward, as hair grows from the face of a chimpanzee, and from it sweat poured, channeling the soot upon his skin, running over the ledge of his great jaws and down the cords of his thick neck, which, before they were lost in the wet surface of his armour-plate chest and in the rolls of muscles in his shoulders, stood out like twisted strands of derrick-cable. His eyes were small and buried deep; his ears were large and attached to the flat sides of his enormous skull; his shoulders stooped, and his arms, with huge hands at their extremities, were as thick and

corded as a runner's thighs. They reached below his knees.

"You do not know any of your men?" asked John Wolf's wife.

"Few," answered Wolf. "The plant has grown large. Once I knew most of them. Now more than half my time is spent in New York and Chicago. I'm not at the plant more than two months in a year. I have had to leave the operation to others. The bigger we grow, the farther the top of the business must be from the bottom."

Mrs. Wolf was still gazing at the marvel of the creature's arms.

"Half man, half animal," the industrial king said in an irritated voice. "These Bohunks change their name with every job. If you want this one to have a name I'll give him one. A new sleeveless shirt instead of that grimy one would be more useful. But I'll give him a name."

The woman bit her lip.

"Rolls of muscle are on the shoulders," she said.

Just then the worker dropped his casting on the flatcar, and, turning slowly, brushed the stinging salt drops from his eyes and peered out from under his furnace-singed brows at the man in fine wool and linen and silk, and then at the wife who stood by his side. The interest he took seemed like that of an animal directed at human intruders; in it there seemed to be something of stupid uncomprehension, something of curiosity, and something of sullenness, instinctive hate and fear. Head and neck and body were bent forward as if it would be easy for the man to move off the next moment on all-fours; and the wonderful, powerful, sooted arms were dangling inert and almost to the ground.

"Call him 'the Gorilla'," said John Wolf, to his wife with a laugh.

She still looked at the man.

"Come," said her husband, snapping his watch-case. "I'm going to send you home in the car. I've got to see the superintendent."

She started to protest.

"Business is business," said Wolf, brusquely. And at that time he did not know that later he would recall every little detail of that moment.

Not three weeks afterward he remembered them vaguely when, at four in the afternoon, he was dictating telegrams to each of the three receivers of a road which had carried a large account with Wolf's Chicago selling-agents. Cowper, the superintendent, passed through the office with the company doctor.

"Jim!" called Wolf sharply. "Have we had an accident?"

"Yes, sir. The foreman of the repair gang had the Number 10 crane on that new Babbitt plate-roller. One of the men was reaching over for the guide-rope of the tongs, and the two biggest ratchet-gears fed his right arm and one foot into the space between 'em. They did a finished job."

"Only needs a little trimming at the shoulder," said the doctor, grimly. "The ankle may give more trouble."

"Any liability on us?" Wolf asked.

"No, sir, I think not," said Cowper. "Carelessness of one of the other workmen. We get let out. And, by the way, the C., Q. & B: shipment that their freight department couldn't trace had delivery today at Moline."

"First rate!" said Wolf.

When he had finished with the stenographer he waved his hand to dismiss her, rose, and went to the window. On his face there might have been a look of haunting anxiety. He was worried about his wife. She had not been well. Life no longer seemed to interest her; she was always staring ahead of her as if far away in some day-dreams. And she had lost her colour. Harwick had examined her and found symptoms of valvular irregularity in her heart.

For the first time in his life Wolf realized that something wholly outside of himself might affect him. He had tried to make this young girl love him. He had watched the gains he had made little by little in her affections. No one had ever been fond of him; now he was hungry for it. The possibility of losing his wife and her growing love for him, which so satisfied his soul, made him wince as he stood at the window looking over the mill-yard.

They were taking a man on a stretcher toward an ambulance from St. Anthony's —a man in a blackened, sleeveless shirt, half-covered with a clean sheet, staring white. The man was the Gorilla; Wolf had recognized him.

"I believe I will take her to Chicago tomorrow," said the manufacturer. "Harwick is a good practitioner, but she ought to be seen by a high-priced man."

A month later Wolf came back from Chicago, where he had made a speech before a manufacturers' association. Many men in the iron and steel products trade remember it, though that was nearly four years ago. It was the first speech Wolf

ad ever made. He had always prided imself on being a man of action and not f words; he had prided himself on sticking losely to his business. He had been an ndividualist, with silent, gloating pleasure n his own school of philosophy. He had ever taken much stock in conventions, ssociations, or trade fraternities. But the weeps of applause which had greeted him, he power of his own voice—incisive, cold, ut convincing and stirring—the delight in urning antagonistic minds into the channels f his own purposes, had intoxicated him. ust as late in life he had yearned for the ve of woman; he now had tasted the lood of game brought down by the direct nfluence of his own personality; he had earned the pleasures of making an appeal o the hearts as well as to the minds of nen.

Wolf rubbed his hands. Things were oing well with him. His wife, the Chicago pecialist had said, had no organic disease. Exercise and diversion were the two medi- ines prescribed for her. The manufacturer lanned to take her to Alaska. Spring had ome with orders in plenty; the gross in- ome figures were larger than any previous ear; the ray of sunlight of the new season overed the wide stretches of shops, the ard, the industry itself, so it seemed, with ingers of benediction.

At this moment came Bernard Towle nto the office of Wolf.

"I wish you would let Towle & Benton ave your corporation business without the eal-estate and accident-case law which ou send in to us with it," he said laughing.

He was a large man with a firm mouth— he legal mouth of judges—and a high, ntellectual forehead with one mole at the niddle of it.

"I didn't know there were any unsettled ccident claims," said Wolf, lifting the lid f a polished mahogany cigar-case.

"Only one," the other said. "This man Hagoneska. Right arm and one foot. ingle man. God knows what nationality. A giant of a man—a huge, brutal, low- rowed baboon of a man. Symons, the hystering ambulance-chaser, got hold of im and is talking ten-thousand-dollar- ettlement. We think it is time to put a top to these compromises. There isn't any iability whatever for your company, and f there were it is wiped out by contributory egligence and the carelessness of the man who started the crane moving. You aren't esponsible at law for that. The poor levil won't ever work again, and you can give him something if you want, only this is a good chance to teach Symons a lesson."

"Go ahead and teach him," said Wolf. "Corporations are always being the mark for bleeders. I think I remember the man. We called him the Gorilla."

Towle laughed boisterously. "The Gorilla! That's a good name for him."

Then and there the fortunes of the Gorilla went out of the mind of John Wolf. Towle & Benton sent a neatly typewritten note on their embossed letter-head when the suit was dismissed in the May term of the Circuit Court, and Wolf gave it to Preston for the files.

The day that the manufacturer was planning to leave for Alaska, however, the Gorilla came to see him. The Gorilla tried to smile as he stood at the open wicket gate in the office, leaning with his one great sinewed, sleeve-straining arm on the polished rail. Miss Johnson saw only what was horrible in that concave brow with the tow-colored bristles rising from the forehead, in the small eyes set too near together, and the great hand eight inches wide which seemed designed for the hand of a strangler. And though the stupid, ingratiating smile exposed an even set of white, perfect teeth, even the smile frightened Miss Johnson, and the Gorilla pushed his way into Wolf's Circassian-walnut office without interference.

"Whatcha want?" asked Wolf, staring up in fear at the one-armed, one-footed creature which stood stooping beside the table.

"You no remember me, uh?" asked the Gorilla, showing his beautiful teeth.

"Whatcha want?" repeated the manufacturer.

"I work for you—me. I no can work any more. I no get money. No understand."

"Why didn't you come and see me instead of bringing suit?" asked Wolf, sighing with relief. "We don't owe you anything. It's up to you. You ought to be glad you aren't married."

"I no understand," persisted the Gorilla. "I work for you—me. Now—I no can work. You—Meester Wolf, eh? I no understand."

"What have you been doing since you left the hospital?"

The Gorilla raised the curtain of the western window so that the glowing light of sunset rested on his stupid, expectant face.

"You look. You see city dump over

freight-yard. I pick on dump and get coal—me."

Wolf shrugged his shoulders.

The smile left the Gorilla's face, and his thick lips closed grimly over his great white teeth. He perceived that the interview was at an end. Slowly hopping, and with each movement jarring the office with his weight, he reached his cane in the corner and hobbled out of the office.

John Wolf picked up a yellow telegram:

Drawing-room to Seattle reserved for you on 23d.

NASON.

"First rate!" said the manufacturer. "I was afraid we'd have to take two sections."

Thus Wolf went to Alaska, and the Gorilla went to the city dump.

The city dump is the other side of the high board fence with the painted advertisements of talcum-powder, tobacco, and ready-made clothing. The switching-engines shriek and scream like viragos in the yard on this side of the fence, and on the other side fires burrow as gophers burrow. They eat down into the ashes and feed upon the débris of a city whose population nearly doubles between the censuses. The fires burrow; the little flames lick the night; white wisps of smoke rise in the sunlight; and rain comes and turns everything to a wet, soggy gray, across which horses drawing the city dump-carts tread patiently in time to the curses of the city employees, who move like shadows through the mists of early morning.

On the dump is everything which the city has discarded—the refuse of the great struggle of civilization—the tin cans, litter of paper, torn scraps of letters, broken china, finger rolls of human hair, the abandoned riffraff, dust and ashes. Broken iron and worn-out machinery, rags, and half-burned-out coals are rescued from the débris. Such is the salvage of the dump. And for this salvage the Gorilla must have hopped about for nearly four years on his great ash-bleached shoe or dragged himself with his one great arm.

No one can say—no one will ever know—what the Gorilla learned on the dump. There is time for stupid meditation there. Few come to pick over the ashes, and most of them are children. The Gorilla, it is said, slept over the stable which backs on the dump on the eastern side, but the dump was his. Rain or sun it was his domain. Even the ash-men who came with the eternal procession of blue carts piled with barrel refuse looked upon him as being a part of the dump. The dump was white with the dust of ashes. So was he.

No one will ever know whether in those four years the Gorilla rejoiced because the dump extended farther and farther into the marsh, creating new sites for great industries yet unborn. He may have measured the passage of time by the number of feet by which the dump extended toward the oily river. He may have found scraps of scented letters which he could not read, but yet might half understand through the animal instinct which linked him to his species; he may have discovered with wild joy some coin fallen by chance out of the world's back door; he may have stared at the growing city beyond the wooden fences, always moving nearer with its wall of brick and its windows which were aflame when the sun was setting, and he may have shaken his giant's fist at it until hate had all gone and he clenched his fist no more.

Perhaps he did not hate at all. Perhaps he merely wondered, as all his nameless mob of ancestors had wondered, at life, content with his dump, with the sight of the dump-fires burning red under the black sky where stars burned white, with the smell of the river mists and the sound of the crunching cinders and of the loose paper which rustled as it moved, like a herd of sheep, from one side to the other of the dump with each shift of the wind. He may have found a flower sprouted on the dump and brave enough to blossom there.

Wolf could not answer these questions. He forgot the Gorilla, forgot the dump. *His* was a broad aspect. He looked upon the painted canvas of the whole world and saw no details. Fate, no doubt, planning her schemes, saw little reason to disclose to him that he would see the Gorilla again.

For a time I had no wish to speak of the flood, sir, to any one. It unnerved me. I was at one of the worst points. Not even Dayton had worse than came to us. And even now it seems to me that when I speak of it I am incoherent. I cannot remember the sequence of my own sensations.

Try to think of a wall of brown water suddenly appearing where your motor-car was standing by the curb. A clerk from a store had just put a bundle into the back seat. There comes a second higher wall with a rush of floating things, and screams

ınd shouts all about you. Then the great ıncreasing roar, the rush of water, buckling ıf building walls, the crash of ripping wood, he wind, the cold rain, great structures winging from their bases, darkness, the vailing, the chaos, with faces white with ear and faces white with death staring as hey flick by through that hellish whirlpool ıf the elements.

John Wolf was with his wife on the north ide of the river when the first brown wall ıf water came lifting over the banks and harged through the avenues, turning up ach cross-street as it reached the corners. The two were in the back seat of their Jerrisford "six," and Piccard, the chauffeur hey had picked up in Marseilles, was at he wheel. The manufacturer took the roman's white-gloved hand in his own ınd stood up under the car's canopy, snort-ıg with the instinct of self-preservation.

He could see the settlement of two-story ottages on River Street swallowed in a lirty sea. Up from the bottom came a obbing mass of wreckage—detached win-ow-blinds, loose timbers, strips of fences, ed-clothing, telephone-poles, struggling orses, dogs, and arms of people trapped y the flood. He looked through the space etween the buildings, and across the ex-anse of the river he could see his own ouse with its white-marble pillars—a arbour of safety on the highest point of he South Bluff. He could make out hrough the sheets of rain and the gather-ıg darkness the outlines of Jefferson Jridge.

"Turn here! turn here!" he shouted to Piccard. "The left! the left! Take the ridge. Open her up! Take the bridge!"

The car plowed on through the swash, nd Wolf's wife looked up at him admiringly nd smiled as the machine, speeding in ront of a second rolling onslaught of water, ıet concealed obstructions and leaped ke a live animal in terrorized flight.

"We are having a race," said she, weetly, with full understanding.

Not until they reached the approach to he bridge did they see through the darkness hat the flood had bored through the river-ank where the end piers were still stand-ıg. A black stream poured through the ew channel, and this stream was half of ater, half of wreckage from up the river. t was inevitable that the car would plunge ıto this unfamiliar chasm. All three of he passengers saw this before a new torrent f rain shut out the sight of the yawning rop.

Piccard, climbing over the door of the car, leaped and was gone; the girl clenched her white-gloved hands and smiled sweetly; Wolf, throwing back his head, gave vent to one short howl of anger, fear, and hatred of destiny. Twice the unguided car leaped to the right, to the left, as if it had a desperate indecision of its own, before it threw itself upon the single steel girder which now was the sole connection between the granite piers and the shore. It hung there for a moment, then, with one vicious hiss, dropped out of sight into the torrent.

The woman found herself lying flat upon her back on the half-exposed cap of the granite pier, staring up at the black sky, receiving the downpour of the cold rain full in her face. In her mind was the dim, vague memory of reaching for the girder, of feeling the impact of its hard surface as the car fell out from under her, and of crawling along its narrow top until she could fall flat upon the stone ledge.

She turned over to rest on her hands and knees upon the wet, rough surface of the pier-cap, and to stare down into the swirling brown maze and the network of wire cables which had toppled over from the bridge.

In the West the sky-line had risen like a huge curtain, to project over the wide stretches of devastation the last glow of the day. The rain had lightened to a steady drizzle. The world for the moment was luminous gray, as it appears just before dawn. She brushed her wet hair from her face and stared down at the water, which was now eddying back around the bridge piers not eight feet below her. In this water she saw two men struggling to reach a cable-end which dangled down the girder to a point within an arm's-length of the surface.

"John!" she cried. "John!"

The one to whom she called gave no heed. Helplessly now he clutched at the roots of a tree lodged in the wreckage. His grasp was torn loose. He turned over onto his back and with a cough went under. The other man reached around in the brown silt-laden water, thrusting with his foot, as if to find the body. Again Wolf came to the surface, uttered a cry of despair, and threw his arms about the other's neck. A great hand reached up, clutched the cable's end, and the two men hung with their heads and shoulders above water.

"John!" shrieked the woman. "John!"

Her husband, exhausted and half suffo-

cated, clung desperately to the thick neck on which with interlocked fingers he hung his weight. He did not look up. The woman saw only the face of the other man as he stared at her stupidly. Fate had played her trick—the creature with the huge hand, the long, corded arm as big as a runner's thigh, the concave forehead, the bristling hair, was the Gorilla. His white teeth showed as his lips parted in a simple smile of pleasure.

"Good?" he grunted, inquiringly.

She leaned far down till her face was as near the Gorilla's as she could reach. The roar of the flood still seemed to threaten to drown out her words.

"Hold him! Don't let go!" she commanded.

"Sure," said the Gorilla, grinning like a petted mastiff. "I know him—me—Meester Wolf. Eh?"

"Yes, I'm his wife," she cried. "I love him. Do you hear? I love him. Don't let go. Keep the cable in your hand!"

A wooden beam, riding the crest of a new swirl of the water, hurled itself at the Gorilla's legs. He roared at it in pain and anger. It swung the two men far under the girder. But when Mrs. Wolf looked again, the giant hand with knotted muscles still clung to the cable-end, and her husband's arms still hung about the great, bare, corded neck. The Gorilla, grinning, looked up for her approval.

Night had come. The woman could barely see the shore. She screamed for help. No answer came but the roar of the flood and some bell tolling far away. The wind wrapped her wet clothing about her, and, shut off from all assistance, she shivered in her loneliness.

"John!" she cried. "John!"

The man who swung on the Gorilla's neck looked up, but answered nothing.

"Woman," called the Gorilla, "I fix him. He no let go."

She wrung her hands as she leaned back weakly against the girder-end. Suddenly she saw that these hands were still incased in white-kid gloves; out of the chaos of memory came the picture of her husband standing up in the car and directing Piccard to race along before the wall of brown water. Now, half unconscious, she could hear the Gorilla growl at her husband in a low constant voice.

"Meester Wolf—you listen to me. You no let go. Your woman say you no let go. No, Meester Wolf—you be good fellow—you no let go. It ain't long. You wait, Meester Wolf. No let go my neck, Meester Wolf, pleece. Pleece, Meester Wolf!"

She heard this voice draw farther and farther away until it seemed to rise over the horizon. In a struggle to regain consciousness everything became black, and the blackness roared monotonously. How long she remained in this state Mrs. Wolf will never know. She was brought to her senses by the calling of her name from below.

"Evelyn! Evelyn!" Wolf's voice was repeating feebly.

"I am here," she answered, looking down at the two men through the darkness.

"Good-by," said Wolf, hoarsely. "I can hold on no longer."

"No let go! No let go!" the Gorilla was saying over and over and over again, like a piece of phonetic machinery. "Pleece, Meester Wolf—no let go!"

"My fingers are slipping. The pain is too much. The muscles won't work. My fingers are slipping— Good-by."

The girl kneeling on the edge of the granite cap gazed around once more for possible help at this final moment. Far away on the rise of ground, where she knew the National Hotel and the Ohio Mutual Building had stood, red flames were leaping upward from the brick furnaces toward the sky. They were reflected on the waste of water which had spread far beyond the river-bed and now carried on its surface fantastic flotsam of destruction. Nowhere was there a living creature within sight except those two below her—her husband, with limp body and groaning, delirious voice, and the Gorilla, whose hand still clung to the cable-end and whose broad, flat face still gazed up at her stupidly in the pink light from the conflagration. Upon that face was an expression of eternal patience under dull suffering.

"I can't," moaned Wolf; and one of his hands fell free. The other clutched the cords which strung across the Gorilla's collar-bone.

"Woman! Listen, woman!" panted the Gorilla. "I no can do more. You understand, eh? I no can do more."

She knew that in another moment her husband would drop like a plummet into the depths and be swept away into the chaos.

"Hold him, I tell you!" she screamed, staring down into the Gorilla's face.

"I no can hold heem," came the answer. "See! I no have arm this side."

She pressed her knuckles to her lips and

gnawed at the wet, shiny kid-leather which covered them. The Gorilla was still staring up at her. Light from the red flames on the hill illuminated his head and shoulders, and for the first time she could see that he had no coat, that his face was convulsed with grim agony, that the giant arm which hung to the cable-end had turned white as marble because the heart and arteries had long since failed to pump the circulation into it. There were black spots on the skin of his thick neck where blood had settled beneath the pressure of Wolf's fingers. She saw them as the Gorilla, with a groan, looked up again and, trying to smile, showed his teeth once more.

"The teeth!" cried Mrs. Wolf. "Your teeth! He is slipping. Take his sleeve in your teeth!"

The face of the Gorilla, pink in the firelight, broke into a smile, and immediately he bent his head, feeling with his lips for a hold upon the arm of the other man. He could not reach it. He growled. Then, with a writhing of his great body and a final tightening of his arm-muscles, he pulled himself upward, shook loose the hand which clung to his neck, snapped like a dog at the wristbones of John Wolf, and buried his teeth in the flesh.

Wolf was unconscious. He swung limply in the water and made no outcry. His wife, however, stared over the edge at the two bodies swaying below, and for centuries, it seemed, she gazed down. With spoken words she could not have done more to exhort the workman to endure. With no language known to him could he have given her greater pledge of his purpose.

A falling wall in the fire on the hill sent a volcanic explosion of sparks into the black sky; after they had gone the light of the flames no longer illuminated the bridge pier and the water and floating débris below. Mrs. Wolf for a long time lay stretched out, with her eyes peering over the edge and her hanging hair swinging in the gusts of wind. She knew the men were still there at the cable's end, because she heard her husband's moans and the grunts of pain from the thick lips of the Gorilla.

At about midnight she saw moving lights along the river-bank, and without changing the position of her body she turned her head to direct scream after scream toward the men who carried them.

They came to her at last, over boards which they rested on the girder's end. Their swinging lanterns threw strange shadows on the water below.

"My husband—John Wolf!" she cried, pointing downward.

"Hand me the rope, Joe," said one of the hoarse voices. "There's a guy down here, and if I can slip a loop under his arms we'll get him. . . . That's good. Haul him up. He's alive, all right. Somethin's cut him on the wrist."

Evelyn stared at her husband's white face as one of the men held his light over it.

"Where's the other?" she cried, suddenly. "Where's the other—the other man?"

"Somebody else?" asked one of the men. "Where?"

Evelyn snatched the lantern from his hand. She fell on her hands and knees again, lowering the flickering flame toward the water.

She was the woman, sir, who told me this story. She held the lantern below the girder and saw the light reflected on the brown torrent. She saw the broken riffraff of the flood racing down-stream. She saw the cable dangling there. But the Gorilla—the unnamed creature, out of nowhere, going into nowhere—he wasn't there.

The stranger, stopping suddenly, looked up at Steinmetz inquiringly. The banker stared back at him.

In a shrub clinging to the edge of the precipice above the Gorgon Pass a mountain bird sang its evening song, and then from the depth of the valley arose the sound of a mechanic's hammer in the hand of one of the repair gang on the job. A long shaft of sunset entering the shadowed valley rested for a moment on the stranger's iron face.

"Nothing but the spirit counts," said he. "Accumulate what you will: if, when you go, that is all you have left, you have left nothing. Nothing of a man remains but the immortal mark of the spirit. Only love lives on."

Getting up, he pulled his Norfolk jacket down about his heavy body and drew both cuffs of his soft flannel shirt from his wrists. Upon the upper side of his left arm, clearly defined, was a newly healed scar—the imprint of an even set of human teeth.

Nodding a farewell to us, with his lifeless, expressionless face, he strolled back into the shadowed cathedral hall of the giant firs.

The Tenth Muse: *Advertisa*

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The Virgin of Chartres

By HENRY ADAMS

Henry Adams

WE MUST take ten minutes to accustom our eyes to the light, and we had better use them to seek the reason why we come to Chartres rather than to Rheims or Amiens or Bourges, for the cathedral that fills our ideal. The truth is, there are several reasons; there generally are, for doing the things we like; and after you have studied Chartres to the ground, and got your reasons settled, you will never find an antiquarian to agree with you; the architects will probably listen to you with contempt; and even these excellent priests, whose kindness is great, whose patience is heavenly, and whose good opinion you would so gladly gain, will turn from you with pain, if not with horror. The Gothic is singular in this; one seems easily at home in the Renaissance; one is not too strange in the Byzantine; as for the Roman, it is ourselves; and we could walk blindfolded through every chink and cranny of the Greek mind; all these styles seem modern, when we come close to them; but the Gothic gets away. No two men think alike about it, and no woman agrees with either man. The Church itself never agreed about it, and the architects agree even less than the priests. To most minds it casts too many shadows; it wraps itself in mystery; and when people talk of mystery, they commonly mean fear. To others, the Gothic seems hoary with age and decrepitude, and its shadows mean death. What is curious to watch is the fanatical conviction of the Gothic enthusiast, to whom the twelfth century means exuberant youth, the eternal child of Wordsworth, over whom its immortality broods like the day; it is so simple and yet so complicated; it sees so much and so little; it loves so many toys and cares for so few necessities; its youth is so young, its age so old, and its youthful yearning for old thought is so disconcerting, like the mysterious senility of the baby that—

> Deaf and silent, reads the eternal deep,
> Haunted forever by the eternal mind.

One need not take it more seriously than one takes the baby itself. Our amusement is to play with it, and to catch its meaning in its smile; and whatever Chartres may be now, when young it was a smile. To the Church, no doubt, its cathedral here has a fixed and administrative meaning, which is the same as that of every other bishop's seat and with which we have nothing whatever to do. To us, it is a child's fancy; a toy-house to please the Queen of Heaven,—to please her so much that she would be happy in it,—to charm her till she smiled.

The Queen Mother was as majestic as you like; she was absolute; she could be stern; she was not above being angry; but she was still a woman, who loved grace, beauty, ornament,—her toilette, robes, jewels;—who considered the arrangements of her palace with attention, and liked both light and colour; who kept a keen eye on her Court, and exacted prompt and willing obedience from king and archbishops as well as from beggars and drunken priests. She protected her friends and punished her enemies. She required space, beyond what was known in the Courts of kings, because she was liable at all times to have ten thousand people begging her for favours—mostly inconsistent with law—and deaf to refusal. She was extremely sensitive to neglect, to disagreeable impressions, to want of intelligence in her surroundings. She was the greatest artist, as she was the greatest philosopher and musician and theologist, that ever lived on earth, except her Son, Who, at Chartres, is still an Infant under her guardianship. Her taste was infallible:

her sentence eternally final. This church was built for her in this spirit of simple-minded, practical, utilitarian faith—in this singleness of thought, exactly as a little girl sets up a doll-house for her favourite blond doll. Unless you can go back to your dolls, you are out of place here. If you can go back to them, and get rid for one small hour of the weight of custom, you shall see Chartres in glory.

The palaces of earthly queens were hovels compared with these palaces of the Queen of Heaven at Chartres, Paris, Laon, Noyon, Rheims, Amiens, Rouen, Bayeux, Coutances,—a list that might be stretched into a volume. The nearest approach we have made to a palace was the Merveille at Mont-Saint-Michel, but no Queen had a palace equal to that. The Merveille was built, or designed, about the year 1200; toward the year 1500, Louis XI built a great castle at Loches in Touraine, and there Queen Anne de Bretagne had apartments which still exist, and which we will visit. At Blois you shall see the residence which served for Catherine de Medicis till her death in 1589. Anne de Bretagne was trebly queen, and Catherine de Medicis took her standard of comfort from the luxury of Florence. At Versailles you can see the apartments which the queens of the Bourbon line occupied through their century of magnificence. All put together, and then trebled in importance, could not rival the splendour of any single cathedral dedicated to Queen Mary in the thirteenth century; and of them all, Chartres was built to be peculiarly and exceptionally her delight.

One has grown so used to this sort of loose comparison, this reckless waste of words that one no longer adopts an idea unless it is driven in with hammers of statistics and columns of figures. With the irritating demand for literal exactness and perfectly straight lines which lights up every truly American eye, you will certainly ask when this exaltation of Mary began, and unless you get the dates, you will doubt the facts. It is your own fault if they are tiresome; you might easily read them all in the "Iconographie de la Sainte Vierge," by M. Rohault de Fleury, published in 1878. You can start at Byzantium with the Empress Helena in 326, or with the Council of Ephesus in 431. You will find the Virgin acting as the patron saint of Constantinople and of the Imperial residence, under as many names as Artemis or Aphrodite had borne. As Godmother (*Theometer*); Deipara (*Theotokos*), Pathfinder (*'Odegetria*), she was the chief favourite of the Eastern Empire, and her picture was carried at the head of every procession and hung on the wall of every hut and hovel, as it is still wherever the Greek Church goes. In the year 610, when Heraclius sailed from Carthage to dethrone Phocas at Constantinople, his ships carried the image of the Virgin at their mastheads. In 1143, just before the flèche on the Chartres clocher was begun, the Basileus John Comnenus died, and so devoted was he to the Virgin that, on a triumphal entry into Constantinople, he put the image of the Mother of God in his chariot, while he himself walked. In the Western Church the Virgin had always been highly honoured, but it was not until the crusades that she began to overshadow the Trinity itself. Then her miracles became more frequent and her shrines more frequented, so that Chartres, soon after 1100, was rich enough to build its western portal with Byzantine splendour. A proof of the new outburst can be read in the story of Citeaux. For us, Citeaux means Saint Bernard, who joined the Order in 1112, and in 1115 founded his Abbey of Clairvaux in the territory of Troyes. In him, the religious emotion of the half century between the first and second crusades (1095-1145) centered as in no one else. He was a French precursor of Saint Francis of Assisi who lived a century later. If we were to plunge into the story of Citeaux and Saint Bernard we should never escape, for Saint Bernard incarnates what we are trying to understand, and his mind is further from us than the architecture. You would lose hold of everything actual, if you could comprehend in its contradictions the strange mixture of passion and caution, the austerity, the self-abandonment, the vehemence, the restraint, the love, the hate, the miracles, and the scepticism of Saint Bernard. The Cistercian Order, which was founded in 1098, from the first put all its churches under the special protection of the Virgin, and Saint Bernard in his time was regarded as the apple of the Virgin's eye. Tradition as old as the twelfth century, which long afterwards gave to Murillo the subject of a famous painting, told that once, when he was reciting before her statue the "Ave Maris Stella," and came to the words, "Monstra te esse Matrem," the image, pressing its breast, dropped on the lips of her servant three drops of the milk which had nourished the Saviour. The same miracle, in various forms, was told of many other persons, both saints and sinners; but

it made so much impression on the mind of the sage that, in the fourteenth century, Dante, seeking in Paradise for some official introduction to the foot of the Throne, found no intercessor with the Queen of Heaven more potent than Saint Bernard. You can still read Bernard's hymns to the Virgin, and even his sermons, if you like. To him she was the great mediator. In the eyes of a culpable humanity, Christ was too sublime, too terrible, too just, but not even the weakest human frailty could fear to approach his Mother. Her attribute was humility; her love and pity were infinite. "Let him deny your mercy who can say that he has ever asked it in vain."

Saint Bernard was emotional and to a certain degree mystical, like Adam de Saint-Victor, whose hymns were equally famous, but the emotional saints and mystical poets were not by any means allowed to establish exclusive rights to the Virgin's favour. Abelard was as devoted as they were, and wrote hymns as well. Philosophy claimed her, and Albert the Great, the head of scholasticism, the teacher of Thomas Aquinas, decided in her favour the question: "Whether the Blessed Virgin possessed perfectly the seven liberal arts." The Church at Chartres had decided it a hundred years before by putting the seven liberal arts next her throne, with Aristotle himself to witness; but Albertus gave the reason: "I hold that she did, for it is written, 'Wisdom has built herself a house, and has sculptured seven columns.' That house is the blessed Virgin; the seven columns are the seven liberal arts. Mary, therefore, had perfect mastery of science." Naturally she had also perfect mastery of economics, and most of her great churches were built in economic centres. The guilds were, if possible, more devoted to her than the monks; the bourgeoisie of Paris, Rouen, Amiens, Laon, spent money by millions to gain her favour. Most surprising of all, the great military class was perhaps the most vociferous. Of all inappropriate haunts for the gentle, courteous, pitying Mary, a field of battle seems to be the worst, if not distinctly blasphemous; yet the greatest French warriors insisted on her leading them into battle, and in the actual mêlée when men were killing each other, on every battlefield in Europe, for at least five hundred years, Mary was present, leading both sides. The battle-cry of the famous Constable du Guesclin was "Notre-Dame-Guesclin"; "Notre-Dame-Coucy" was the cry of the great Sires de Coucy; "Notre-Dame-Auxerre"; "Notre-Dame-Sancerre"; "Notre-Dame-Hainault"; "Notre-Dame-Gueldres"; "Notre-Dame-Bourbon"; "Notre-Dame-Bearn";—all well-known battle-cries. The King's own battle at one time cried, "Notre-Dame-Saint-Denis-Montjoie"; the Dukes of Burgundy cried, "Notre-Dame-Bourgogne"; and even the soldiers of the Pope were said to cry, "Notre-Dame-Saint-Pierre."

The measure of this devotion, which proves to any religious American mind, beyond possible cavil, its serious and practical reality, is the money it cost. According to statistics, in the single century between 1170 and 1270, the French built eighty cathedrals and nearly five hundred churches of the cathedral class, which would have cost, according to an estimate made in 1840, more than five thousand millions to replace. Five thousand million francs is a thousand million dollars, and this covered only the great churches of a single country. The same scale of expenditure had been going on since the year 1000, and almost every parish in France had rebuilt its church in stone; to this day France is strewn with the ruins of this architecture, and yet the still preserved churches of the eleventh and twelfth centuries, among the churches that belong to the Romanesque and Transition period, are numbered by hundreds until they reach well into the thousands. The share of this capital which was—if one may use a commercial figure—invested in the Virgin cannot be fixed, any more than the total sum given to religious objects between 1000 and 1300; but in a spiritual and artistic sense, it was almost the whole, and expressed an intensity of conviction never again reached by any passion, whether of religion, of loyalty, of patriotism or of wealth; perhaps, never even parallelled by any single economic effort except in war. Nearly every great church of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries belonged to Mary, until in France one asks for the Church of Notre Dame as though it meant cathedral; but, not satisfied with this, she contracted the habit of requiring in all churches a chapel of her own, called in English the "Lady Chapel," which was apt to be as large as the church but was always meant to be handsomer; and there, behind the high altar in her own private apartment, Mary sat, receiving her innumerable suppliants and ready at any moment to step up upon the high altar itself to support the tottering authority of the local saint.

Expenditure like this rests invariably on an economic idea. Just as the French of the nineteenth century invested their surplus capital in a railway system in the belief that they would make money by it in this life, in the thirteenth they trusted their money to the Queen of Heaven because of their belief in her power to repay it with interest in the life to come. The investment was based on the power of Mary as Queen rather than on any orthodox Church conception of the Virgin's legitimate station. Papal Rome never greatly loved Byzantine empresses or French queens. The Virgin of Chartres was never wholly sympathetic to the Roman Curia. To this day the Church writers—like the Abbé Bulteau or M. Rohault de Fleury—are singularly shy of the true Virgin of majesty, whether at Chartres or at Byzantium or wherever she is seen. The fathers Martin and Cahier at Bourges alone felt her true value. Had the Church controlled her, the Virgin would perhaps have remained prostrate at the foot of the Cross. Dragged by a Byzantine Court, backed by popular insistence and impelled by overpowering self-interest, the Church accepted the Virgin throned and crowned, seated by Christ, the Judge throned and crowned; but even this did not wholly satisfy the French of the thirteenth century, who seemed bent on absorbing Christ in His Mother, and making the Mother the Church, and Christ the Symbol.

The Church had crowned and enthroned her almost from the beginning, and could not have dethroned her if it would. In all Christian art—sculpture or mosaic, painting or poetry—the Virgin's rank was expressly asserted. Saint Bernard, like John Comnenus, and probably at the same time (1120-40), chanted hymns to the Virgin as Queen:—

O salutaris Virgo Stelle Maris
Generans prolem, Æquitatis solem,
Lucis auctorem, Retinens pudorem,
Suscipe laudem!

Celi Regina Per quam medicina
Datur ægrotis, Gratia devotis,
Gaudium mœstis, Mundo lux cœlestis,
Spesque salutis;
Aula regalis, Virgo specialis,
Posce medelam Nobis et tutelam,
Suscipe vota, Precibusque cuncta
Pelle molesta![1]

As the lyrical poet of the twelfth century, Adam de Saint-Victor seems to have held rank higher if possible than that of Saint Bernard, and his hymns on the Virgin are certainly quite as emphatic an assertion of her majesty:—

Imperatrix supernorum!
Superatrix infernorum;
Eligenda via cœli,
Retinenda spe fideli,
Separatos a te longe
Revocatos ad te junge
Tuorum collegio![2]

To delight in the childish jingle of the medieval Latin is a sign of a futile mind, no doubt, and I beg pardon of you and of the Church for wasting your precious summer day on poetry which was regarded as mystical in its age and which now sounds like a nursery rhyme; but a verse or two of Adam's hymn on the Assumption of the Virgin completes the record of her rank, and goes to complete also the documentary proof of her majesty at Chartres:—

Salve, Mater Salvatoris!
Vas electum! Vas honoris!
Vas cœlestis Gratiæ!
Ab æterno Vas provisum!
Vas insigne! Vas excisum
Manu sapientiæ!

Salve, Mater pietatis,
Et totius Trinitatis
Nobile Triclinium!
Verbi tamen incarnati
Speciale majestati
Præparans hospitium!

O Maria! Stella maris!
Dignitate singularis,
Super omnes ordinaris
Ordines cœlestium!
In supremo sita poli
Nos commenda tuæ proli,
Ne terrores sive doli
Nos supplantent hostium![3]

Constantly—one might better say at once, officially, she was addressed in these terms of supreme majesty: "Imperatrix supernorum!" "Cœli Regina!" "Aula

[1] O saviour Virgin, Star of Sea,
Who bore for child the Son of Justice,
The source of Light, Virgin always
Hear our praise!

Queen of Heaven who have given
Medicine to the sick, Grace to the devout,
Joy to the sad, Heaven's light to the world
And hope of salvation;

Court royal, Virgin typical,
Grant us cure and guard,
Accept our vows, and by prayers
Drive all griefs away!

[2] Empress of the highest,
Mistress over the lowest,
Chosen path of Heaven,
Held fast by faithful hope,
Those separated from you far,
Recalled to you, unite
In your fold!

[3] Mother of our Saviour, hail!
Chosen vessel! Sacred Grail!
Font of celestial grace!
From eternity forethought!
By the hand of Wisdom wrought!
Precious, faultless Vase!
Hail, Mother of Divinity!
Hail, Temple of the Trinity!
Home of the Triune God!
In whom the Incarnate Word had birth,
The King! to whom you gave on earth
Imperial abode.

Oh Maria! Constellation!
Inspiration! Elevation!
Rule and Law and Ordination
Of the angels' host!
Highest height of God's Creation,
Pray your Son's commiseration,
Lest, by fear or fraud, salvation
For our souls be lost!

regalis!" but the twelfth century seemed determined to carry the idea out to its logical conclusion in defiance of dogma. Not only was the Son absorbed in the Mother, or represented as under her guardianship, but the Father fared no better, and the Holy Ghost followed. The poets regarded the Virgin as the "Templum Trinitatis"; "totius Trinitatis nobile Triclinium." She was the refectory of the Trinity—the "Triclinium"—because the refectory was the largest room and contained the whole of the members, and was divided in three parts by two rows of columns. She was the "Templum Trinitatis," the Church itself, with its triple aisle. The Trinity was absorbed in her.

This is a delicate subject in the Church, and you must feel it with delicacy, without brutally insisting on its necessary contradictions. All theology and all philosophy are full of contradictions quite as flagrant and far less sympathetic. This particular variety of religious faith is simply human, and had made its appearance in one form or another in nearly all religions; but though the twelfth century carried it to an extreme, and at Chartres you see it in its most charming expression, we have got always to make allowances for what was going on beneath the surface in men's minds, consciously or unconsciously, and for the latent scepticism which lurks behind all faith. The Church itself never quite accepted the full claims of what was called Mariolatry. One may be sure, too, that the bourgeois capitalist and the student of the schools, each from his own point of view, watched the Virgin with anxious interest; the bourgeois had put an enormous share of his capital into what was in fact an economical speculation, not unlike the South Sea Scheme, or the railway system of our own time; except that in one case the energy was devoted to shortening the road to Heaven; in the other, to shortening the road to Paris; but no serious schoolman could have felt entirely convinced that God would enter into a business partnership with man, to establish a sort of joint-stock society for altering the operation of divine and universal law. The bourgeois cared little for the philosophical doubt if the economical result proved to be good, but he watched this result with his usual practical sagacity, and required an experience of only about three generations (1200-1300) to satisfy himself that relics were not certain in their effects; that the Saints were not always able or willing to help; that Mary herself could not certainly be bought or bribed; that prayer without money seemed to be quite as efficacious as prayer with money; and that neither the road to Heaven or Heaven itself had been made surer or brought nearer by an investment of capital which amounted to the best part of the wealth of France. Economically speaking, he became satisfied that his enormous money-investment had proved to be an almost total loss, and the reaction on his mind was as violent as the emotion. For three hundred years it prostrated France. The efforts of the bourgeoisie and the peasantry to recover their property, so far as it was recoverable, have lasted to the present day, and we had best take care not to get mixed in those passions.

If you are to get the full enjoyment of Chartres, you must, for the time, believe in Mary as Bernard and Adam did, and feel her presence as the architects did, in every stone they placed, and every touch they chiselled. You must try first to rid your mind of the traditional idea that the Gothic is an intentional expression of religious gloom. The necessity for light was the motive of the Gothic architects. They needed light and always more light, until they sacrificed safety and common sense in trying to get it. They converted their walls into windows, raised their vaults, diminished their piers, until their churches could no longer stand. You will see the limits at Beauvais; at Chartres we have not got so far, but even here, in places where the Virgin wanted it,—as above the high altar, —the architect has taken all the light there was to take. For the same reason, fenestration became the most important part of the Gothic architect's work, and at Chartres was uncommonly interesting because the architect was obliged to design a new system, which should at the same time satisfy the laws of construction and the taste and imagination of Mary. No doubt the first command of the Queen of Heaven was for light, but the second, at least equally imperative, was for colour. Any earthly queen, even though she were not Byzantine in taste, loved colour; and the truest of queens—the only true Queen of Queens—had richer and finer taste in colour than the queens of fifty earthly kingdoms, as you will see when we come to the immense effort to gratify her in the glass of her windows. Illusion for illusion,—granting for the moment that Mary was an illusion,—the Virgin Mother in this instance repaid to her worshippers a larger return for their money than the capitalist has ever been

able to get, at least in this world, from any other illusion of wealth which he has tried to make a source of pleasure and profit.

The next point on which Mary evidently insisted was the arrangement for her private apartments, the apse, as distinguished from her throne-room of the public, which was the nave with its enlargements in the transepts. This arrangement marks the distinction between churches built as shrines for the deity and churches built as halls of worship for the public. The difference is chiefly in the apse, and the apse of Chartres is the most interesting of all apses from this point of view.

The Virgin required chiefly these three things, or, if you like, these four; space, light, convenience; and colour decoration to unite and harmonize the whole. This concerns the interior; on the exterior she required statuary, and the only complete system of decorative sculpture that existed seems to belong to her churches:—Paris, Rheims, Amiens, and Chartres. Mary required all this magnificence at Chartres for herself alone, not for the public. As far as one can see into the spirit of the builders, Chartres was exclusively intended for the Virgin, as the Temple of Abydos was intended for Osiris. The wants of man, beyond a mere roof-cover, and perhaps space to some degree, enter to no very great extent into the problem of Chartres. Man came to render homage or to ask favours. The Queen received him in her palace, where she alone was at home, and alone gave commands.

The artist's second thought was to exclude from his work everything that could displease Mary; and since Mary differed from living queens only in infinitely greater majesty and refinement, the artist could admit only what pleased the actual taste of the great ladies who dictated taste at the Courts of France and England, which surrounded the little Court of the Counts of Chartres. What they were—these women of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries—we shall have to see or seek in other directions; but Chartres is perhaps the most magnificent and permanent monument they left of their taste, and we can begin here with learning certain things which they were not.

In the first place, they were not in the least vague, dreamy, or mystical in a modern sense;—far from it! They seemed anxious only to throw the mysteries into a blaze of light; not so much physical, perhaps,—since they, like all women, liked moderate shadow for their toilettes,—but luminous in the sense of faith. There is nothing about Chartres that you would think mystical, who know your Lohengrin, Siegfried, and Parsifal. If you care to make a study of the whole literature of the subject, read M. Mâle's "Art Religieux du XIII^{e} Siêcle en France," and use it for a guide-book. Here you need only note how symbolic and how simple the sculpture is, on the portals and porches. Even what seems a grotesque or an abstract idea is no more than the simplest child's personification. On the walls you may have noticed the *Ane qui vielle*,—the ass playing the lyre; and on all the old churches you can see "bestiaries," as they were called, of fabulous animals, symbolic or not; but the symbolism is as simple as the realism of the oxen at Laon. It gave play to the artist in his effort for variety of decoration, and it amused the people,—probably the Virgin also was not above being amused;—now and then it seems about to suggest what you would call an esoteric meaning, that is to say, a meaning which each one of us can consider private property reserved for our own amusement, and from which the public is excluded; yet, in truth, in the Virgin's churches the public is never excluded, but invited. The Virgin even had the additional charm to the public that she was popularly supposed to have no very marked fancy for priests as such; she was a queen, a woman, and a mother, functions, all, which priests could not perform. Accordingly, she seems to have had little taste for mysteries of any sort, and even the symbols that seem most mysterious were clear to every old peasant-woman in her church. The most pleasing and promising of them all is the woman's figure you saw on the front of the cathedral in Paris; her eyes bandaged; her head bent down; her crown falling; without cloak or royal robe; holding in her hand a guidon or banner with its staff broken in more than one place. On the opposite pier stands another woman, with royal mantle, erect and commanding. The symbol is so graceful that one is quite eager to know its meaning; but every child in the Middle Ages would have instantly told you that the woman with the falling crown meant only the Jewish Synagogue, as the one with the royal robe meant the Church of Christ.

Another matter for which the female taste seemed not much to care was theology in the metaphysical sense. Mary troubled herself little about theology except when she retired into the south transept with Pierre de Dreux. Even there one finds little said

about the Trinity, always the most metaphysical subtlety of the Church. Indeed, you might find much amusement here in searching the cathedral for any distinct expression at all of the Trinity as a dogma recognized by Mary. One cannot take seriously the idea that the three doors, the three portals, and the three aisles express the Trinity, because, in the first place, there was no rule about it; churches might have what portals and aisles they pleased; both Paris and Bourges have five; the doors themselves are not allotted to the three members of the Trinity, nor are the portals; while another more serious objection is that the side doors and aisles are not of equal importance with the central, but mere adjuncts and dependencies, so that the architect who had misled the ignorant public into accepting so black a heresy would have deserved the stake, and would probably have gone to it. Even this suggestion of trinity is wanting in the transepts, which have only one aisle, and in the choir, which has five, as well as five or seven chapels, and, as far as an ignorant mind can penetrate, no triplets whatever. Occasionally, no doubt, you will discover in some sculpture or window, a symbol of the Trinity, but this discovery itself amounts to an admission of its absence as a controlling idea, for the ordinary worshipper must have been at least as blind as we are, and to him, as to us, it would have seemed a wholly subordinate detail. Even if the Trinity, too, is anywhere expressed, you will hardly find here an attempt to explain its metaphysical meaning—not even a mystic triangle.

The church is wholly given up to the Mother and the Son. The Father seldom appears; the Holy Ghost still more rarely. At least, this is the impression made on an ordinary visitor who has no motive to be orthodox; and it must have been the same with the thirteenth-century worshipper who came here with his mind absorbed in the perfections of Mary. Chartres represents, not the Trinity, but the identity of the Mother and Son. The Son represents the Trinity, which is thus absorbed in the Mother. The idea is not orthodox, but this is no affair of ours. The Church watches over its own.

The Virgin's wants and tastes, positive and negative, ought now to be clear enough to enable you to feel the artist's sincerity in trying to satisfy them; but first you have still to convince yourselves of the people's sincerity in employing the artists. This point is the easiest of all, for the evidence is express. In the year 1145, when the old flèche was begun,—the year before Saint Bernard preached the second crusade at Vézelay—Abbot Haimon, of Saint-Pierre-sur-Dives in Normandy, wrote to the monks of Tutbury Abbey in England a famous letter to tell of the great work which the Virgin was doing in France and which began at the Church of Chartres. "Hujus sacræ institutionis ritus apud Carnotensem ecclesiam est inchoatus." From Chartres it had spread through Normandy, where it produced among other things the beautiful spire which we saw at Saint-Pierre-sur-Dives. "Postremo per totam fere Normanniam longe lateque convaluit ac loca per singula Matri misericordiæ dicata præcipue occupavit." The movement affected especially the places devoted to Mary, but ran through all Normandy, far and wide. Of all Mary's miracles, the best attested, next to the preservation of her church, is the building of it; not so much because it surprises us as because it surprised even more the people of the time and the men who were its instruments. Such deep popular movements are always surprising, and at Chartres the miracle seems to have occurred three times, coinciding more or less with the dates of the crusades, and taking the organization of a crusade, as Archbishop Hugo of Rouen described it in a letter to Bishop Thierry of Amiens. The most interesting part of this letter is the evident astonishment of the writer, who might be talking to us today, so modern is he:—

"The inhabitants of Chartres have combined to aid in the construction of their church by transporting the materials; our Lord has rewarded their humble zeal by miracles which have roused the Normans to imitate the piety of their neighbours. . . . Since then the faithful of our diocese and of other neighbouring regions have formed associations for the same object; they admit no one into their company unless he has been to confession, has renounced enmities and revenges, and has reconciled himself with his enemies. That done, they elect a chief, under whose direction they conduct their waggons in silence and with humility."

The quarries at Berchères-l'Evêque are about five miles from Chartres. The stone is excessively hard, and was cut in blocks of considerable size, as you can see for yourselves; blocks which required great effort to transport and lay in place. The work

was done with feverish rapidity, as it still shows, but it is the solidest building of the age, and without a sign of weakness yet. The Abbot told, with more surprise than pride, of the spirit which was built into the cathedral with the stone:—

"Who has ever seen!—Who has ever heard tell, in times past, that powerful princes of the world, that men brought up in honour and in wealth, that nobles, men and women, have bent their proud and haughty necks to the harness of carts, and that, like beasts of burden, they have dragged to the abode of Christ these waggons, loaded with wines, grains, oil, stone, wood, and all that is necessary for the wants of life, or for the construction of the church? But while they draw these burdens, there is one thing admirable to observe; it is that often when a thousand persons and more are attached to the chariots,—so great is the difficulty,—yet they march in such silence that not a murmur is heard, and truly if one did not see the thing with one's eyes, one might believe that among such a multitude there was hardly a person present. When they halt on the road, nothing is heard but the confession of sins, and pure and suppliant prayer to God to obtain pardon. At the voice of the priests who exhort their hearts to peace, they forget all hatred, discord is thrown far aside, debts are remitted, the unity of hearts is established. But if any one is so far advanced in evil as to be unwilling to pardon an offender, or if he rejects the counsel of the priest who has piously advised him, his offering is instantly thrown from the wagon as impure, and he himself ignominously and shamefully excluded from the society of the holy. There one sees the priests who preside over each chariot exhort every one to penitence, to confession of faults, to the resolution of better life! There one sees old people, young people, little children, calling on the Lord with a suppliant voice, and uttering to Him, from the depth of the heart, sobs and sighs with words of glory and praise! After the people, warned by the sound of trumpets and the sight of banners, have resumed their road, the march is made with such ease that no obstacle can retard it. . . . When they have reached the church they arrange the waggons about it like a spiritual camp, and during the whole night they celebrate the watch by hymns and canticles. On each waggon they light tapers and lamps; they place there the infirm and sick, and bring them the precious relics of the Saints for their relief. Afterwards the priests and clerics close the ceremony by processions which the people follow with devout heart, imploring the clemency of the Lord and of his Blessed Mother for the recovery of the sick."

Of course, the Virgin was actually and constantly present during all this labour, and gave her assistance to it, but you would get no light on the architecture from listening to an account of her miracles, nor do they heighten the effect of popular faith. Without the conviction of her personal presence, men would not have been inspired; but, to us, it is rather the inspiration of the art which proves the Virgin's presence, and we can better see the conviction of it in the work than in the words. Every day, as the work went on, the Virgin was present, directing the architects, and it is this direction that we are going to study, if you have now got a realizing sense of what it meant. Without this sense, the church is dead. Most persons of a deeply religious nature would tell you emphatically that nine churches out of ten actually were dead-born, after the thirteenth century, and that church architecture became a pure matter of mechanism and mathematics; but that is a question for you to decide when you come to it; and the pleasure consists not in seeing the death, but in feeling the life.

Now let us look about!

FIREFLIES glowing in the velvet dark
mean nothing in the young life of the
yearning moth;

But a flaring candle, greasy, smoking,
emitting odours of rancid tallow,
is mistaken by this same moth
for the star of its heart's desire.

Nevertheless, what the moth learns from
the flame may recompense it
in the karma beyond.

T. K. HEDRICK.

The Wicked Prince

By HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

ONCE upon a time, there was a wicked and haughty prince, whose thoughts constantly dwelt on how he might subjugate all the nations of the earth, and make his name a terror to all men. He ravaged with fire and sword; his soldiers trod down the grain in the fields; they put the torch to the peasant's cottage, so that the red flame licked the very leaves from the trees, and the fruit hung roasted from the black and singed limbs. Many a poor mother, with her naked babe, hid away behind the smoking ruins, and the soldiers sought her, and found her and the child, and then began their devilish sport: the demons of the pit could do no worse; but the Prince found it all to his liking; day by day he grew mightier, his name was feared by everybody, and good fortune came upon him to his heart's content. From the conquered cities he carried away gold and great treasure, and amassed in his capital such riches as were never before found together in one place. Then he built superb palaces, temples, and arches; and whoever saw his magnificence, exclaimed, "What a great Prince!"—never thinking of the desolation he had brought over many lands, nor listening to the groans and wailings that arose from the cities which fire had laid waste.

The Prince looked upon his gold, looked upon his superb buildings, and thought, as folks did, "What a great Prince!" "But I wish to have more, much more! No power is there that can equal, much less surpass, mine!" And so he went to war with his neighbours and subdued them all. The vanquished kings he chained to his chariot with golden chains, when he drove through the streets; and when he sat down to his table, they were made to lie at his and his courtiers' feet, and eat the morsels that might be thrown to them.

Now the Prince caused his image to be set up in the market-places and in the royal palaces; yea, he would have set it up in the temples before the altar of the Lord; but the priests said, "Prince, thou art great, but God is greater: we dare not do it."

"Well," said the wicked Prince, "then I shall conquer Him likewise!" and in his heart's pride and folly, he built an artfully contrived ship, in which he could sail through the air; it was decked with peacocks'-feathers, and seemed spangled with a thousand eyes; but each eye was a gun's mouth, and the Prince sat in the midst of the ship, and, upon his touching a certain spring, a thousand bullets would dart forth, and the guns would at once be loaded afresh. Hundreds of strong eagles were harnessed to the ship, and so it flew away, up towards the sun. The earth lay far beneath; at first it appeared, with its mountains and forests, like a ploughed meadow, with a tuft of green here and there peeping out from under the upturned sod; then it resembled an unrolled map; and presently it was wholly hid in mists and clouds. Higher and higher the eagles flew; then God sent forth a single one of his countless angels, at whom the wicked Prince immediately let fly a thousand bullets; but the bullets dropped like hail from the angel's shining wings, and one drop of blood —but one—dripped from one of the white pinions, and fell on the ship wherein sat the Prince; it burned itself fast there, and weighed with a weight of a thousand hundred-weight, and with thundering speed tore the ship down back to the earth. The eagles' strong wings were broken, the winds roared about the Prince's head; and

the clouds round about, which had sprung from the smoke of the burned cities, formed themselves into terrific shapes,—anon like mile-long crab-fish reaching out their huge claws after him,—anon like rolling boulders or like fiery dragons: half dead he lay in his ship, when it finally was caught in the tangled branches of a dense forest.

"I *will* conquer God!" said he; "I have vowed it, and my will shall be done!" and during seven years he builded artfully contrived vessels, in which to sail through the air, and caused thunderbolts to be forged from the hardest of steel, wherewith to batter down heaven's battlements. From all countries, he assembled vast armies, which covered many miles of ground in length and breadth, when formed in battle array. They embarked in the artfully built vessels, and already the King himself approached his; then God sent forth a swarm of gnats—one little swarm—which buzzed about the King, and stung his face and hands. In anger he drew his sword; but he beat the void air only: the gnats he could not strike. Whereupon he commanded that costly cloths be brought, and wrapped about him, so that no gnat might reach him with its sting. It was done as he had commanded; but one little gnat had lodged itself in the folds of the inmost cloth, and crept into the King's ear and stung him; the sting smarted as fire, the poison flew up into his head; he tore himself loose, flung the cloths far away, rent his garments asunder, and danced naked before the rough and savage soldiers, who now mocked the mad Prince that had set out to besiege God, and had been himself undone by one tiny gnat.

La Belle Dame sans Merci — By JOHN KEATS

I—Ah, what can ail thee, wretched wight,
Alone and palely loitering;
The sedge is wither'd from the lake,
And no birds sing.

II—Ah, what can ail thee, wretched wight,
So haggard and so woe-begone?
The squirrel's granary is full,
And the harvest's done.

III—I see a lilly on thy brow,
With anguish moist and fever dew;
And on thy cheek a fading rose
Fast withereth too.

IV—I met a lady in the meads
Full beautiful, a faery's child;
Her hair was long, her foot was light,
And her eyes were wild.

V—I set her on my pacing steed,
And nothing else saw all day long;
For sideways would she lean, and sing
A faery's song.

VI—I made a garland for her head,
And bracelets too, and fragrant zone;
She look'd at me and she did love,
And made sweet moan.

VII—She found me roots of relish sweet,
And honey wild, and manna dew;
And sure in language strange she said,
"I love thee true."

VIII—She took me to her elfin grot,
And there she gaz'd and sighéd deep,
And there I shut her wild sad eyes—
So kiss'd to sleep.

IX—And there we slumber'd on the moss,
And there I dream'd, ah woe betide,
The latest dream I ever dream'd
On the cold hill side.

X—I saw pale kings, and princes too,
Pale warriors, death-pale were they all;
Who cry'd—"La belle Dame sans merci
Hath thee in thrall!"

XI—I saw their starv'd lips in the gloam
With horrid warning gapéd wide,
And I awoke, and found me here
On the cold hill side.

XII—And this is why I sojourn here
Alone and palely loitering,
Though the sedge is wither'd from the lake,
And no birds sing.

Some Dancers

(*CONCLUSION*)

The Massachusetts Puritans Tried It—But Only Once

They allso set up a May-pole, drinking and dancing aboute it many days togeather, inviting the Indian women for their consorts, dancing and frisking togither, (like so many fairies, or furies, rather).—But this continued not long.—Mr. John Indecott—caused that May-polle to be cut downe, and rebuked them for their profannes, and admonished them to look ther should be better walking.

Wm. Bradford.

To the sound of flutes and singing,
To the sound of drums and voices,
Rose the handsome Pau-Puk-Keewis,
And began his mystic dances.
First he danced a solemn measure,
Very slow in step and gesture,
In and out among the pine-trees,
Through the shadows and the sunshine,
Treading softly like a panther.
Then more swiftly and still swifter,
Whirling, spinning round in circles,
Leaping o'er the guests assembled,
Eddying round and round the wigwam,
Till the leaves went whirling with him,
Till the dust and wind together
Swept in eddies round about him.
Then along the sandy margin
Of the lake, the Big-Sea-Water,
On he sped with frenzied gestures,
Stamped upon the sand, and tossed it
Wildly in the air around him;
Till the wind became a whirlwind,
Till the sand was blown and sifted
Like great snow drifts o'er the landscape,
Heaping all the shores with Sand Dunes,
Sand Hills of the Nagow Wudjoo!
Thus the merry Pau-Puk-Keewis
Danced his Beggar's Dance to please them . . .

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Grasshopper Dances

There was once a merry young Indian who could jump so high, and who played so many pranks, that he came to be known as Grasshopper. . . .

If people put up with his ways, and even laughed at some of his mad pranks, it was because he could dance so well. Never had there been such a dancer. Was there a wedding to be celebrated, or some feast following a successful hunt—then who but Grasshopper could so well supply the entertainment?

He could dance with a step so light that it seemed to leave no mark upon the earth. He could dance as the Indian dances when he goes to war, or as when he holds a festival in honour of the corn. But the dance in which he excelled was a furious, dizzy dance, with leaps and bounds that fairly turned the heads of the beholders.

It was then that Grasshopper became a kind of human Whirlwind. As he spun round and round, his revolving body drew up the dry leaves and the dust, till the dancer all but faded from view, and you saw instead what looked like a whirling cloud.

American Indian Fairy Tales. W. T. Larned.

I was amused at the appearance of four or five old women who, in a state of utter nudity, with their arms extended flatly down their sides, and holding themselves perfectly erect, were leaping stiffly into the air, like so many sticks bobbing to the surface after being pressed perpendicularly into the water.—The leaping figures before me were bereaved widows, whose partners had been slain in battle many moons previously, and who, at every festival, gave public evidence in this manner of their calamities.

Herman Melville.

Bewitched, if Not Bewitching

Seated by his humble fireside, Maule had but to wave his hand; and, wherever the proud lady chanced to be, whether in her chamber, or entertaining her father's stately guests, or worshipping at church, whatever her place or occupation, her spirit passed from beneath her control, and bowed itself to Maule.—"Alice, dance!"—and dance she would, not in such court-like measures as she had learned abroad, but some high-paced jig, or hop-skip rigadoon, befitting the brisk lasses of a rustic merry-making.—Thus all the dignity of life was lost. HAWTHORNE.

I see the fiddler through the dusk
As he twangs the ghost of "Money Musk"!
The boys and girls in a double row
Wait face to face till the magic bow
Shall whip the tune from the violin,
And the merry pulse of the feet begin.

"All ready!" now he gives the call;
. . . . . .
"First couple join right hands and swing!"
. . . . . .
"Three-quarters round your partners swing!"
. . . . . .
Then, clasping hands, all "Right and Left!"
. . . . . .
And the "Money Musk" is done. B. F. F.

The Travels of the "Shimmie"

"Yes, but this isn't *dancing!*"

Yet their bodies, one here, one there, would begin to sway.—Three Kanaka men, strangers to the island, sat cross-legged on the turf. One had taken over a drum from a local musician. The other two had instruments fashioned of dried gourds with fingering pieces of bamboo and strings of gut—barbaric cousins to the mandolin.—In the centre of the sward, her back to the musicians, a solitary female danced; a Kanaka woman, clothed in a single shift of the sheerest crimson cotton, tied at one shoulder and falling to mid-thigh. Not from Taai did this woman come; one saw that; not from any near island or group. Her beauty was extraordinary, like that of the Marquesans; with that peculiar straightness of all the lines, at once Grecian, austere, and incalculably voluptuous.

The dance, as I saw it for the first time that night, I will not speak of. I have traded to many islands in many groups—even the Low Archipelago—but the island where the dance was indigenous I am sure I've never touched. Compared with any of the *hulas*, set and fixed in each locality as the rites of Rome, it was sophisticated; it gave an illusion of continuous invention and spontaneity; it was flesh swept by a wind and shattered; it ravished the eyes. . . .

"Why did you call it the 'Shame Dance,' Mynheer?"

"Of course, my dear sir, it is not that, but it has a sound so when the Kanakas speak it. The woman spoke the name. If it is a Polynesian word, I have not heard it before. 'Shem-dance.' Like that." . . .

"Shimmie," I echoed, and, my mind skipping back: "Shemdance! Shame Dance! —I see!" . . .

"Her and some others went aboard to dance the hula—same as always, you know. Then some of them, the tourists, understand—well, they had to spring the latest thing from Broadway. And then this woman of mine—Got to run right off and show it the whole damn length and breadth of the South Seas." WILBUR DANIEL STEELE.

When de fiddle gets to singin' out a ol' Vahginny reel,
An' you 'mence to feel a ticklin' in yo' toe an' in yo' heel;
Ef you t'ink you got 'uligion an' you wants to keep it too,
You jes' bettah tek a hint an' git yo'self clean out o' view.

Case de time is mighty temptin' when de chune is in de swing,
Fu' a darky, saint or sinner man, to cut de pigeon-wing.
An' you couldn't he'p f'om dancin' ef yo' feet was boun' wif twine
When Angelina Johnson comes a-swingin' down de line.

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR.

THE TANGO

It was the heroic hymn of a humanity that was suddenly concentrating its aspirations on the harmonious rhythm of the thigh-joints, measuring its intelligence by the agility of its feet. An incoherent and monotonous music of African inspiration was satisfying the artistic ideals of a society that required nothing better. The world was dancing . . . dancing . . . dancing.

A negro dance from Cuba introduced into South America by mariners who shipped jerked beef to the Antilles, conquered the entire earth in a few months, completely encircling it, bounding victoriously from nation to nation . . . like the *Marseillaise*. It was even penetrating into the most ceremonious courts, overturning all traditions of conservatism and etiquette like a song of the Revolution—the revolution of frivolity. Even the Pope had to become a master of the dance, recommending the "Furlana" instead of the "Tango," since all the Christian world, regardless of sects, was united in the common desire to agitate its feet with the tireless frenzy of the "possessed" of the Middle Ages.

Julió Desnoyers, upon meeting this dance of his childhood in full swing in Paris, devoted himself to it with the confidence that an old love inspires. Who could have foretold that when, as a student, he was frequenting the lowest dance halls in Buenos Aires, watched by the police, he was really serving an apprenticeship to Glory? IBAÑEZ.

For children and youth, dancing in the parlour or on the green may be a very pleasant and healthful amusement; but when we see older people dancing we are ready to ask with the Chinese, "Why don't you have your servants do it for you?" SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

THE CHARLESTON

The room now became pandemonium. Singly and in couples the crowd danced the Black Bottom and the Charleston. The phonograph was kept incessantly active. Drinks were poured out lavishly.—In the centre of the dance floor, a sinewy, male dancer, hair sleeked and oiled, was performing the Charleston.

Hey! Hey!
I'm Charleston crazy!

"Buddy, I'm with you," cried Lasca, as she stepped on the floor.

The crowd applauded her appearance. Some one cried, "Strut your stuff, Lasca."

Hey! Hey!
I'm going to Charleston, back to Charleston.

Lasca tossed her black heels and danced with the utmost abandon.—She lifted her short skirt of champagne-coloured crepe high over her knees. A ruby set in platinum flashed its fire below her elbow. Her head was encased in a cloche of emerald-green.—The music shivered and broke, cracked and smashed. Jungle land. Hottentots and Bantus swaying under the amber moon. Love, sex, passion . . . hate. Left side, right side. Git off dat dime . . . The dancers swayed from one side to the other like sailors heaving an anchor. Black, green, purple, brown, tan, yellow, white: coloured people.

CARL VAN VECHTEN.

Somehow, Joe, I thought of the "Ferry,"
And the dance that we had on "The Fork";

. . . . . .

Of Harrison's barn, with its muster
Of flags festooned over the wall;
Of the candles that shed their soft lustre
And tallow on head-dress and shawl;

Of the steps that we took to one fiddle,
Of the dress of my queer vis-à-vis;
And how I once went down the middle
With the man that shot Sandy McGee. BRET HARTE.

A Device of the Devil

She was still fifty yards away, sometimes singing gleefully, and again letting her body sway lightly as she came dancing up Windy-ghoul. Soon she was within a few feet of the little minister, to whom singing, except when out of tune, was a suspicious thing, and dancing a device of the devil. His arm went out wrathfully, and his intention was to pronounce sentence on this woman. BARRIE.

Interpretation

Charlotte rose and sat down at the piano. She played, not a dance, not a tune you would have thought anybody could have danced to; yet Daphne danced.

A queer, slow, high-stepping dance that followed miraculously all the pauses and hesitations of the tune; her knees raised at right angles to her body, she went round and round the open space; throwing her scarf in half circles, right and left. The music quickened; she threw her scarf now before and behind her, bending forwards and backwards; she trailed it on the floor and played with it, dancing, as a kitten plays with its own tail; she flung it down in a heap and danced up to it and away from it as if it frightened and fascinated her. She danced near and nearer, then stooped suddenly and picked it up and danced away with it, and wound it round her body as she danced, then whirled, unwinding and winding it again. She went faster and faster, spinning on the points of her toes, and the scarf, blown out with her speed, whirled with her, circling her like a ring of white cloud.

MAY SINCLAIR.

Ah, love to speak was impotent,
Till music did a tongue confer,
And I ne'er knew what music meant
Until I danced to it with her.

COVENTRY PATMORE.

The Frequently-Mentioned Younger Generation

"I love to dance," she averred with purposeful wistfulness. . . .

"Do you wish to dance this dance with me . . . Miss French? . . . If you are afraid——"

"I won't take that from any man. But it's my opinion that the referee will be counting ten over our prostrate forms before the end of Round One."

Precisely what happened in the next few minutes she was never quite sure. He set out stiffly though safely. Then the music seemed to catch them both up and mould them to its languorous will. She was drawn closer to him, whether by the influence of the strains, or his conscious effort, or her own volition she hardly knew. But as she felt the sinewy and supple strength of his body against hers, a disconcertingly pleasurable tingle ran through her nerves. She closed her eyes; they opened again reluctantly only when the music drifted away from them as a tide leaves swimmers on the strand. As she sank into her chair she wondered whether the blood would ever get back into her icy fingertips. . . .

She was coming out of her mist now. "Well, I will say that dance was a wow! You taught me some steps there that I'd never seen nor thought of. Sure it's a science that you practice in your laboratory, Professor? *I* think it's witchcraft. Will you teach me to fly on a broomstick if I come to see you? And to make love-philters? And cast spells?"

"You don't need any lessons in that?"

"My, *my*-me!" said she admiringly. "You *are* progressing. Come on," she added, as the orchestra rattled into a foxtrot. "We can't afford to miss any of this." She rose and held out her hands to him.

. . . The beautiful face of the dancer was as the face of a rapt child, the head bent back, the lids of the eyes parted hardly more than the soft-breathing lips. Her loveliness

had become remote, ethereal, as if the spirit of beauty in possession of her had cast about her an impalpable veil.

"What kind of a dance do you call that?" inquired Greenway, amazed.

"They're improvising," answered Derry. "And the leader is playing up to them."

So were the other dancers, giving them space, watching their motions which became more flowing, more intricate as the languorous music swelled to its climax. The sharp silence, accentuated by the final crashing chord, left them stranded in each other's arms within a few feet of the table where Derry and Bev sat. Willowdean slowly opened her eyes to fix them on Blakely's face. On her lips was something too tender, too wondering for a smile.

"Break!" warned Bev, staccato.

Blakely started, stared, released his partner. "Oh, hello," greeted Willowdean languidly. "When did you ease in?"

"A couple of centuries ago," Derry laughed. "I hope you two haven't been too bored with each other."

WARNER FABIAN.

On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet. BYRON.

MRS. VERNON CASTLE

No one else has ever given exactly that sense of being freely perfect, of moving without effort and without will, in more than accord, in absolute identity with music. There was always something unimpassioned, cool not cold, in her abandon; it was certainly the least sensual dancing in the world; the whole appeal was visual. It was as if the eye following her graceful motion across the stage was gratified by its own orbit, and found a sensuous pleasure in the ease of her line, in the disembodied lightness of her footfall, in the careless slope of her lovely shoulders. It was not—it seemed not to be—intelligent dancing; however trained, it was still intuitive. She danced from her shoulders down, the straight scapular supports of her head were at the same time the balances on which her exquisitely poised body depended. There were no steps, no tricks, no stunts. There was only dancing, and it was all that one ever dreamed of flight, with wings poised, and swooping gently down to rest. I put it in the past, I hardly know why; unless because it is too good to last.

GILBERT SELDES.

Learn to dance, not so much for the sake of dancing, as for coming into a room and presenting yourself genteelly and gracefully. Women, whom you ought to endeavour to please, cannot forgive a vulgar and awkward air and gesture. LORD CHESTERFIELD.

THE WORLD AS BALLET

The dance, then, is art because it is doubly nature: and if nature, as we are told, is sinful, it is doubly sinful. A waltz, in a drawing-room, takes us suddenly out of all that convention, away from those guardians of our order who sit around the walls, approvingly, unconsciously; in its winding motion it raises an invisible wall about us, shutting us off from the whole world, in with ourselves; slow, insinuating, gathering impetus which must be held back, which must rise into the blood, it tells us that life flows even as that, so passionately and so easily and so inevitably; and it is possession and abandonment, the very pattern and symbol of earthly love. Here is nature (to be renounced, to be at least restrained) hurried violently, deliberately, to boiling point. And now look at the dance, on the stage, a mere spectator. Here are all these young bodies, made more alluring by an artificial heightening of whites and reds on the face, displaying, employing, all their natural beauty, themselves full of the sense of joy in motion, or affecting that enjoyment, offering to our eyes, like a bouquet of flowers, a bouquet of living flowers, which have all the glitter of artificial ones. As they dance, under the changing lights, so human, so remote, so desirable, so evasive, coming and going to the sound of a thin, heavy music which marks the rhythm of their movements like a kind of clinging drapery, they seem to sum up in themselves the appeal of everything in the world that is passing, and coloured, and to be enjoyed; everything that bids us take no thought for the morrow, and dissolve the will into slumber, and give way luxuriously to the delightful present.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

The Queen's Enemies

By LORD DUNSANY

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

THE QUEEN.
ACKAZARPSES, *her handmaid.*
PRINCE RHADAMANDASPES.
PRINCE ZOPHERNES.
THE PRIEST OF HORUS.
THE KING OF THE FOUR COUNTRIES.
THE TWIN DUKES OF ETHIOPIA.
THARNI, THARRABAS, HARLEE } *Slaves*
SLAVES.

SCENE—*An underground temple in Egypt.*
TIME—*The Sixth Dynasty.*

The stage is in two parts. Right—a staircase descending to a door. Left—an underground temple into which the door opens.

The Curtain rises on darkness in both parts of the stage.

Two Slaves appear with tapers on the steps. As they go down the steps, they light the torches that are clamped against the wall, with their tapers. Afterwards when they come to the temple they light the torches there till they are all lit. There is a table prepared for a banquet in the temple and a sewer-like grating in the middle of a wall. The two Slaves are Tharni and Thárrabas.

THARRABAS—Is it much further, Tharni?

THARNI—I think not, Thárrabas.

THARRABAS—A dank and terrible place.

THARNI—It is not much further.

THARRABAS—Why does the Queen banquet in so fearful a place?

THARNI—I know not. She banquets with her enemies.

THARRABAS—In the land from which I was taken we do not banquet with our enemies.

THARNI—No? The Queen will banquet with her enemies.

THARRABAS—Why? Know you why?

THARNI—It is the way of the Queen. (*Silence.*)

THARRABAS—The door, Tharni, we have come to the door!

THARNI—Yes, that's the Temple.

THARRABAS—Surely a grim place.

THARNI—The banquet is prepared. We light these torches, that is all.

THARRABAS—Unto whom is it holy?

THARNI—They say to the Nile once. I know not unto whom it is holy now.

THARRABAS—So Nile has left it?

THARNI—They say they worship him in this place no longer.

THARRABAS—And if I were holy Nile I also would stay up there (*pointing*) in the sunlight. (*He suddenly sees the huge misshapen bulk of* HARLEE.) O—O—O.

HARLEE—Urh!

THARNI—Why, it's Harlee.

THARRABAS—I thought you were some fearful, evil god. (HARLEE *laughs. He remains leaning on his great iron bar.*)

THARNI—He waits here for the Queen.

THARRABAS—What sinister need could she have of Harlee?

THARNI—I know not. You wait for the Queen, Harlee? (HARLEE *nods.*)

THARRABAS—I would not banquet here. Not with a Queen. (HARLEE *laughs long.*) Our work is done. Come. Let us leave this place. (*Exeunt* THARRABAS and THARNI *up the steps. The* QUEEN *appears with her handmaid,* ACKAZARPSES, *coming down the steps. Her handmaid holds her train. They enter the temple.*)

QUEEN—Ah, all is ready.

ACKAZARPSES—No, no, Illustrious Lady. Nothing is ready. Your raiment—we must fasten it here (*shoulder*), and then the bow in your hair. (*She begins to tittivate the* QUEEN.)

QUEEN—Ackazárpses, Ackazárpses, *and* I cannot *bear* to have enemies.

ACKAZARPSES—Indeed, Illustrious Lady, it is most wrong that you should have enemies. One so delicate, so slender and withal so beautiful should never have a foe.

QUEEN—If the gods could understand they would never permit it.

ACKAZARPSES—I have poured out dark wine to them, I have offered them fat, indeed, I have often offered them savoury

things. I have said: "The Queen should not have enemies; she is too delicate, too fair." But they will not understand.

QUEEN—If they could see my tears they would never permit such woes to be borne by one small woman. But they look only at men and their horrible wars. Why must men slay one another and make horrible war?

ACKAZARPSES—I blame your enemies, Illustrious Lady, more than the gods. Why should they trouble you who are so fair and so easily hurt by their anger? It was but a little territory you took from them. How much better to lose a little territory than to be unmannerly and unkind.

QUEEN—O speak not of the territory. I know naught of these things. They say my captains took it. How should I know? O why will they be my enemies?

ACKAZARPSES—You are most fair to-night, Illustrious Lady.

QUEEN—I must needs be fair to-night.

ACKAZARPSES—Indeed you are most fair.

QUEEN—A little more perfume, Ackazárpses.

ACKAZARPSES—I will tie the coloured bow more evenly.

QUEEN—O they will never look at it. They will not know if it is orange or blue. I shall weep if they do not look at it. It is a pretty bow.

ACKAZARPSES—Calm yourself, lady! They will be here soon.

QUEEN—Indeed I think they are very close to me now, for I feel myself trembling.

ACKAZARPSES—You must not tremble, Illustrious Lady; you must not tremble.

QUEEN—They are such terrible men, Ackazárpses.

ACKAZARPSES—But you must not tremble, for your raiment is now perfect; yet if you tremble, alas! who may say how it will hang?

QUEEN—They are such huge, terrible men.

ACKAZARPSES—O the raiment, the raiment; you must not, you must not!

QUEEN—O I cannot bear it. I cannot bear it. There is Rhádamandáspes, that huge, fierce soldier, and the terrible Priest of Horus, and . . . and . . . O I cannot see them, I cannot see them.

ACKAZARPSES—Lady, you have invited them.

QUEEN—O say I am ill, say I am sick of a fever. Quick, quick, say I have some swift fever and cannot see them.

ACKAZARPSES—Illustrious Lady . . .

QUEEN—Quick, for I cannot bear it. (*Exit* ACKAZARPSES.) O, I cannot bear to have enemies.

ACKAZARPSES (*Returning*)—Lady, they are here.

QUEEN—O what shall we do? . . . Set this bow higher upon my head so that it must be seen. (ACKAZARPSES *does so.*) The pretty bow. (*She continues to look in a hand mirror. A slave descends the stairs. Then* RHADAMANDASPES *and* ZOPHERNES. RHADMANDASPES *and* ZOPHERNES *stop; the slave stops lower down.*)

ZOPHERNES—For the last time, Rhádamandáspes, consider. Even yet we may turn back.

RHADAMANDASPES—She had no guards outside nor was there any hiding place for them. There was the empty plain and the Nile only.

ZOPHERNES—Who knows what she may have in this dark temple?

RHADAMANDASPES—It is small and the stairway narrow; our friends are close behind us. We could hold these steps with our swords against all her men.

ZOPHERNES—True. They are narrow steps. Yet . . . Rhádamandáspes, I do not fear man or god or even woman, yet when I saw the letter this woman sent bidding us banquet with her I felt that it was not well that we should come.

RHADAMANDASPES—She said that she would love us though we were her enemies.

ZOPHERNES—It is not natural to love one's enemies.

RHADAMANDASPES—She is much swayed by whims. They sway her as the winds in Spring sway flowers—this way and that. This is one of her whims.

ZOPHERNES—I do not trust her whims.

RHADAMANDASPES—They name you Zophernes, giver of good counsel, therefore I will turn back because you counsel it, though I would fain go down and banquet with this little playful lady. (*They turn and mount.*)

ZOPHERNES—Believe me, Rhádamandáspes, it is better. I think that if you had gone down these steps we scarcely should have seen the sky again.

RHADAMANDASPES—Well, well, we turn back, though I would fain have humoured the Queen's whim. But look. The others come. We cannot turn back. There comes the Priest of Horus; we must go to the banquet now.

ZOPHERNES—So be it. (*They descend.*)

RHADAMANDASPES—We will be circumspect. If she has men in there we return at once.

ZOPHERNES—So be it. (*The slave opens the door.*)

SLAVE—The Princes Rhádamandáspes and Zophérnes.

QUEEN—Welcome, Illustrious Princes.

RHADAMANDASPES—Greeting.

QUEEN—O you have brought your sword!

RHADAMANDASPES—I have brought my sword.

QUEEN—O but it is so terrible, your great sword.

ZOPHERNES—We always carry our swords.

QUEEN—O but you do not need them. If you have come to kill me your great hands are enough. But why do you bring your swords?

RHADAMANDASPES—Illustrious Lady, we do not come to kill you.

QUEEN—To your post, Harlee.

ZOPHERNES—What are this Harlee and his post?

ACKAZARPSES—Do not tremble, Illustrious Lady, indeed you must not tremble.

QUEEN—He is but a fisherman; he lives upon the Nile. He nets fish; indeed he is nothing.

ZOPHERNES—For what is your great bar of iron, Slave? (HARLEE *opens his mouth showing that he is tongueless. Exit.*)

RHADAMANDASPES—Ugh! They have burned out his tongue.

ZOPHERNES—He goes on secret errands. (*Enter second slave.*)

SECOND SLAVE—The Priest of Horus.

QUEEN—Welcome, holy companion of the gods.

PRIEST OF HORUS—Greeting.

THIRD SLAVE—The King of the Four Countries. (*She and he make obeisance.*)

FOURTH SLAVE—The Twin Dukes of Ethiopia.

KING—We are all met.

PRIEST OF HORUS—All that have warred against her captains.

QUEEN—O speak not of my captains. It troubles me to hear of violent men. But you have been my enemies, and I cannot bear to have enemies. Therefore I have asked you to banquet with me.

PRIEST OF HORUS—And we have come.

QUEEN—O look not so sternly at me. I cannot bear to have enemies. When I have enemies I do not sleep. Is it not so, Ackazárpses?

ACKAZARPSES—Indeed, the Illustrious Lady has suffered much.

QUEEN—O Ackazárpses, why should I have enemies?

ACKAZARPSES—After to-night you will sleep, Illustrious Lady.

QUEEN—Why, yes, for we shall all be friends; shall we not, princes? Let us be be seated.

RHADAMANDASPES (*To* ZOPHERNES)—There is no other doorway. That is well.

ZOPHERNES—Why, no, there is not. Yet what is that great hole that is full of darkness?

RHADAMANDASPES—Only one man at a time could come that way. We are safe from man or beast. Nothing could enter that way for our swords.

QUEEN—I pray you to be seated. (*They seat themselves cautiously, she standing watching them.*)

ZOPHERNES—There are no servitors.

QUEEN—Are there not viands before you, Prince Zophernes, or are there too few fruits that you should blame me?

ZOPHERNES—I do not blame you.

QUEEN—I fear you blame me with your fierce eyes.

ZOPHERNES—I do not blame you.

QUEEN—O my enemies, I would have you kind to me. And indeed there are no servitors, for I know what evil things you think of me.

A DUKE OF ETHIOPIA—No, Queen, indeed we think no evil of you.

QUEEN—Ah, but you think terrible things.

PRIEST OF HORUS—We think no evil of you, Illustrious Lady.

QUEEN—I feared that if I had servitors you would think . . . you would say, "This wicked Queen, our enemy, will bid them attack us while we feast." (FIRST DUKE OF ETHIOPIA *furtively hands food to his slave standing behind him, who tastes it.*) Though you do not know how I dread the sight of blood, and indeed I would never bid them do such a thing. The sight of blood is shocking.

PRIEST OF HORUS—We trust you, Illustrious Lady. (*He does the same with his slave.*)

QUEEN—And for miles round this temple and all along the river I have said, "Let there be no man." I have commanded and there are not. Will you not trust me now? (ZOPHERNES *does the same and all the guests, one by one.*)

PRIEST OF HORUS—Indeed, we trust you.

QUEEN—And you, Prince Zophernes, with your fierce eyes that so frighten me—will you not trust me?

ZOPHERNES—O Queen, it is part of the art of war to be well prepared when in an enemy's country, and we have been so long at war with your captains that we perforce

remember some of the art. It is not that we do not trust you.

QUEEN—I am all alone with my handmaid and none will trust me! O Ackazárpses, I am frightened; what if my enemies should slay me and carry me up, and cast my body into the lonely Nile.

ACKAZARPSES—No, no, Illustrious Lady. They will not harm you. They do not know how their fierce looks distress you. They do not know how delicate you are.

PRIEST OF HORUS (*To* ACKAZARPSES)—Indeed we trust the Queen and none would harm her. (ACKAZARPSES *soothes the* QUEEN.)

RHADAMANDASPES (*To* ZOPHERNES)—I think we do wrong to doubt her, seeing she is alone.

ZOPHERNES (*To* RHADAMANDASPES)—Yet I would that the banquet were over.

QUEEN (*To* ACKAZARPSES *and the* PRIEST OF HORUS, *but audible to all*)—Yet they do not eat the food that I set before them.

DUKE OF ETHIOPIA—In Ethiopia when we feast with queens it is our custom not to eat at once but to await the Queen till she has eaten.

QUEEN (*Eats*)—Behold then, I have eaten. (*She looks at* PRIEST OF HORUS.)

PRIEST OF HORUS—It has been the custom of all that held my office, from the time when there went on earth the children of the Moon, never to eat till the food is dedicate, by our sacred signs, to the gods. (*He begins to wave his hands over the food.*)

QUEEN—The King of the Four Countries does not eat. And you, Prince Rhádamandáspes, you have given royal wine unto your slave.

RHADAMANDASPES—O Queen, it is the custom of our dynasty . . . and has indeed long been so, . . . as many say, . . . that the noble should not feast till the base have feasted, reminding us that our bodies even as the humble bodies of the base . . .

QUEEN—Why do you thus watch your slave, Prince Rhádamandáspes?

RHADAMANDASPES—Even to remind myself that I have done as our dynasty doth.

QUEEN—Alas for me, Ackazárpses, they will not feast with me, but mock me because I am little and alone. O I shall not sleep to-night, I shall not sleep. (*She weeps.*)

ACKAZARPSES—Yes, yes, Illustrious Lady, you shall sleep. Be patient and all shall be well and you will sleep.

RHADAMANDASPES—But Queen, Queen, we are about to eat.

DUKE OF ETHIOPIA—Yes, yes, indeed we do not mock you.

KING OF FOUR COUNTRIES—We do not mock you, Queen.

QUEEN—They . . . give my food to slaves.

PRIEST OF HORUS—That was a mistake.

QUEEN—It was . . . no mistake.

PRIEST OF HORUS—The slaves were hungry.

QUEEN (*Still weeping*)—They believe I would poison them.

PRIEST OF HORUS—No, no, Illustrious Lady, they do not believe that.

QUEEN—They believe I would poison them.

ACKAZARPSES (*Comforting her*)—O hush, hush. They do not mean to be so cruel.

PRIEST OF HORUS—They do not believe you would poison them. But they do not know if the meat was killed with a poisonous arrow or if an asp may have inadvertently bitten the fruit. These things may happen, but they do not believe you would poison them.

QUEEN—They believe I would poison them.

RHADAMANDASPES—No; Queen, see, we eat. (*They hastily whisper to slaves.*)

FIRST DUKE OF ETHIOPIA—We eat your viands, Queen.

SECOND DUKE OF ETHIOPIA—We drink your wine.

KING OF FOUR COUNTRIES—We eat your pomegranates and Egyptian grapes.

ZOPHERNES—We eat. (*They all eat.*)

PRIEST OF HORUS (*Smiling affably*)—I *too* eat of your excellent banquet, O Queen. (*He peels a fruit slowly, glancing constantly at the others. Meanwhile the catches in the* QUEEN'S *breath grow fewer, she begins to dry her eyes.*)

ACKAZARPSES (*In her ear*)—They eat. (ACKAZARPSES *lifts her head and watches them.*)

QUEEN—Perhaps the wine is poisoned.

PRIEST OF HORUS—No, no, Illustrious Lady.

QUEEN—Perhaps the grape was cut by a poisoned arrow.

PRIEST OF HORUS—But indeed . . . indeed . . . (QUEEN *drinks from his cup.*)

QUEEN—Will you not drink my wine?

PRIEST OF HORUS—I drink to our continued friendship. (*He drinks.*)

A DUKE OF ETHIOPIA—Our continued friendship!

PRIEST OF HORUS—There has been no true enmity. We misunderstood the Queen's armies.

RHADAMANDASPES (*To* ZOPHERNES)—We have wronged the Queen. The wine's not poisoned. Let us drink to her.

ZOPHERNES—So be it.

RHADAMANDASPES—We drink to you, Queen.

ZOPHERNES—We drink.

QUEEN—The flagon, Ackazárpses. (ACKAZARPSES *brings it. The* QUEEN *pours it into her cup.*) Fill up your goblets from the flagon, princes. (*She drinks.*)

RHADAMANDASPES—We wronged you, Queen. It is a blessed wine.

QUEEN—It is an ancient wine and grew in Lesbos, looking from Mitylenë to the South. Ships brought it over-seas and up this river to gladden the hearts of man in holy Egypt. But to me it brings no joy.

DUKE OF ETHIOPIA—It is a happy wine, Queen.

QUEEN—I have been thought a poisoner.

PRIEST OF HORUS—Indeed, none has thought that, Illustrious Lady.

QUEEN—You have all thought it.

RHADAMANDASPES—We ask your pardon, Queen.

KING OF FOUR COUNTRIES—We ask your pardon.

DUKE OF ETHIOPIA—Indeed we erred.

ZOPHERNES (*Rising*)—We have eaten your fruits and drunk your wine; and we have asked your pardon. Let us now depart in amity.

QUEEN—No, no! No, no! You must not go! I shall say . . . "They are my enemies still," and I shall not sleep. I that cannot bear to have enemies.

ZOPHERNES—Let us depart in all amity.

QUEEN—O will you not feast with me?

ZOPHERNES—We have feasted.

RHADAMANDASPES—No, no, Zophérnes. Do you not see? The Queen takes it to heart. (ZOPHERNES *sits down.*)

QUEEN—O feast with me a little longer and make merry, and be my enemies no more. Rhádamandáspes, there is some country eastwards towards Assyria, is there not?—I do not know its name—a country which your dynasty claims of me . . .

ZOPHERNES—Ha!

RHADAMANDASPES (*Resignedly*)—We have lost it.

QUEEN—. . . and for whose sake you are my enemy and your fierce uncle, Prince Zophérnes.

RHADAMANDASPES—We fought somewhat with your armies, Queen. But indeed it was but to practise the military art.

QUEEN—I will call my captains to me. I will call them down from their high places and reprove them and bid them give the country back to you that lies eastwards towards Assyria. Only you shall tarry here at the feast and forget you ever were my enemies . . . forget . . .

RHADAMANDASPES—Queen . . . ! Queen . . . ! It was my mother's country as a child . . .

QUEEN—You will not leave me alone then here to-night.

RHADAMANDASPES—No, Most Royal Lady.

QUEEN (*To* KING OF FOUR COUNTRIES *who appears about to depart*)—And in the matter of the merchant men that trade amongst the isles, they shall offer spices at *your* feet, not at mine, and the men of the isles shall offer goats to *your* gods.

KING OF FOUR COUNTRIES—Most generous Queen . . . indeed . . .

QUEEN—But you will not leave my banquet and go unfriendly away.

KING OF FOUR COUNTRIES—No, Queen . . . (*He drinks.*)

QUEEN (*She looks at the two dukes amiably*)—All Ethiopia shall be yours, down to the unknown kingdoms of the beasts.

FIRST DUKE OF ETHIOPIA—Queen. . . .

SECOND DUKE OF ETHIOPIA—Queen. We drink to the glory of your throne.

QUEEN—Stay then and feast with me. For not to have enemies is the beggar's joy; and I have looked from windows long and long, envying those that go their ways in rags. Stay with me, dukes and princes.

PRIEST OF HORUS—Illustrious Lady, the generosity of your royal heart has given the gods much joy.

QUEEN (*Smiles at him*)—Thank you.

PRIEST OF HORUS—Er . . . in the matter of the tribute due to Horus from all the people of Egypt . . .

QUEEN—It is yours.

PRIEST OF HORUS—Illustrious Lady. . . .

QUEEN—I will take none of it. Use it how you will.

PRIEST OF HORUS—The gratitude of Horus shall shine on you. My little Ackazárpses, how happy you are in having so royal a mistress. (*His arm is round* ACKAZARPSES' *waist;* ACKAZARPSES *smiles at him.*)

QUEEN (*Rising*)—Princes and gentlemen, let us drink to the future.

PRIEST OF HORUS (*Starting suddenly*)—Ah-h-h!

QUEEN—Something has troubled you, holy companion of the gods?

PRIEST OF HORUS—No, nothing. Sometimes the spirit of prophecy comes on me. It comes not often. It seemed to come then. I thought that one of the gods spoke to me clearly.

QUEEN—What said he?

PRIEST OF HORUS—I thought he said . . . speaking here (*right ear*) or just behind me . . . Drink not to the Future. But it was nothing.

QUEEN—Will you drink then to the past?

PRIEST OF HORUS—O no, Illustrious Lady, for we forget the past; your good wine has made us forget the past and its quarrels.

ACKAZARPSES—Will you not drink to the present?

PRIEST OF HORUS—Ah, the present! The present that places me by so lovely a lady. I drink to the present.

QUEEN (*To the others*)—And we, we will drink to the future, and to forgetting—to the forgetting of our enemies. (*All drink; good temper comes on all. The banquet begins "to go well."*)

QUEEN—Ackazárpses, they are all merry now.

ACKAZARPSES—They are all merry.

QUEEN—They are telling Ethiopian tales.

FIRST DUKE OF ETHIOPIA—. . . for when Winter comes the pigmies at once put themselves in readiness for war and having chosen a place for battle wait there for some days, so that the cranes when they arrive find their enemy already arrayed. And at first they preen themselves and do not give battle, but when they are fully rested after their great journey they attack the pigmies with indescribable fury so that many are slain, but the pigmies . . .

QUEEN (*Taking her by wrist*)—Ackazárpses! (*The* QUEEN *rises.*)

ZOPHERNES—Queen, you do not leave us?

QUEEN—For a little while, Prince Zophérnes.

ZOPHERNES—For what purpose?

QUEEN—I go to pray to a very secret god.

ZOPHERNES—What is his name?

QUEEN—His name is secret like his deeds. (*She goes to door. Silence falls. I'll watch her. She and* ACKAZARPSES *slip out. For a moment silence. Then all draw their wide swords and lay them before them on the table.*)

ZOPHERNES—To the door, slaves. Let no man enter.

FIRST DUKE OF ETHIOPIA—She cannot mean harm to us! (*A slave comes back from door and abases himself. Loq.*)

SLAVE—The door is bolted.

RHADAMANDASPES—It is easily broken with our swords.

ZOPHERNES—No harm can come to us while we guard the entrances. (*Meanwhile the* QUEEN *has gone up the stairs. She beats with a fan on the wall thrice. The great grating lifts outwards and upwards very slowly.*)

ZOPHERNES (*To the two dukes*)—Quick, to the great hole. (*They go.*) Stand on each side of it with your swords. (*They lift their swords over the hole.*) Slay whatever enters.

QUEEN (*On the step, kneeling, her two arms stretched upwards*)—O holy Nile! Ancient Egyptian river! O blessed Nile! When I was a little child I played beside you, picking mauve flowers. I threw you down the sweet Egyptian flowers. It is the little Queen that calls to you, Nile. The little Queen that cannot bear to have enemies. Hear me, O Nile.

Men speak of other rivers. But I do not hearken to fools. There is only Nile. It is the little child that prays to you who used to pick mauve flowers. Hear me, O Nile.

I have prepared a sacrifice to god. Men speak of other gods: there is only Nile. I have prepared a sacrifice of wine—the Lesbian wine from fairy Mitylenë—to mingle with your waters till you are drunken and go singing to the sea from the Abyssinian hills. O Nile, hear me.

Fruits also have I made ready, all the sweet juices of the earth; and the meat of beasts also.

Hear me, O Nile: for it is not the meat of beasts only. I have slaves for you and princes and a King. There has been no such sacrifice.

Come down, O Nile, from the sunlight.

O ancient Egyptian river! The sacrifice is ready.

O Nile, hear me.

DUKE OF ETHIOPIA—No one comes.

QUEEN (*Beats again with her fan*)—Harlee, Harlee, let in the water upon the princes and gentlemen. (*A green torrent descends from the great hole. Green gauzes rise up from the floor; the torches hiss out. The temple is flooded. The water from under the door rises up the steps; the torches hiss out one by one. The water, finding its own level, just touches the end of the* QUEEN'S *skirt and stops. She withdraws the skirt with catlike haste from the water.*) O Ackazárpses! Are all my enemies gone?

ACKAZARPSES—Illustrious Lady, the Nile has taken them all.

QUEEN (*With intense devotion*)—That holy river.

ACKAZARPSES—Illustrious Lady, you will sleep to-night?

QUEEN—Yes. I shall sleep sweetly.

CURTAIN.

Remembered from the Play

"PATIENCE"

REGINALD BUNTHORNE—If you're anxious for to shine in the high æsthetic line as a man of culture rare,
You must get up all the germs of the transcendental terms, and plant them everywhere.
You must lie upon the daisies, and discourse in novel phrases of your complicated state of mind,
The meaning doesn't matter if it's only idle chatter of a transcendental kind.
And every one will say,
As you walk your mystic way,
"If this young man expresses himself in terms too deep for *me*,
Why, what a very singularly deep young man this deep young man must be."

PATIENCE—Lady Angela, tell me two things. Firstly, what on earth is this love that upsets everybody; and, secondly, how is it to be distinguished from insanity?
By W. S. Gilbert (music by Arthur Sullivan), London, 1881; revived, New York, 1927.

"RUDDIGORE"

ROSE—If somebody there chanced to be
Who loved me in a manner true,
My heart would point him out to me,
And I would point him out to you.
(*Referring to book of etiquette*)
But here it says of those who point,
Their manners must be out of joint—
You *may* not point—
You *must* not point—
It's manners out of joint, to point!
Had I the love of such as he,
Some quiet spot he'd take me to,
Then he could whisper it to me,
And I could whisper it to you;
(*Referring to book*)
But whispering, I've somewhere met,
Is contrary to etiquette;
Where can it be?
Now let me see—
Yes, yes!
It's contrary to etiquette!
If any well-bred youth I knew,
Polite and gentle, neat and trim,
Then I would hint as much to you,
And you could hint as much to him.
But here it says, in plainest print,
"It's most unladylike to hint"—
You *may* not hint,
You *must* not hint—
It says you mustn't hint, in print!
And if I loved him through and through—
(True love and not a passing whim),
Then I could speak of it to you,
And you could speak of it to him.
But here I find it doesn't do
To speak until you're spoken to.
(*Referring to book*)
Where can it be?
Now let me see—
(*Finding reference*)
"Don't speak until you're spoken to!"
By W. S. Gilbert (music by Arthur Sullivan), London, 1886; revived, New York, 1927.

"The Pigeon"

FERRAND—There is nothing that gives more courage than to see the irony of things.

By John Galsworthy, London and New York, 1927.

By the Author of "Jean Christophe"

HORACE—One has one's ambitions.

LODOÏSKA—Isn't it better to love?

HORACE—One wants to save the country.

LODOÏSKA—I want you to save me first! . . . One must save what one loves.

DENIS—First, one must save oneself. Ambition and love are very fine, but they go. What remains to the end is oneself. And to save that is a sacred duty!

JÉRÔME DE COURVOISIER—It is no sacrifice to desire the happiness of those we love.

SOPHIE DE COURVOISIER—Why, why was life ever given us?

JÉRÔME DE COURVOISIER—For us to conquer it.

"The Game of Love and Death," by Romain Rolland, Vienna, 1927.

"Fanny's First Play"

ROBIN GILBEY—My father used to say to me: Rob, he says, don't you ever have a weakness. If you find one getting hold on you, make a merit of it, he says. Your Uncle Phil doesn't like spirits; and he makes a merit of it, and is chairman of the Blue Ribbon Committee. I do like spirits; and I make a merit of it, and I'm the King Cockatoo of the Convivial Cockatoos. Never put yourself in the wrong.

By George Bernard Shaw, London, 1911; revived, Vienna, 1927.

"Isabel"

AUNT OLIVIA—Money doesn't make one happy—but it quiets the nerves.

By Kurt Goetz, Berlin, 1924; New York, 1925.

"The Plough and the Stars"

FLUTHER GOOD—When a man finds th' wonder of one woman beginnin' to die, it's usually beginnin' to live in another.

FLUTHER GOOD—It's a creepy thing to be thinkin' about death.

MRS. GOGAN—It is, an' it isn't; it's both bad an' good. . . . It always gives meself a kind o' trespassin' joy to feel meself movin' along in a mournin' coach, an' me thinkin' that, maybe, th' next funeral'll be me own, an' glad, in a quiet way, that this is somebody else's.

By Sean O'Casey, Dublin and London, 1926.

"Hell-bent fer Heaven"

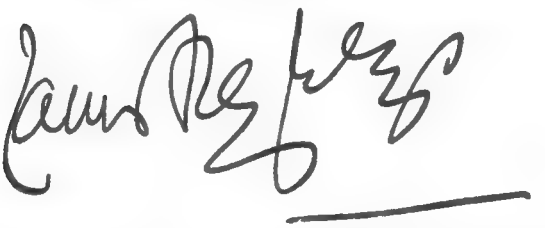
JUDE LOWRY—I've noticed that all the things that men want to do are a man's job; an' them they don't, like washin' dishes an' milkin', are a woman's.

DAVID HUNT—It's a quair thing to me that woman, ever sence the Lord made her out o' man's crookedest part, has allus considered her main job to keep him straight!

By Hatcher Hughes, New York, 1924.

There is a Tavern in the Town

By JAMES STEPHENS



THE old gentleman was in a very bad temper when I arrived. He had a large glass of porter in his hand—a pint, in fact—and he was gazing on this liquid with no great favour. I was a little surprised at his choice of a drink, for I had never before known him to care for any other refreshment than spirits; but I did not like to make any reference to the change. Looking thus, with great disgust, upon his pint, he began to talk with some asperity about the English nation.

"The ways of Providence," said he, "are indeed inscrutable, else why should there be such things in the world as lobsters, gutta-percha, ballet-dancers, and Englishmen? These four objects, and some others —notably water, tram-cars, and warts—I can find no necessity for in nature; but there must be some reason for such, or else they could not have arrived at the more or less mature stage of development at which they are found.

"If we apply the canons of the Pragmatic philosophy to these objects we will arrive at some conclusion which, although it may not justify their existence, will give a hint as to their expediency. The question to be put to any doubtful fact in nature is this—'What is your use?' and the reality of the fact is in ratio to the degree of usefulness inhering in it. Thus treated, most of the objects to which I have referred may be able to adduce some excuse for their existence. A lobster may aver that if he were not alive his absence would be a severe blow to the lobster-pot industry, and would throw many respectable families on the already-overburdened rates. Gutta-percha might plead that it has aspired through many millions of ages to a maturity which would enable it to rub out lead-pencil marks. Ballet-dancers would have a great deal to say for themselves, possibly on moral grounds; but I really see no reason for Englishmen.

"I have said that an object is real in ratio to its usefulness. If we examine an Englishman thus pragmatically we must discover that his usefulness is zero, and we are then forced to inquire why he exists at all, for he does undoubtedly exist, as witness this pint of porter which I hold in my hand, and which I do hold in my hand solely on account of the unexplainable existence of Englishmen.

"I may say at once that I never indulge in this particular form of refreshment, against which I have nothing further to charge than that it does not agree with my system, but I am no bigot in such matters, and can quite willingly believe that lower natures and less cultivated palates may take pleasure in secreting this inordinately lengthy liquid. I cannot avoid the belief that any liquid which may be imbibed by the imperial pint is an essentially gross drink, and one unfitted for persons of a high culture. Nor can I find in nature that any of the more specialized organisms take their drink in such extravagant quantities. Camels, who, I am informed, are a very well-behaved and moral race leading rigorous and chaste lives in a desert, do drink deeply, but their excess is more apparent than real, for Providence in an aberration

endowed these folk with more stomachs than the average person possesses, and the necessity for filling these additional cisterns accounts for and justifies their liberal use of moisture. Worms, on the other hand, are a folk for whom I have very little reverence and no affection. I am not aware whether they are all stomach or all neck, but from their corner-boy expression I am inclined to fancy that worms would drink pints if they could. Happily, this disgusting exhibition is forbidden by the imperfect state of their civilization and the inelastic quality of their environment.

"But this is beside the point. My grievance is, that in my old age I am forced to drink porter which disagrees with my liver, and am compelled to abstain from spirits which have a sustaining and medicinal effect on that organ, and this deprivation is solely due to the unnatural and inexplicable existence of Englishmen. It may be that nature grew Englishmen for the sole purpose of interfering with my organs, and so, by modifying my teaching in accordance with my diseased interior, nature may be striving to evolve a new culture wherein bile will have a rare ability. If this is so, then I am not at all obliged to nature for singling me out as the instrument of her changes; if it is not so I can only confess my ignorance and wash my hands of the matter.

"Mark you, it was only during my lifetime that an exorbitant tax was placed on whisky. Before my era the interference with this refreshment was of the most tentative and apologetic description.

"I can remember, and I do remember with dismay, the time when whisky was purchasable at two bronze pennies for the noggin, but now one may discharge a ruinous impost for the privilege of imbibing one poor fourth of that happy measure.

"This has been brought about by the continuous interference of Englishmen with my liquor. Time and again they have added additional difficulties to my obtaining this medicinal refreshment, and, while I am compelled to bow my head to the ideas of nature for the improvement of our race, I am often inclined, having bowed it, to charge goat-like at these intolerable people and butt them off the face of the earth into the nowhere for which their villainous and ungenial habits have fitted them. Otherwise, by their future exactions I may be brought to the drinking of benzine or printer's ink for lack of a fortune wherewith to purchase fitter refreshment."

Having said this with great fury, the old gentleman laid down his untasted pint and stalked out. The acolyte behind the counter made a sympathetic clicking noise with his tongue and sold the pint to another man.—He probably did this thoughtlessly, and I did not care to embarrass him by remarking on it.

Love's Solicitude

By PIERRE de RONSARD

Translated by Curtis Hidden Page

WHERE art thou at this moment, love?—what doing,
What saying, thinking?—Dost thou think of me?
Hast thou no care for my hard agony,
Though care for thee still houndeth me, renewing

My pain, and all my heart with love subduing?—
Absent, I hear thee speak, and speak to thee.
Thy form so present in my mind I see,
No thought can harbour there of other wooing.

I hold thine eyes, thy beauty, and thy grace
Engraven on my heart—and every place
Where e'er I saw thee dance, laugh, speak, or move.

I hold thee mine, though I am not mine own;
I live and breathe in thee, in thee alone,
Light of mine eyes, blood of my veins, my love.

The Virginian

By OWEN WISTER

Owen Wister

XII

QUALITY AND EQUALITY

TO THE circle at Bennington, a letter from Bear Creek was always a welcome summons to gather and hear of doings very strange to Vermont. And when the tale of the changed babies arrived duly by the post, it created a more than usual sensation, and was read to a large number of pleased and scandalized neighbours. "I hate her to be where such things can happen," said Mrs. Wood. "I wish I could have been there," said her son-in-law, Andrew Bell. "She does not mention who played the trick," said Mrs. Andrew Bell. "We shouldn't be any wiser if she did," said Mrs. Wood. "I'd like to meet the perpetrator," said Andrew. "Oh, no!" said Mrs. Wood. "They're all horrible." And she wrote at once, begging her daughter to take good care of herself, and to see as much of Mrs. Balaam as possible. "And of any other ladies that are near you. For you seem to me to be in a community of roughs. I wish you would give it all up. Did you expect me to laugh about the babies?"

Mrs. Flynt, when this story was repeated to her (she had not been invited in to hear the letter), remarked that she had always felt that Molly Wood must be a little vulgar, ever since she began to go about giving music lessons like any ordinary German.

But Mrs. Wood was considerably relieved when the next letter arrived. It contained nothing horrible about barbecues or babies. It mentioned the great beauty of the weather, and how well and strong the fine air was making the writer feel. And it asked that books might be sent, many books of all sorts, novels, poetry, all the good old books and any good new ones that could be spared. Cheap editions, of course. "Indeed she shall have them!" said Mrs. Wood. "How her mind must be starving in that dreadful place!" The letter was not a long one, and, besides the books, spoke of little else except the fine weather and the chances for outdoor exercise that this gave. "You have no idea," it said, "how delightful it is to ride, especially on a spirited horse, which I can do now quite well."

"How nice that is!" said Mrs. Wood, putting down the letter. "I hope the horse is not too spirited."—"Who does she go riding with?" asked Mrs. Bell. "She doesn't say, Sarah. Why?"—"Nothing. She has a queer way of not mentioning things, now and then."—"Sarah!" exclaimed Mrs. Wood, reproachfully. "Oh, well, mother, you know just as well as I do that she can be very independent and unconventional."—"Yes; but not in that way. She wouldn't ride with poor Sam Bannett, and after all he is a suitable person."

Nevertheless, in her next letter, Mrs. Wood cautioned her daughter about trusting herself with any one of whom Mrs. Balaam did not thoroughly approve. The good lady could never grasp that Mrs. Balaam lived a long day's journey from Bear Creek, and that Molly saw her about once every three months. "We have sent your books," the mother wrote; "everybody has contributed from their store,—Shakespeare, Tennyson, Browning, Longfellow; and a number of novels by Scott, Thackeray, George Eliot, Hawthorne, and lesser writers; some volumes of Emerson; and Jane Austen complete, because you admire her so particularly."

This consignment of literature reached Bear Creek about a week before Christmas time.

By New Year's Day, the Virginian had begun his education.

"Well, I have managed to get through 'em," he said, as he entered Molly's cabin

in February. And he laid two volumes upon her table.

"And what do you think of them?" she inquired.

"I think that I've cert'nly earned a good long ride to-day."

"Georgie Taylor has sprained his ankle."

"No, I don't mean that kind of a ride. I've earned a ride with just us two alone. I've read every word of both of 'em, yu' know."

"I'll think about it. Did you like them?"

"No. Not much. If I'd knowed that one was a detective story, I'd have got yu' to try something else on me. Can you guess the murderer, or is the author too smart for yu'? That's all they amount to. Well, he was too smart for me this time, but that didn't distress me any. That other book talks too much."

Molly was scandalized, and she told him it was a great work.

"Oh, yes, yes. A fine book. But it will keep up its talkin'. Don't let you alone."

"Didn't you feel sorry for poor Maggie Tulliver?"

"Hmp. Yes. Sorry for her, and for Tawmmy, too. But the man did right to drownd 'em both."

"It wasn't a man. A woman wrote that."

"A woman did! Well, then, o' course she talks too much."

"I'll not go riding with you!" shrieked Molly.

But she did. And he returned to Sunk Creek, not with a detective story, but this time with a Russian novel.

It was almost April when he brought it back to her—and a heavy sleet storm lost them their ride. So he spent his time indoors with her, not speaking a syllable of love. When he came to take his departure, he asked her for some other book by this same Russian. But she had no more.

"I wish you had," he said. "I've never saw a book could tell the truth like that one does."

"Why, what do you like about it?" she exclaimed. To her it had been distasteful.

"Everything," he answered. "That young come-outer, and his fam'ly that can't understand him—for he is broad gauge, yu' see, and they are narro' gauge." The Virginian looked at Molly a moment almost shyly. "Do you know," he said, and a blush spread over his face, "I pretty near cried when that young come-outer was dyin', and said about himself, 'I was a giant.' Life made him broad gauge, yu' see, and then took his chance away."

Molly liked the Virginian for his blush. It made him very handsome. But she thought that it came from his confession about "pretty near crying." The deeper cause she failed to divine,—that he, like the dying hero in the novel, felt himself to be a giant whom life had made "broad gauge," and denied opportunity. Fecund nature begets and squanders thousands of these rich seeds in the wilderness of life.

He took away with him a volume of Shakespeare. "I've saw good plays of his," he remarked.

Kind Mrs. Taylor in her cabin next door watched him ride off in the sleet, bound for the lonely mountain trail.

"If that girl don't get ready to take him pretty soon," she observed to her husband, "I'll give her a piece of my mind."

Taylor was astonished. "Is he thinking of *her?*" he inquired.

"Lord, Mr. Taylor, and why shouldn't he?"

Mr. Taylor scratched his head and returned to his newspaper.

It was warm—warm and beautiful upon Bear Creek. Snow shone upon the peaks of the Bow Leg range; lower on their slopes the pines were stirring with a gentle song; and flowers bloomed across the wide plains at their feet.

Molly and her Virginian sat at a certain spring where he had often ridden with her. On this day he was bidding her farewell before undertaking the most important trust which Judge Henry had as yet given him. For this journey she had provided him with Sir Walter Scott's *Kenilworth.* Shakespeare he had returned to her. He had bought Shakespeare for himself. "As soon as I got used to readin' it," he told her, "I knowed for certain that I liked readin' for enjoyment."

But it was not of books that he had spoken much to-day. He had not spoken at all. He had bade her listen to the meadow-lark, when its song fell upon the silence like beaded drops of music. He had showed her where a covey of young willow-grouse were hiding as their horses passed. And then, without warning, as they sat by the spring, he had spoken potently of his love.

She did not interrupt him. She waited until he was wholly finished.

"I am not the sort of wife you want," she said, with an attempt of airiness.

He answered roughly, "I am the judge of that." And his roughness was a pleasure

to her, yet it made her afraid of herself. When he was absent from her, and she could sit in her cabin and look at Grandmother Stark, and read home letters, then in imagination she found it easy to play the part which she had arranged to play regarding him—the part of the guide, and superior, and indulgent companion. But when he was by her side, that part became a difficult one. Her woman's fortress was shaken by a force unknown to her before. Sam Bannett did not have it in him to look as this man could look, when the cold lustre of his eyes grew hot with internal fire. What colour they were baffled her still. "Can it possibly change?" she wondered. It seemed to her that sometimes when she had been looking from a rock straight down into clear sea-water, this same colour had lurked in its depths. "Is it green, or is it gray?" she asked herself, but did not turn just now to see. She kept her face toward the landscape.

"All men are born equal," he now remarked slowly.

"Yes," she quickly answered, with a combative flash. "Well?"

"Maybe that don't include women?" he suggested.

"I think it does."

"Do yu' tell the kids so?"

"Of course I teach them what I believe!"

He pondered. "I used to have to learn about the Declaration of Independence. I hated books and truck when I was a kid."

"But you don't any more."

"No. I cert'nly don't. But I used to get kep' in at recess for bein' so dumb. I was most always at the tail end of the class. My brother, he'd be head sometimes."

"Little George Taylor is my prize scholar," said Molly.

"Knows his tasks, does he?"

"Always. And Henry Dow comes next."

"Who's last?"

"Poor Bob Carmody. I spend more time on him than on all the rest put together."

"My!" said the Virginian. "Ain't that strange!"

She looked at him, puzzled by his tone. "It's not strange when you know Bob," she said.

"It's very strange," drawled the Virginian. "Knowin' Bob don't help it any."

"I don't think that I understand you," said Molly, stiffly.

"Well, it *is* mighty confusin'. George Taylor, he's your best scholar, and poor Bob, he's your worst, and there's a lot in the middle—and you tell me we're all born equal!"

Molly could only sit giggling in this trap he had so ingeniously laid for her.

"I'll tell you what," pursued the cowpuncher, with slow and growing intensity, "equality is a great big bluff. It's easy called."

"I didn't mean—" began Molly.

"Wait, and let me say what I mean." He had made an imperious gesture with his hand. "I know a man that mostly wins at cyards. I know a man that mostly loses. He says it is his luck. All right. Call it his luck. I know a man that works hard and he's gettin' rich, and I know another that works hard and is gettin' poor. He says it is his luck. All right. Call it his luck. I look around and I see folks movin' up or movin' down, winners or losers everywhere. All luck, of course. But since folks can be born that different in their luck, where's your equality? No, seh! call your failure luck, or call it laziness, wander around the woods, prospect all yu' mind to, and yu'll come out the same old trail of inequality." He paused a moment and looked at her. "Some holds four aces," he went on, "and some holds nothin', and some poor fello' gets the aces and no show to play 'em; but a man has got to prove himself my equal before I'll believe him."

Molly sat gazing at him, silent.

"I know what yu' meant," he told her now, "by sayin' you're not the wife I'd want. But I am the kind that moves up. I am goin' to be your best scholar." He turned toward her, and that fortress within her began to shake.

"Don't," she murmured." Don't, please."

"Don't what?"

"Why—spoil this."

"Spoil it?"

"These rides—I don't love you—I can't—but these rides are——"

"What are they?"

"My greatest pleasure. There! And, please, I want them to go on so."

"Go on so! I don't reckon yu' know what you're sayin'. Yu' might as well ask fruit to stay green. If the way we are now can keep bein' enough for you, it can't for me. A pleasure to you, is it? Well, to me it is—I don't know what to call it. I come to yu' and I hate it, and I come again and I hate it, and I ache and grieve all over when I go. No! You will have to think of some other way than just invitin' me to keep green."

"If I am to see you—" began the girl.

"You're not to see me. Not like this. I an stay away easier than what I am doin'."

"Will you do me a favour, a great one?" aid she, now.

"Make it as impossible as you please!" e cried. He thought it was to be some ction.

"Go on coming. But don't talk to me bout—don't talk in that way—if you can elp it."

He laughed out, not permitting himself o swear.

"But," she continued, "if you can't elp talking that way—sometimes—I prom- e I will listen. That is the only promise make."

"That is a bargain," he said.

Then he helped her mount her horse, straining himself like a Spartan, and they ode home to her cabin.

"You have made it pretty near impos- ble," he said, as he took his leave. "But ou've been square to-day, and I'll show ou I can be square when I come back. 'll not do more than ask you if your ind's the same. And now I'll not see you r quite a while. I am going a long way. ut I'll be very busy. And bein' busy al- ays keeps me from grievin' too much bout you."

Strange is woman! She would rather ave heard some other last remark than his.

"Oh, very well!" she said. "I'll not miss ou either."

He smiled at her. "I doubt if yu' can elp missin' me," he remarked. And he as gone at once, galloping on his Monte orse.

Which of the two won a victory this day?

XIII

HE GAME AND THE NATION—ACT FIRST

THERE can be no doubt of this:—

All America is divided into two classes,— he quality and the equality. The latter ill always recognize the former when mis- aken for it. Both will be with us until ur women bear nothing but kings.

It was through the Declaration of Inde- endence that we Americans acknowledged he *eternal inequality* of man. For by it e abolished a cut-and-dried aristocracy. Ve had seen little men artificially held up n high places, and great men artificially eld down in low places, and our own ustice-loving hearts abhorred this violence to human nature. Therefore, we decreed that every man should thenceforth have equal liberty to find his own level. By this very decree we acknowledged and gave freedom to true aristocracy, saying, "Let the best man win, whoever he is." Let the best man win! That is America's word. That is true democracy. And true democ- racy and true aristocracy are one and the same thing. If anybody cannot see this, so much the worse for his eyesight.

The above reflections occurred to me before reaching Billings, Montana, some three weeks after I had unexpectedly met the Virginian at Omaha, Nebraska. I had not known of that trust given to him by Judge Henry, which was taking him East. I was looking to ride with him before long among the clean hills of Sunk Creek. I supposed he was there. But I came upon him one morning in Colonel Cyrus Jones's eating palace.

Did you know the palace? It stood in Omaha, near the trains, and it was ten years old (which is middle-aged in Omaha) when I first saw it. It was a shell of wood, painted with golden emblems,—the steam- boat, the eagle, the Yosemite,—and a live bear ate gratuities at its entrance. Weather permitting, it opened upon the world as a stage upon the audience. You sat in Omaha's whole sight and dined, while Omaha's dust came and settled upon the refreshments. It is gone the way of the Indian and the buffalo, for the West is growing old. You should have seen the palace and sat there. In front of you passed rainbows of men,—Chinese, Indian chiefs, Africans, General Miles, younger sons, Austrian nobility, wide females in pink. Our continent drained prismatically through Omaha once.

So I was passing that way also, walking for the sake of ventilation from a sleeping- car toward a bath, when the language of Colonel Cyrus Jones came out to me. The actual colonel I had never seen before. He stood at the rear of his palace in gray flowery mustaches and a Confederate uni- form, telling the wishes of his guests to the cook through a hole. You always bought meal tickets at once, else you became un- welcome. Guests here had foibles at times, and a rapid exit was too easy. Therefore I bought a ticket. It was spring and sum- mer since I had heard anything like the colonel. The Missouri had not yet flowed into New York dialect freely, and his vocabulary met me like the breeze of the plains. So I went in to be fanned by it,

and there sat the Virginian at a table, alone.

His greeting was up to the code of indifference proper on the plains; but he presently remarked, "I'm right glad to see somebody," which was a good deal to say. "Them that comes hyeh," he observed next, "don't eat. They feed." And he considered the guests with a sombre attention. "D' yu' reckon they find joyful digestion in this swallo'-an'-get-out trough?"

"What are you doing here, then?" said I.

"Oh, pshaw! When yu' can't have what you choose, yu' just choose what you have." And he took the bill-of-fare. I began to know that he had something on his mind, so I did not trouble him further.

Meanwhile he sat studying the bill-of-fare.

"Ever heard o' them?" he inquired, shoving me the spotted document.

Most improbable dishes were there,—salmis, canapés, suprêmes,—all perfectly spelt and absolutely transparent. It was the old trick of copying some metropolitan menu to catch travellers of the third and last dimension of innocence; and whenever this is done the food is of the third and last dimension of awfulness, which the cow-puncher knew as well as anybody.

"So they keep that up here still," I said.

"But what about them?" he repeated. His finger was at a special item, *Frogs' legs à la Delmonico*. "Are they true anywheres?" he asked. And I told him, certainly. I also explained to him about Delmonico of New York and about Augustin of Philadelphia.

"There's not a little bit o' use in lyin' to me this mawnin'," he said, with his engaging smile. "I ain't goin' to awdeh anything's laigs."

"Well, I'll see how he gets out of it," I said, remembering the old Texas legend. (The traveller read the bill-of-fare, you know, and called for a *vol-au-vent*. And the proprietor looked at the traveller, and running a pistol into his ear, observed, "You'll take hash.") I was thinking of this and wondering what would happen to me. So I took the step.

"Wants frogs' legs, does he?" shouted Colonel Cyrus Jones. He fixed his eye upon me, and it narrowed to a slit. "Too many brain workers breakfasting before yu' came in, professor," said he. "Missionary ate the last leg off me just now. Brown the wheat!" he commanded, through the hole to the cook, for some one had ordered hot cakes.

"I'll have fried aiggs," said the Virginian. "Cooked both sides."

"White wings!" sang the colonel through the hole. "Let 'em fly up and down."

"Coffee an' no milk," said the Virginian.

"Draw one in the dark!" the colonel roared.

"And beefsteak, rare."

"One slaughter in the pan, and let the blood drip!"

"I should like a glass of water, please," said I.

The colonel threw me a look of pity.

"One Missouri and ice for the professor!" he said.

"That fello's a right live man," commented the Virginian. But he seemed thoughtful. Presently he inquired, "Yu' say he was a foreigner, an' learned fancy cookin' to New Yawk?"

That was this cow-puncher's way. Scarcely ever would he let drop a thing new to him until he had got from you your whole information about it. So I told him the history of Lorenzo Delmonico and his pioneer work, as much as I knew, and the Southerner listened intently.

"Mighty inter-estin'," he said—"mighty. He could just take little old o'm'ry frawgs, and dandy 'em up to suit the bloods. Mighty inter-estin'. I expaict, though, his cookin' would give an outraiged stomach to a plain-raised man."

"If you want to follow it up," said I, by way of a sudden experiment, "Miss Molly Wood might have some book about French dishes."

But the Virginian did not turn a hair. "I reckon she wouldn't," he answered. "She was raised in Vermont. They don't bother overly about their eatin' up in Vermont. Hyeh's what Miss Wood recommended the las' time I was seein' her," the cow-puncher added, bringing *Kenilworth* from his pocket. "Right fine story. That Queen Elizabeth must have cert'nly been a competent woman."

"She was," said I. But talk came to an end here. A dusty crew, most evidently from the plains, now entered and drifted to a table; and each man of them gave the Virginian about a quarter of a slouchy nod. His greeting to them was very serene. Only, *Kenilworth* went back into his pocket, and he breakfasted in silence. Among those who had greeted him I now recognized a face.

"Why, that's the man you played cards with at Medicine Bow!" I said.

"Yes. Trampas. He's got a job at the ranch now." The Virginian said no more, but went on with his breakfast.

His appearance was changed. Aged I would scarcely say, for this would seem as if he did not look young. But I think that the boy was altogether gone from his face—the boy whose freak with Steve had turned Medicine Bow upside down, whose other freak with the babies had outraged Bear Creek, the boy who had loved to jingle his spurs. But manhood had only trained, not broken, his youth. It was all there, only obedient to the rein and curb.

Presently we went together to the railway yard.

"The Judge is doing a right smart o' business this year," he began, very casually indeed, so that I knew this was important. Besides bells and coal smoke, the smell and crowded sounds of cattle rose in the air around us. "Hyeh's our first gather o' beeves on the ranch," continued the Virginian. "The whole lot's shipped through to Chicago in two sections over the Burlington. The Judge is fighting the Elkhorn road." We passed slowly along the two trains,—twenty cars, each car packed with huddled, round-eyed, gazing steers. He examined to see if any animals were down. "They ain't ate or drank anything to speak of," he said, while the terrified brutes stared at us through their slats. "Not since they struck the railroad they've not drank. Yu' might suppose they know somehow what they're travellin' to Chicago for." And casually, always casually, he told me the rest. Judge Henry could not spare his foreman away from the second gather of beeves. Therefore these two ten-car trains with their double crew of cowboys had been given to the Virginian's charge. After Chicago, he was to return by St. Paul over the Northern Pacific; for the Judge had wished him to see certain of the road's directors and explain to them persuasively how good a thing it would be for them to allow especially cheap rates to the Sunk Creek outfit henceforth. This was all the Virginian told me; and it contained the whole matter, to be sure.

"So you're acting foreman," said I.

"Why, somebody has to have the say, I reckon."

"And of course you hated the promotion?"

"I don't know about promotion," he replied. "The boys have been used to seein' me one of themselves. Why don't you come along with us far as Plattsmouth?" Thus he shifted the subject from himself, and called to my notice the locomotives backing up to his cars, and reminded me that from Plattsmouth I had the choice of two trains returning. But he could not hide or belittle this confidence of his employer in him. It was the care of several thousand perishable dollars and the control of men. It was a compliment. There were more steers than men to be responsible for; but none of the steers had been suddenly picked from the herd and set above his fellows. Moreover, Chicago finished up the steers; but the new-made deputy foreman had then to lead his six highly unoccupied brethren away from towns, and back in peace to the ranch, or disappoint the Judge, who needed their services. These things sometimes go wrong in a land where they say you are all born equal; and that quarter of a nod in Col. Cyrus Jones's eating palace held more equality than any whole nod you could see. But the Virginian did not see it, there being a time for all things.

We trundled down the flopping, heavy-eddied Missouri to Plattsmouth, and there they backed us on to a siding, the Christian Endeavour being expected to pass that way. And while the equality absorbed themselves in a deep but harmless game of poker by the side of the railway line, the Virginian and I sat on the top of a car, contemplating the sandy shallows of the Platte.

"I should think you'd take a hand," said I.

"Poker? With them kittens?" One flash of the inner man lightened in his eyes and died away, and he finished with his gentle drawl, "When I play, I want it to be interestin'." He took out Sir Walter's *Kenilworth* once more, and turned the volume over and over slowly, without opening it. You cannot tell if in spirit he wandered on Bear Creek with the girl whose book it was. The spirit will go one road, and the thought another, and the body its own way sometimes. "Queen Elizabeth would have played a mighty pow'ful game," was his next remark.

"Poker?" said I.

"Yes, seh. Do you expaict Europe has got any queen equal to her at present?"

I doubted it.

"Victoria'd get pretty nigh slain sliding chips out agaynst Elizabeth. Only mos' prob'ly Victoria she'd insist on a half-cent limit. You have read this hyeh *Kenilworth?* Well, deal Elizabeth ace high, an' she could scare Robert Dudley with a full house plumb out o' the bettin'."

I said that I believed she unquestionably could.

"And," said the Virginian, "if Essex's play got next her too near, I reckon she'd stacked the cyards. Say, d' yu' remember Shakespeare's fat man?"

"Falstaff? Oh, yes, indeed."

"Ain't that grand? Why, he makes men talk the way they do in life. I reckon he couldn't get printed to-day. It's a right down shame Shakespeare couldn't know about poker. He'd have had Falstaff playing all day at that Tearsheet outfit. And the Prince would have beat him."

"The Prince had the brains," said I.

"Brains?"

"Well, didn't he?"

"I neveh thought to notice. Like as not he did."

"And Falstaff didn't, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes, seh! Falstaff could have played whist."

"I suppose you know what you're talking about; I don't," said I, for he was drawling again.

The cow-puncher's eye rested a moment amiably upon me. "You can play whist with your brains," he mused,—"brains and cyards. Now cyards are only one o' the manifestations of poker in this hyeh world. One o' the shapes yu' fool with it in when the day's work is oveh. If a man is built like that Prince boy was built (and it's away down deep beyond brains), he'll play winnin' poker with whatever hand he's holdin' when the trouble begins. Maybe it will be a mean, triflin' army, or an empty six-shooter, or a lame hawss, or maybe just nothin' but his natural countenance. 'Most any old thing will do for a fello' like that Prince boy to play poker with."

"Then I'd be grateful for your definition of poker," said I.

Again the Virginian looked me over amiably. "You put up a mighty pretty game o' whist yourself," he remarked. "Don't that give you the contented spirit?" And before I had any reply to this, the Christian Endeavour began to come over the bridge. Three instalments crossed the Missouri from Pacific Junction, bound for Pike's Peak, every car swathed in bright bunting, and at each window a Christian with a handkerchief, joyously shrieking. Then the cattle trains got the open signal, and I jumped off.

"Tell the Judge the steers was all right this far," said the Virginian.

That was the last of the deputy foreman for a while.

XIV

BETWEEN THE ACTS

My road to Sunk Creek lay in no straight line. By rail I diverged northwest to Fort Meade, and thence, after some stay with the kind military people, I made my way on a horse. Up here in the Black Hills it sluiced rain most intolerably. The horse and I enjoyed the country and ourselves but little; and when finally I changed from the saddle into a stage-coach, I caught a thankful expression upon the animal's face, and returned the same.

"Six legs inside this jerky to-night?" said somebody, as I climbed the wheel. "Well, we'll give thanks for not havin' eight," he added cheerfully. "Clamp your mind on to that, Shorty." And he slapped the shoulder of his neighbour. Naturally I took these two for old companions. But we were all total strangers. They told me of the new gold excitement at Rawhide, and supposed it would bring up the Northern Pacific; and when I explained the millions owed to this road's German bondholders, they were of opinion that a German would strike it richer at Rawhide. We spoke of all sorts of things, and in our silence I gloated on the autumn holiday promised me by Judge Henry. His last letter had said that an outfit would be starting for his ranch from Billings on the seventh, and he would have a horse for me. This was the fifth. So we six legs in the jerky traveled harmoniously on over the rain-gutted road, getting no deeper knowledge of each other than what our outsides might imply.

Not that we concealed anything. The man who had slapped Shorty introduced himself early. "Scipio le Moyne, from Gallipolice, Ohio," he said. "The eldest of us always gets called Scipio. It's French. But us folks have been white for a hundred years." He was limber and light-muscled, and fell skilfully about, evading bruises when the jerky reeled or rose on end. He had a strange, long, jocular nose, very wary-looking, and a bleached blue eye. Cattle was his business, as a rule, but of late he had been "looking around some," and Rawhide seemed much on his brain. Shorty struck me as "looking around" also. He was quite short, indeed, and the jerky hurt him almost every time. He was light-haired and mild. Think of a yellow dog that is lost, and fancies each newcomer in sight is going to turn out his master, and you will have Shorty.

It was the Northern Pacific that surprised us into intimacy. We were nearing Medora. We had made a last arrangement of our legs. I lay stretched in silence, placid in the knowledge it was soon to end. So I drowsed. I felt something sudden, and, waking, saw Scipio passing through the air. As Shorty next shot from the jerky, I beheld smoke and the locomotive. The Northern Pacific had changed its schedule. A valise is a poor companion for catching a train with. There was rutted sand and lumpy, knee-high greasewood in our short cut. A piece of stray wire sprang from some hole and hung caracoling about my ankle. Tin cans spun from my stride. But we made a conspicuous race. Two of us waved hats, and there was no moment that some one of us was not screeching. It meant twenty-four hours to us.

Perhaps we failed to catch the train's attention, though the theory seems monstrous. As it moved off in our faces, smooth and easy and insulting, Scipio dropped instantly to a walk, and we two others outstripped him and came desperately to the empty track. There went the train. Even still its puffs were the separated puffs of starting, that bitten-off, snorty kind, and sweat and our true natures broke freely forth.

I kicked my valise, and then sat on it, dumb.

Shorty yielded himself up aloud. All his humble secrets came out of him. He walked aimlessly round, lamenting. He had lost his job, and he mentioned the ranch. He had played cards, and he mentioned the man. He had sold his horse and saddle to catch a friend on this train, and he mentioned what the friend had been going to do for him. He told a string of griefs and names to the air, as if the air knew.

Meanwhile Scipio arrived with extreme leisure at the rails. He stuck his hands into his pockets and his head out at the very small train. His bleached blue eyes shut to slits as he watched the rear car in its smoke-blur ooze away westward among the mounded bluffs. "Lucky it's out of range," I thought. But now Scipio spoke to it.

"Why, you seem to think you've left me behind," he began easily, in fawning tones. "You're too much of a kid to have such thoughts. Age some." His next remark grew less wheedling. "I wouldn't be a bit proud to meet yu'. Why, if I was seen travelin' with yu', I'd have to explain it to my friends! Think you've got me left, do yu'? Just because yu' ride through this country on a rail, do yu' claim yu' can find your way around? I could take yu' out ten yards in the brush and lose yu' in ten seconds, you spangle-roofed hobo! Leave *me* behind? you recent blanket-mortgage yearlin'! You plush-lined, nickel-plated, whistlin' wash room, d' yu' figure I can't go east just as soon as west? Or I'll stay right here if it suits me, yu' dude-inhabited hot-box! Why, yu' coon-bossed face-towel—" But from here he rose in flights of novelty that appalled and held me spellbound, and which are not for me to say to you. Then he came down easily again, and finished with expressions of sympathy for it because it could never have known a mother.

"Do you expaict it could show a male parent offhand?" inquired a slow voice behind us. I jumped round, and there was the Virginian.

"Male parent!" scoffed the prompt Scipio. "Ain't you heard about *them* yet?"

"Them? Was there two?"

"Two? The blamed thing was sired by a whole doggone Dutch syndicate."

"Why, the piebald son of a gun!" responded the Virginian, sweetly. "I got them steers through all right," he added to me. "Sorry to see yu' get so out o' breath afteh the train. Is your valise sufferin' any?"

"Who's he?" inquired Scipio, curiously, turning to me.

The Southerner sat with a newspaper on the rear platform of a caboose. The caboose stood hitched behind a mile or so of freight train, and the train was headed west. So here was the deputy foreman, his steers delivered in Chicago, his men (I could hear them) safe in the caboose, his paper in his lap, and his legs dangling at ease over the railing. He wore the look of a man for whom things are going smooth. And for me the way to Billings was smooth now, also.

"Who's he?" Scipio repeated.

But from inside the caboose loud laughter and noise broke on us. Some one was reciting "And it's my night to howl."

"We'll all howl when we get to Rawhide," said some other one; and they howled now.

"These hyeh steam cyars," said the Virginian to Scipio, "make a man's language mighty nigh as speedy as his travel." Of Shorty he took no notice whatever—no more than of the manifestations in the caboose.

"So yu' heard me speakin' to the ex-

press," said Scipio. "Well, I guess, sometimes I— See here," he exclaimed, for the Virginian was gravely considering him, "I may have talked some, but I walked a whole lot. You didn't catch *me* squandering no speed. Soon as——"

"I noticed," said the Virginian, "thinkin' came quicker to yu' than runnin'."

I was glad I was not Shorty, to have my measure taken merely by my way of missing a train. And of course I was sorry that I had kicked my valise.

"Oh, I could tell yu'd been enjoyin' us!" said Scipio. "Observin' somebody else's scrape always kind o' rests me too. Maybe you're a philosopher, but maybe there's a pair of us drawd in this deal."

Approval now grew plain upon the face of the Virginian. "By your laigs," said he, "you are used to the saddle."

"I'd be called used to it, I expect."

"By your hands," said the Southerner, again, "you ain't roped many steers lately. Been cookin' or something?"

"Say," retorted Scipio, "tell my future some now. Draw a conclusion from my mouth."

"I'm right distressed," answered the gentle Southerner, "we've not a drop in the outfit."

"Oh, drink with me uptown!" cried Scipio. "I'm pleased to death with yu'."

The Virginian glanced where the saloons stood just behind the station, and shook his head.

"Why, it ain't a bit far to whiskey from here!" urged the other plaintively. "Step down, now. Scipio le Moyne's my name. Yes, you're lookin' for my brass ear-rings. But there ain't no ear-rings on me. I've been white for a hundred years. Step down. I've a forty-dollar thirst."

"You're certainly white," began the Virginian. "But——"

Here the caboose resumed:—

> "I'm wild, and woolly, and full of fleas;
> I'm hard to curry above the knees;
> I'm a she-wolf from Bitter Creek, and
> It's my night to ho-o-wl——"

And as they howled and stamped, the wheels of the caboose began to turn gently and to murmur.

The Virginian rose suddenly. "Will yu' save that thirst and take a forty-dollar job?"

"Missin' trains, profanity, or what?" said Scipio.

"I'll tell yu' soon as I'm sure."

At this Scipio looked hard at the Virginian. "Why, you're talkin' business!" said he, and leaped on the caboose, where I was already. "I *was* thinkin' of Rawhide," he added, "but I ain't any more."

"Well, good luck!" said Shorty, on the track behind us.

"Oh, say!" said Scipio, "he wanted to go on that train, just like me."

"Get on," called the Virginian. "But as to getting a job, he ain't just like you." So Shorty came, like a lost dog when you whistle to him.

Our wheels clucked over the main-line switch. A train-hand threw it shut after us, jumped aboard, and returned forward over the roofs. Inside the caboose they had reached the third howling of the she-wolf.

"Friends of yourn?" said Scipio.

"My outfit," drawled the Virginian.

"Do yu' always travel outside?" inquired Scipio.

"It's lonesome in there," returned the deputy foreman. And here one of them came out, slamming the door.

"Hell!" he said, at sight of the distant town. Then, truculently, to the Virginian, "I told you I was going to get a bottle here."

"Have your bottle, then," said the deputy foreman, and kicked him off into Dakota. (It was not North Dakota yet; they had not divided it.) The Virginian had aimed his pistol at about the same time with his boot. Therefore the man sat in Dakota quietly, watching us go away into Montana, and offering no objections. Just before he became too small to make out, we saw him rise and remove himself back toward the saloons.

XV

THE GAME AND THE NATION—ACT SECOND

"THAT is the only step I have had to take this whole trip," said the Virginian. He holstered his pistol with a jerk. "I have been fearing he would force it on me." And he looked at empty, receding Dakota with disgust. "So nyeh back home!" he muttered.

"Known your friend long?" whispered Scipio to me.

"Fairly," I answered.

Scipio's bleached eyes brightened with admiration as he considered the Southerner's back. "Well," he stated judicially, "start awful early when yu' go to fool with him, or he'll make you feel onpunctual."

"I expaict I've had them almost all of three thousand miles," said the Virginian, tilting his head toward the noise in the caboose. "And I've strove to deliver them back as I received them. The whole lot. And I would have. But he has spoiled my hopes." The deputy foreman looked again at Dakota. "It's a disappointment," he added. "You may know what I mean."

I had known a little, but not to the very deep, of the man's pride and purpose in his trust. Scipio gave him sympathy. "There must be quite a balance of 'em left with yu' yet," said Scipio, cheeringly.

"I had the boys plumb contented," pursued the deputy foreman, hurt into open talk of himself. "Away along as far as Saynt Paul I had them reconciled to my authority. Then this news about gold had to strike us."

"And they're a-dreamin' nuggets and Parisian bowleyvards," suggested Scipio.

The Virginian smiled gratefully at him.

"Fortune is shinin' bright and blindin' to their delicate young eyes," he said regaining his usual self.

We all listened a moment to the rejoicings within.

"Energetic, ain't they?" said the Southerner. "But none of 'em was whelped savage enough to sing himself bloodthirsty. And though they're strainin' mighty earnest not to be tame, they're goin' back to Sunk Creek with me accordin' to the Judge's awdehs. Never a calf of them will desert to Rawhide, for all their dangerousness; nor I ain't goin' to have any fuss over it. Only one is left now that don't sing. Maybe I will have to make some arrangements about him. The man I have parted with," he said, with another glance at Dakota, "was our cook, and I will ask yu' to replace him, Colonel."

Scipio gaped wide. "Colonel! Say!" He stared at the Virginian. "Did I meet yu' at the palace?"

"Not exackly meet," replied the Southerner. "I was praisent one mawnin' las' month when this gentleman awdehed frawgs' laigs."

"Sakes and saints, but that was a mean position!" burst out Scipio. "I had to tell all comers anything all day. Stand up and jump language hot off my brain at 'em. And the pay don't near compensate for the drain on the system. I don't care how good a man is, you let him keep a-tappin' his presence of mind right along, without takin' a lay-off, and you'll have him sick. Yes, sir. You'll hit his nerves. So I told them they could hire some fresh man, for I was goin' back to punch cattle or fight Indians, or take a rest somehow, for I didn't propose to get jaded, and me only twenty-five years old. There ain't no regular Colonel Cyrus Jones any more, yu' know. He met a Cheyenne telegraph pole in seventy-four, and was buried. But his palace was doin' big business, and he had been a kind of attraction, and so they always keep a live bear outside, and some poor fello', fixed up like the Colonel used to be, inside. And it's a turruble mean position. Course I'll cook for yu'. Yu've a dandy memory for faces!"

"I wasn't right convinced till I kicked him off and you gave that shut to your eyes again," said the Virginian.

Once more the door opened. A man with slim black eyebrows, slim black mustache, and a black shirt tied with a white handkerchief was looking steadily from one to the other of us.

"Good day!" he remarked generally and without enthusiasm; and to the Virginian, "Where's Schoffner?"

"I expaict he'll have got his bottle by now, Trampas."

Trampas looked from one to the other of us again. "Didn't he say he was coming back?"

"He reminded me he was going for a bottle, and afteh that he didn't wait to say a thing."

Trampas looked at the platform and the railing and the steps. "He told me he was coming back," he insisted.

"I don't reckon he has come, not without he clumb up ahaid somewhere. An' I mus' say, when he got off he didn't look like a man does when he has the intention o' returnin'."

At this Scipio coughed, and pared his nails attentively. We had already been avoiding each other's eye. Shorty did not count. Since he got aboard, his meek seat had been the bottom step.

The thoughts of Trampas seemed to be in difficulty. "How long's this train been started?" he demanded.

"This hyeh train?" The Virginian consulted his watch. "Why, it's been fanning it a right smart little while," said he, laying no stress upon his indolent syllables.

"Huh!" went Trampas. He gave the rest of us a final unlovely scrutiny. "It seems to have become a passenger train," he said. And he returned abruptly inside the caboose.

"Is he the member who don't sing?" asked Scipio.

"That's the specimen," replied the Southerner.

"He don't seem musical in the face," said Scipio.

"Pshaw!" returned the Virginian. "Why, you surely ain't the man to mind ugly mugs when they're hollow!"

The noise inside had dropped quickly to stillness. You could scarcely catch the sound of talk. Our caboose was clicking comfortably westward, rail after rail, mile upon mile, while night was beginning to rise from earth into the clouded sky.

"I wonder if they have sent a search party forward to hunt Schoffner?" said the Virginian. "I think I'll maybe join their meeting." He opened the door upon them. "Kind o' dark hyeh, ain't it?" said he. And lighting the lantern, he shut us out.

"What do yu' think?" said Scipio to me. "Will he take them to Sunk Creek?"

"He evidently thinks he will," said I. "He says he will, and he has the courage of his convictions."

"That ain't near enough courage to have!" Scipio exclaimed. "There's times in life when a man has got to have courage *without* convictions—*without* them—or he is no good. Now your friend is that deep constitooted that you don't know and I don't know what he's thinkin' about all this."

"If there's to be any gun-play," put in the excellent Shorty, "I'll stand in with him."

"Ah, go to bed with your gun-play!" retorted Scipio, entirely good-humoured. "Is the Judge paying for a carload of dead punchers to gather his beef for him? And this ain't a proposition worth a man's gettin' hurt for himself, anyway."

"That's so," Shorty assented.

"No," speculated Scipio, as the night drew deeper round us and the caboose click-clucked and click-clucked over the rail joints; "he's waitin' for somebody else to open this pot. I'll bet he don't know but one thing now, and that's that nobody else shall know he don't know anything."

Scipio had delivered himself. He lighted a cigarette, and no more wisdom came from him. The night was established. The rolling bad-lands sank away in it. A train-hand had arrived over the roof, and hanging the red lights out behind, left us again without remark or symptom of curiosity. The train-hands seemed interested in their own society and lived in their own caboose. A chill wind with wet in it came blowing from the invisible draws, and brought the feel of the distant mountains.

"That's Montana!" said Scipio, snuffing. "I am glad to have it inside my lungs again."

"Ain't yu' getting cool out there?" said the Virginian's voice. "Plenty room inside."

Perhaps he had expected us to follow him; or perhaps he had meant us to delay long enough not to seem like a reënforcement. "These gentlemen missed the express at Medora," he observed to his men, simply.

What they took us for upon our entrance I cannot say, or what they believed. The atmosphere of the caboose was charged with voiceless currents of thought. By way of a friendly beginning to the three hundred miles of caboose we were now to share so intimately, I recalled myself to them. I trusted no more of the Christian Endeavour had delayed them. "I am so lucky to have caught you again," I finished. "I was afraid my last chance of reaching the Judge's had gone."

Thus I said a number of things designed to be agreeable, but they met my small talk with the smallest talk you can have. "Yes," for instance, and "Pretty well, I guess," and grave strikings of matches and thoughtful looks at the floor. I suppose we had made twenty miles to the imperturbable clicking of the caboose when one at length asked his neighbour had he ever seen New York.

"No," said the other. "Flooded with dudes, ain't it?"

"Swimmin'," said the first.

"Leakin', too," said a third.

"Well, my gracious!" said a fourth, and beat his knee in private delight. None of them ever looked at me. For some reason I felt exceedingly ill at ease.

"Good clothes in New York," said the third.

"Rich food," said the first.

"Fresh eggs, too," said the third.

"Well, my gracious!" said the fourth, beating his knee.

"Why, yes," observed the Virginian, unexpectedly; "they tell me that aiggs there ain't liable to be so rotten as you'll strike 'em in this country."

None of them had a reply for this, and New York was abandoned. For some reason I felt much better.

It was a new line they adopted next, led off by Trampas.

"Going to the excitement?" he inquired, selecting Shorty.

"Excitement?" said Shorty, looking up.

"Going to Rawhide?" Trampas repeated. And all watched Shorty.

"Why, I'm all adrift missin' that express," said Shorty.

"Maybe I can give you employment," suggested the Virginian. "I am taking an outfit across the basin."

"You'll find most folks going to Rawhide, if you're looking for company," pursued Trampas, fishing for a recruit.

"How about Rawhide, anyway?" said Scipio, skilfully deflecting this missionary work. "Are they taking much mineral out? Have yu' seen any of the rock?"

"Rock?" broke in the enthusiast who had beaten his knee. "There!" And he brought some from his pocket.

"You're always showing your rock," said Trampas, sulkily; for Scipio now held the conversation, and Shorty returned safely to his dozing.

"H'm!" went Scipio at the rock. He turned it back and forth in his hand, looking it over; he chucked and caught it slightingly in the air, and handed it back. "Porphyry, I see." That was his only word about it. He said it cheerily. He left no room for discussion. You could not damn a thing worse. "Ever been in Santa Rita?" pursued Scipio, while the enthusiast slowly pushed his rock back into his pocket. "That's down in New Mexico. Ever been to Globe, Arizona?" And Scipio talked away about the mines he had known. There was no getting at Shorty any more that evening. Trampas was foiled of his fish, or of learning how the fish's heart lay. And by morning Shorty had been carefully instructed to change his mind about once an hour. This is apt to discourage all but very superior missionaries. And I too escaped for the rest of this night. At Glendive we had a dim supper, and I bought some blankets; and after that it was late, and sleep occupied the attention of us all.

We lay along the shelves of the caboose, a peaceful sight I should think, in that smoothly trundling cradle. I slept almost immediately, so tired that not even our stops or anything else waked me, save once, when the air I was breathing grew suddenly pure, and I roused. Sitting in the door was the lonely figure of the Virginian. He leaned in silent contemplation of the occasional moon, and beneath it the Yellowstone's swift ripples. On the caboose shelves the others slept sound and still, each stretched or coiled as he had first put himself. They were not untrustworthy to look at, it seemed to me—except Trampas. You would have said the rest of that young humanity was average rough male blood, merely needing to be told the proper things at the right time; and one big bunchy stocking of the enthusiast stuck out of his blanket, solemn and innocent, and I laughed at it. There was a light sound by the door, and I found the Virginian's eye on me. Finding who it was, he nodded and motioned with his hand to go to sleep. And this I did with him in my sight, still leaning in the open door, through which came the interrupted moon and the swimming reaches of the Yellowstone.

XVI

THE GAME AND THE NATION—LAST ACT

It has happened to you, has it not, to wake in the morning and wonder for a while where on earth you are? Thus I came half to life in the caboose, hearing voices, but not the actual words at first.

But presently, "Hathaway!" said some one more clearly. "Portland 1291!"

This made no special stir in my intelligence, and I drowsed off again to the pleasant rhythm of the wheels. The little shock of stopping next brought me to, somewhat, with the voices still round me; and when we were again in motion, I heard: "Rosebud! Portland 1279!" These figures jarred me awake, and I said, "It was 1291 before," and sat up in my blankets.

The greeting they vouchsafed and the sight of them clustering expressionless in the caboose brought last evening's uncomfortable memory back to me. Our next stop revealed how things were going to-day.

"Forsythe," one of them read on the station. "Portland 1266."

They were counting the lessening distance westward. This was the undercurrent of war. It broke on me as I procured fresh water at Forsythe and made some toilet in their stolid presence. We were drawing nearer the Rawhide station—the point, I mean, where you left the railway for the new mines. Now Rawhide station lay this side of Billings. The broad path of desertion would open ready for their feet when the narrow path to duty and Sunk Creek was still some fifty miles more to wait. Here was Trampas's great strength; he need make no move meanwhile, but lie low for the immediate temptation to front and waylay them and win his battle over the deputy foreman. But the Virginian seemed to find nothing save enjoyment in this sunny

September morning, and ate his breakfast at Forsythe serenely.

That meal done and that station gone, our caboose took up again its easy trundle by the banks of the Yellowstone. The mutineers sat for a while digesting in idleness.

"What's your scar?" inquired one at length, inspecting casually the neck of his neighbour.

"Foolishness," the other answered.

"Yourn?"

"Mine."

"Well, I don't know but I prefer to have myself to thank for a thing," said the first.

"I was displaying myself," continued the second. "One day last summer it was. We come on a big snake by Torrey Creek corral. The boys got betting pretty lively that I dassent make my word good as to dealing with him, so I loped my cayuse full tilt by Mr. Snake, and swung down and catched him up by the tail from the ground, and cracked him same as a whip, and snapped his head off. You've saw it done?" he said to the audience.

The audience nodded wearily.

"But the loose head flew agin me, and the fangs caught. I was pretty sick for a while."

"It don't pay to be clumsy," said the first man. "If you'd snapped the snake away from yu' instead of toward yu', its head would have whirled off into the brush, same as they do with me."

"How like a knife-cut your scar looks!" said I.

"Don't it?" said the snake-snapper. "There's many that gets fooled by it."

"An antelope knows a snake is his enemy," said another to me. "Ever seen a buck circling round and round a rattler?"

"I have always wanted to see that," said I, heartily. For this I knew to be a respectable piece of truth.

"It's worth seeing," the man went on. "After the buck gets close in, he gives an almighty jump up in the air, and down comes his four hoofs in a bunch right on top of Mr. Snake. Cuts him all to hash. Now you tell me how the buck knows that."

Of course I could not tell him. And again we sat in silence for a while—friendlier silence, I thought.

"A skunk'll kill yu' worse than a snake bite," said another, presently. "No, I don't mean that way," he added. For I had smiled. "There is a brown skunk down in Arkansaw. Kind of prairie-dog brown. Littler than our variety, he is. And he is mad the whole year round, same as a dog gets. Only the dog has a spell and dies; but this here Arkansaw skunk is mad right along, and it don't seem to interfere with his business in other respects. Well, suppose you're camping out, and suppose it's a hot night, or you're in a hurry, and you've made camp late, or anyway you haven't got inside any tent, but you have just bedded down in the open. Skunk comes traveling along and walks on your blankets. You're warm. He likes that, same as a cat does. And he tramps with pleasure and comfort, same as a cat. And you move. You get bit, that's all. And you die of hydrophobia. Ask anybody."

"Most extraordinary!" said I. "But did you ever see a person die from this?"

"No, sir. Never happened to. My cousin at Bald Knob did."

"Died?"

"No, sir. Saw a man."

"But how do you know they're not sick skunks?"

"No, sir! They're well skunks. Well as anything. You'll not meet skunks in any State of the Union more robust than them in Arkansaw. And thick."

"That's awful true," sighed another. "I have buried hundreds of dollars' worth of clothes in Arkansaw."

"Why didn't yu' travel in a sponge bag?" inquired Scipio. And this brought a slight silence.

"Speakin' of bites," spoke up a new man, "how's that?" He held up his thumb.

"My!" breathed Scipio. "Must have been a lion."

The man wore a wounded look. "I was huntin' owl eggs for a botanist from Boston," he explained to me.

"Chiropodist, weren't he?" said Scipio. "Or maybe a sonnabulator?"

"No, honest," protested the man with the thumb; so that I was sorry for him, and begged him to go on.

"I'll listen to you," I assured him. And I wondered why this politeness of mine should throw one or two of them into stifled mirth. Scipio, on the other hand, gave me a disgusted look and sat back sullenly for a moment, and then took himself out on the platform, where the Virginian was lounging.

"The young feller wore knee-pants and ever so thick spectacles with a half-moon cut in 'em," resumed the narrator, "and he carried a tin box strung to a strap I took for his lunch till it flew open on him and a horn toad hustled out. Then I was sure

he was a botanist—or whatever yu' say they're called. Well, he would have owl eggs—them little prairie-owls that some claim can turn their head clean around and keep a-watchin' yu', only that's nonsense. We was ridin' through that prairie-dog town, used to be on the flat just after yu' crossed the south fork of Powder River on the Buffalo trail, and I said I'd dig an owl nest out for him if he was willin' to camp till I'd dug it. I wanted to know about them owls some myself—if they did live with the dogs and snakes, yu' know," he broke off, appealing to me.

"Oh, yes," I told him eagerly.

"So while the botanist went glarin' around the town with his glasses to see if he could spot a prairie-dog and an owl usin' the same hole, I was diggin' in a hole I'd seen an owl run down. And that's what I got." He held up his thumb again.

"The snake!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, sir. Mr. Rattler was keepin' house that day. Took me right there. I hauled him out of the hole hangin' to me. Eight rattles."

"Eight!" said I. "A big one."

"Yes, sir. Thought I was dead. But the woman——"

"The woman?" said I.

"Yes, woman. Didn't I tell yu' the botanist had his wife along? Well, he did. And she acted better than the man, for he was losin' his head, and shoutin' he had no whiskey, and he didn't guess his knife was sharp enough to amputate my thumb, and none of us chewed, and the doctor was twenty miles away, and if he had only remembered to bring his ammonia—well, he was screeching out 'most everything he knew in the world, and without arranging it any, neither. But she just clawed his pocket and burrowed and kep' yelling, 'Give him the stone, Augustus!' And she whipped out one of them Injun medicine-stones,—first one I ever seen,—and she clapped it on to my thumb, and it started in right away."

"What did it do?" said I.

"Sucked. Like blotting-paper does. Soft and funny it was, and gray. They get 'em from elks' stomachs, yu' know. And when it had sucked the poison out of the wound, off it falls of my thumb by itself! And I thanked the woman for saving my life that capable and keeping her head that cool. I never knowed how excited she had been till afterward. She was awful shocked."

"I suppose she started to talk when the danger was over," said I, with deep silence around me.

"No; she didn't say nothing to me. But when her next child was born, it had eight rattles."

Din now rose wild in the caboose. They rocked together. The enthusiast beat his knee tumultuously. And I joined them. Who could help it? It had been so well conducted from the imperceptible beginning. Fact and falsehood blended with such perfect art. And this last, an effect so new made with such world-old material! I cared nothing that I was the victim, and I joined them; but ceased, feeling suddenly somehow estranged or chilled. It was in their laughter. The loudness was too loud. And I caught the eyes of Trampas fixed upon the Virginian with exultant malevolence. Scipio's disgusted glance was upon me from the door.

Dazed by these signs, I went out on the platform to get away from the noise. There the Virginian said to me: "Cheer up! You'll not be so easy for 'em that-a-way next season."

He said no more; and with his legs dangled over the railing, appeared to resume his newspaper.

"What's the matter?" said I to Scipio.

"Oh, I don't mind if he don't," Scipio answered. "Couldn't yu' see? I tried to head 'em off from yu' all I knew, but yu' just ran in among 'em yourself. Couldn't yu' see? Kep' hinderin' and spoilin' me with askin' those urgent questions of yourn—why, I had to let yu' go your way. Why, that wasn't the ordinary play with the ordinary tenderfoot they treated you to! You ain't a common tenderfoot this trip. You're the foreman's friend. They've hit him through you. That's the way they count it. It's made them encouraged. Can't yu' see?"

Scipio stated it plainly. And as we ran by the next station, "Howard!" they harshly yelled. "Portland 1256!"

We had been passing gangs of workmen on the track. And at that last yell the Virginian rose. "I reckon I'll join the meeting again," he said. "This filling and repairing looks like the washout might have been true."

"Washout?" said Scipio.

"Big Horn bridge, they say—four days ago."

"Then I wish it came this side Rawhide station."

"Do yu'?" drawled the Virginian. And smiling at Scipio, he lounged in through the open door.

"He beats me," said Scipio, shaking his head. "His trail is turruble hard to anticipate."

We listened.

"Work bein' done on the road, I see," the Virginian was saying, very friendly and conversational.

"We see it too," said the voice of Trampas.

"Seem to be easin' their grades some."

"Roads do."

"Cheaper to build 'em the way they want 'em at the start, a man would think," suggested the Virginian, most friendly. "There go some more I-talians."

"They're Chinese," said Trampas.

"That's so," acknowledged the Virginian, with a laugh.

"What's he monkeyin' at now?" muttered Scipio.

"Without cheap foreigners they couldn't afford all this hyeh new gradin'," the Southerner continued.

"Grading! Can't you tell when a flood's been eating the banks?"

"Why, yes," said the Virginian, sweet as honey. "But ain't yu' heard of the improvements west of Big Timber, all the way to Missoula, this season? I'm talkin' about them."

"Oh! Talking about them. Yes, I've heard."

"Good money-savin' scheme, ain't it?" said the Virginian. "Lettin' a freight run down one hill an' up the next as far as she'll go without steam, an' shavin' the hill down to that point." Now this was an honest engineering fact. "Better'n settin' dudes squintin' through telescopes an' cipherin' over one per cent re-ductions," the Southerner commented.

"It's common sense," assented Trampas. "Have you heard the new scheme about the water-tanks?"

"I ain't right certain," said the Southerner.

"I must watch this," said Scipio, "or I shall bust." He went in, and so did I.

They were all sitting over this discussion of the Northern Pacific's recent policy as to betterments, as though they were the board of directors. Pins could have dropped. Only nobody would have cared to hear a pin.

"They used to put all their tanks at the bottom of their grades," said Trampas.

"Why, yu' get the water easier at the bottom."

"You can pump it to the top, though," said Trampas, growing superior. "And it's cheaper."

"That gets me," said the Virginian, interested.

"Trains after watering can start down hill now and get the benefit of the gravity. It'll cut down operating expenses a heap."

"That's cert'nly common sense!" exclaimed the Virginian, absorbed. "But ain't it kind o' tardy?"

"Live and learn. So they gained speed, too. High speed on half the coal this season, until the accident."

"Accident!" said the Virginian, instantly.

"Yellowstone Limited. Man fired at engine-driver. Train was flying past that quick the bullet broke every window and killed a passenger on the back platform. You've been running too much with aristocrats," finished Trampas, and turned on his heel.

"Haw, haw!" began the enthusiast, but his neighbour gripped him to silence. This was a triumph too serious for noise. Not a mutineer moved; and I felt cold.

"Trampas," said the Virginian, "I thought yu'd be afeared to try it on me."

Trampas whirled round. His hand was at his belt. "Afraid!" he sneered.

"Shorty!" said Scipio, sternly, and leaping upon that youth, took his half-drawn pistol from him.

"I'm obliged to yu'," said the Virginian to Scipio.

Trampas's hand left his belt. He threw a slight, easy look at his men, and keeping his back to the Virginian, walked out on the platform and sat on the chair where the Virginian had sat so much.

"Don't you comprehend," said the Virginian to Shorty, amiably, "that this hyeh question has been discussed peaceable by civilized citizens? Now you sit down and be good, and Mr. Le Moyne will return your gun when we're across that broken bridge, if they have got it fixed for heavy trains yet."

"This train will be lighter when it gets to that bridge," spoke Trampas, out on his chair.

"Why, that's true, too!" said the Virginian. "Maybe none of us are crossin' that Big Horn bridge now, except me. Funny if yu' should end by persuadin' me to quit and go to Rawhide myself! But I reckon I'll not. I reckon I'll worry along to Sunk Creek, somehow."

"Don't forget I'm cookin' for yu'," said Scipio, gruffly.

"I'm obliged to yu'," said the Southerner.

"You were speaking of a job for me," said Shorty.

"I'm right obliged. But yu' see—I ain't exackly foreman the way this comes out, and my promises might not bind Judge Henry to pay salaries."

A push came through the train from forward. We were slowing for the Rawhide station, and all began to be busy and to talk. "Going up to the mines to-day?" "Oh, let's grub first." "Guess it's too late, anyway." And so forth; while they rolled and roped their bedding, and put on their coats with a good deal of elbow motion, and otherwise showed off. It was wasted. The Virginian did not know what was going on in the caboose. He was leaning and looking out ahead, and Scipio's puzzled eye never left him. And as we halted for the water-tank, the Southerner exclaimed, "They ain't got away yet!" as if it were good news to him.

He meant the delayed trains. Four stalled expresses were in front of us, besides several freights. And two hours more at least before the bridge would be ready.

Travelers stood and sat about forlorn, near the cars, out in the sage-brush, anywhere. People in hats and spurs watched them, and Indian chiefs offered them painted bows and arrows and shiny horns.

"I reckon them passengers would prefer a laig o' mutton," said the Virginian to a man loafing near the caboose.

"Bet your life!" said the man. "First lot has been stuck here four days."

"Plumb starved, ain't they?" inquired the Virginian.

"Bet your life! They've eat up their dining-cars and they've eat up this town."

"Well," said the Virginian, looking at the town, "I expaict the dining-cyars contained more nourishment."

"Say, you're about right there!" said the man. He walked beside the caboose as we puffed slowly forward from the water-tank to our siding. "Fine business here if we'd only been ready," he continued. "And the Crow agent has let his Indians come over from the reservation. There has been a little beef brought in, and game, and fish. And big money in it, bet your life! Them Eastern passengers has just been robbed. I wisht I had somethin' to sell!"

"Anything starting for Rawhide this afternoon?" said Trampas, out of the caboose door.

"Not until morning," said the man. "You going to the mines?" he resumed to the Virginian.

"Why," answered the Southerner, slowly and casually, and addressing himself strictly to the man, while Trampas, on his side, paid obvious inattention, "this hyeh delay, yu' see, may unsettle our plans some. But it'll be one of two ways,—we're all goin' to Rawhide, or we're all goin' to Billings. We're all one party, yu' see."

Trampas laughed audibly inside the door as he rejoined his men. "Let him keep up appearances," I heard him tell them. "It don't hurt us what he says to strangers."

"But I'm goin' to eat hearty either way," continued the Virginian. "And I ain' goin' to be robbed. I've been kind o' promisin' myself a treat if we stopped hyeh."

"Town's eat clean out," said the man.

"So yu' tell me. But all you folks has forgot one source of revenue that yu' have right close by, mighty handy. If you have got a gunny sack, I'll show you how to make some money."

"Bet your life!" said the man.

"Mr. Le Moyne," said the Virginian, "the outfit's cookin' stuff is aboard, and if you'll get the fire ready, we'll try how frawgs' laigs go fried." He walked off at once, the man following like a dog. Inside the caboose rose a gust of laughter.

"Frogs!" muttered Scipio. And then turning a blank face to me, "Frogs?"

"Colonel Cyrus Jones had them on his bill of fare," I said. "'*Frogs' Legs à la Delmonico.*'"

"Shoo! I didn't get up that thing. They had it when I came. Never looked at it. Frogs?" He went down the steps very slowly, with a long frown. Reaching the ground, he shook his head. "That man's trail is surely hard to anticipate," he said. "But I must hurry up that fire. For his appearance has given me encouragement," Scipio concluded, and became brisk. Shorty helped him, and I brought wood. Trampas and the other people strolled off to the station, a compact band.

Our little fire was built beside the caboose, so the cooking things might be easily reached and put back. You would scarcely think such operations held any interest, even for the hungry, when there seemed to be nothing to cook. A few sticks blazing tamely in the dust, a frying-pan, half a tin bucket of lard, some water, and barren plates and knives and forks, and three silent men attending to them—that was all. But the travelers came to see. These waifs drew near us, and stood, a sad, lorn, shifting fringe of audience; four to begin with; and then two wandered away; and presently one of these came back, finding it

worse elsewhere. "Supper, boys?" said he. "Breakfast," said Scipio, crossly. And no more of them addressed us. I heard them joylessly mention Wall Street to each other, and Saratoga; I even heard the name Bryn Mawr, which is near Philadelphia. But these fragments of home dropped in the wilderness here in Montana beside a freight caboose were of no interest to me now.

"Looks like frogs down there, too," said Scipio. "See them marshy sloos full of weeds?" We took a little turn and had a sight of the Virginian quite active among the ponds. "Hush! I'm getting some thoughts," continued Scipio. "He wasn't sorry enough. Don't interrupt me."

"I'm not," said I.

"No. But I'd 'most caught a-hold." And Scipio muttered to himself again, "He wasn't sorry enough." Presently he swore loud and brilliantly. "Tell yu'!" he cried. "What did he say to Trampas after that play they exchanged over railroad improvements and Trampas put the josh on him? Didn't he say, 'Trampas, I thought you'd be afraid to do it?' Well, sir, Trampas had better have been afraid. And that's what he meant. There's where he was bringin' it to. Trampas made an awful bad play then. You wait. Glory, but he's a knowin' man! Course he wasn't sorry. I guess he had the hardest kind of work to look as sorry as he did. You wait."

"Wait? What for? Go on, man! What for?"

"I don't know! I don't know! Whatever hand he's been holdin' up, this is the show-down. He's played for a show-down here before the caboose gets off the bridge. Come back to the fire, or Shorty'll be leavin' it go out. Grow happy some, Shorty!" he cried on arriving and his hand cracked on Shorty's shoulder. "Supper's in sight, Shorty. Food for reflection."

"None for the stomach?" asked the passenger who had spoken once before.

"We're figuring on that too," said Scipio. His crossness had melted entirely away.

"Why, they're cow-boys!" exclaimed another passenger; and he moved nearer.

From the station Trampas now came back, his herd following him less compactly. They had found famine, and no hope of supplies until the next train from the East. This was no fault of Trampas's; but they were following him less compactly. They carried one piece of cheese, the size of a fist, the weight of a brick, the hue of a corpse. And the passengers, seeing it, exclaimed, "There's Old Faithful again!" and took off their hats.

"You gentlemen met that cheese before, then?" said Scipio, delighted.

"It's been offered me three times a day for four days," said the passenger. "Did he want a dollar or a dollar and a half?"

"Two dollars!" blurted out the enthusiast. And all of us save Trampas fell into fits of imbecile laughter.

"Here comes our grub, anyway," said Scipio, looking off toward the marshes. And his hilarity sobered away in a moment.

"Well, the train will be in soon," stated Trampas. "I guess we'll get a decent supper without frogs."

All interest settled now upon the Virginian. He was coming with his man and his gunny sack, and the gunny sack hung from his shoulder heavily, as a full sack should. He took no notice of the gathering, but sat down and partly emptied the sack. "There," said he, very businesslike, to his assistant, "that's all we'll want. I think you'll find a ready market for the balance."

"Well, my gracious!" said the enthusiast. "What fool eats a frog?"

"Oh, I'm fool enough for a tadpole!" cried the passenger. And they began to take out their pocket-books.

"You can cook yours right hyeh, gentlemen," said the Virginian, with his slow Southern courtesy. "The dining-cyars don't look like they were fired up."

"How much will you sell a couple for?" inquired the enthusiast.

The Virginian looked at him with friendly surprise. "Why, help yourself! We're all together yet awhile. Help yourselves," he repeated, to Trampas and his followers. These hung back a moment, then, with a slinking motion, set the cheese upon the earth and came forward nearer the fire to receive some supper.

"It won't scarcely be Delmonico style," said the Virginian to the passengers, "nor yet Saynt Augustine." He meant the great Augustin, the traditional *chef* of Philadelphia, whose history I had sketched for him at Colonel Cyrus Jones's eating palace.

Scipio now officiated. His frying-pan was busy, and prosperous odours rose from it.

"Run for a bucket of fresh water, Shorty," the Virginian continued, beginning his meal. "Colonel, yu' cook pretty near good. If yu' had sold 'em as advertised, yu'd have cert'nly made a name."

Several were now eating with satisfaction, but not Scipio. It was all that he could do to cook straight. The whole man seemed

o glisten. His eye was shut to a slit once more, while the innocent passengers thankfully swallowed.

"Now, you see, you have made some money," began the Virginian to the native who had helped him get the frogs.

"Bet your life!" exclaimed the man. "Divvy, won't you?" And he held out half his gains.

"Keep 'em," returned the Southerner. "I reckon we're square. But I expaict they'll not equal Delmonico's, seh?" he said to a passenger.

"Don't trust the judgment of a man as hungry as I am!" exclaimed the traveler, with a laugh. And he turned to his fellow-travelers. "Did you ever enjoy supper at Delmonico's more than this?"

"Never!" they sighed.

"Why, look here," said the traveler, "what fools the people of this town are! Here we've been all these starving days, and you come and get ahead of them!"

"That's right easy explained," said the Virginian. "I've been where there was big money in frawgs, and they ain't been. They're all cattle hyeh. Talk cattle, think cattle, and they're bankrupt in consequence. Fallen through. Ain't that so?" he inquired of the native.

"That's about the way," said the man.

"It's mighty hard to do what your neighbours ain't doin'," pursued the Virginian. "Montana is all cattle, an' these folks must be cattle, an' never notice the country right hyeh is too small for a range, an' swampy, anyway, an' just waitin' to be a frawg ranch."

At this, all wore a face of careful reserve.

"I'm not claimin' to be smarter than you folks hyeh," said the Virginian, deprecatingly, to his assistant. "But travelin' learns a man many customs. You wouldn't do the business they done at Tulare, California, north side o' the lake. They cert'nly utilized them hopeless swamps splendid. Of course they put up big capital and went into it scientific, gettin' advice from the Government Fish Commission, an' such like knowledge. Yu' see, they had big markets for their frawgs,—San Francisco, Los Angeles, and clear to New York afteh the Southern Pacific was through. But up hyeh yu' could sell to passengers every day like yu' done this one day. They would get to know yu' along the line. Competing swamps are scarce. The dining-cyars would take your frawgs, and yu' would have the Yellowstone Park for four months in the year. Them hotels are anxious to please, an' they would buy off yu' what their Eastern patrons esteem as fine-eatin'. And you folks would be sellin' something instead o' nothin'."

"That's a practical idea," said a traveler. "And little cost."

"And little cost," said the Virginian.

"Would Eastern people eat frogs?" inquired the man.

"Look at us!" said the traveler.

"Delmonico doesn't give yu' such a treat!" said the Virginian.

"Not exactly!" the traveler exclaimed.

"How much would be paid for frogs?" said Trampas to him. And I saw Scipio bend closer to his cooking.

"Oh, I don't know," said the traveler. "We've paid pretty well, you see."

"You're late for Tulare, Trampas," said the Virginian.

"I was not thinking of Tulare," Trampas retorted. Scipio's nose was in the frying-pan.

"Mos' comical spot you ever struck!" said the Virginian, looking round upon the whole company. He allowed himself a broad smile of retrospect. "To hear 'em talk frawgs at Tulare! Same as other folks talks hawsses or steers or whatever they're raising to sell. Yu'd fall into it yourselves if yu' started the business. Anything a man's bread and butter depends on, he's going to be earnest about. Don't care if it is a frawg."

"That's so," said the native. "And it paid good?"

"The only money in the county was right there," answered the Virginian. "It was a dead county, and only frawgs was movin'. But that business was a-fannin' to beat four of a kind. It made yu' feel strange at first, as I said. For all the men had been cattle-men at one time or another. Till yu' got accustomed, it would give 'most anybody a shock to hear 'em speak about herdin' the bulls in a pasture by themselves." The Virginian allowed himself another smile, but became serious again. "That was their policy," he explained. "Except at certain times o' year they kept the bulls separate. The Fish Commission told 'em they'd better, and it cert'nly worked mighty well. It or something did—for, gentlemen, hush! but there was millions. You'd have said all the frawgs in the world had taken charge at Tulare. And the money rolled in! Gentlemen, hush! 'twas a gold mine for the owners. Forty per cent. they netted some years. And they paid generous wages. For they

could sell to all them French restaurants in San Francisco, yu' see. And there was the Cliff House. And the Palace Hotel made it a specialty. And the officers took frawgs at the Presidio, an' Angel Island, an' Alcatraz, an' Benicia. Los Angeles was beginnin' its boom. The corner-lot sharps wanted something by way of varnish. An' so they dazzled Eastern investors with advertisin' Tulare frawgs clear to N' Yol'ans an' New York. 'Twas only in Sacramento frawgs was dull. I expaict the California legislature was too or'n'ry for them fine-raised luxuries. They tell of one of them senators that he raked a million out of Los Angeles real estate, and started in for a bang-up meal with champagne. Wanted to scatter his new gold thick and quick. But he got astray among all the fancy dishes, an' just yelled right out before the ladies, 'Damn it! bring me forty dollars' worth of ham and aiggs.' He was a funny senator, now."

The Virginian paused, and finished eating a leg. And then with diabolic art he made a feint at wandering to new fields of anecdote. "Talkin' of senators," he resumed, "Senator Wise——"

"How much did you say wages were at Tulare?" inquired one of the Trampas faction.

"How much? Why, I never knew what the foreman got. The regular hands got a hundred. Senator Wise——"

"A hundred a *month?*"

"Why, it was wet an' muddy work, yu' see. A man risked rheumatism some. He risked it a good deal. Well, I was going to tell about Senator Wise. When Senator Wise was speaking of his visit to Alaska——"

"Forty per cent., was it?" said Trampas.

"Oh, I must call my wife!" said the traveler behind me. "This is what I came West for." And he hurried away.

"Not forty per cent. the bad years," replied the Virginian. "The frawgs had enemies, same as cattle. I remember when a pelican got in the spring pasture, and the herd broke through the fence——"

"Fence?" said a passenger.

"Ditch, seh, and wire net. Every pasture was a square swamp with a ditch around, and a wire net. Yu've heard the mournful, mixed-up sound a big bunch of cattle will make? Well, seh, as yu' druv from the railroad to the Tulare frawg ranch yu' could hear 'em a mile. Springtime they'd sing like girls in the organ loft, and by August they were about ready to hire out for bass. And all was fit to be soloists, if I'm a judge. But in a bad year it might only be twenty per cent. The pelican rushed 'em from the pasture right into the San Joaquin River, which was close by the property. The big balance of the herd stampeded, and though of course they came out on the banks again, the news had went around, and folks below at Hemlen eat most of 'em just to spite the company. Yu' see, a frawg in a river is more hopeless than any maverick loose on the range. And they never struck any plan to brand their stock and prove ownership."

"Well, twenty per cent. is good enough for me," said Trampas, "if Rawhide don't suit me."

"A hundred a month!" said the enthusiast. And busy calculations began to arise among them.

"It went to fifty per cent.," pursued the Virginian, "when New York and Philadelphia got to biddin' agaynst each other. Both cities had signs all over 'em claiming to furnish the Tulare frawg. And both had 'em all right. And same as cattle trains, yu'd see frawg trains tearing acrosst Arizona—big glass tanks with wire over 'em—through to New York, an' the frawgs starin' out."

"Why, George," whispered a woman's voice behind me, "he's merely deceiving them! He's merely making that stuff up out of his head."

"Yes, my dear, that's merely what he's doing."

"Well, I don't see why you imagined I should care for this. I think I'll go back."

"Better see it out, Daisy. This beats the geysers or anything we're likely to find in the Yellowstone."

"Then I wish we had gone to Bar Harbor as usual," said the lady, and she returned to her Pullman.

But her husband stayed. Indeed, the male crowd now was a goodly sight to see, how the men edged close, drawn by a common tie. Their different kinds of feet told the strength of the bond—yellow sleeping-car slippers planted miscellaneous and motionless near a pair of Mexican spurs. All eyes watched the Virginian and gave him their entire sympathy. Though they could not know his motive for it, what he was doing had fallen as light upon them—all except the excited calculators. These were loudly making their fortunes at both Rawhide and Tulare, drugged by their satanically aroused hopes of gold, heedless of the slippers and the spurs. Had a man given any sign to warn them, I think he

ould have been lynched. Even the Indian iefs had come to see in their show war onnets and blankets. They naturally nderstood nothing of it, yet magnetically new that the Virginian was the great man. nd they watched him with approval. He it by the fire with the frying-pan, looking is daily self—engaging and saturnine. And ow as Trampas declared tickets to Cali-rnia would be dear and Rawhide had etter come first, the Southerner let loose is heaven-born imagination.

"There's a better reason for Rawhide an tickets, Trampas," said he. "I said was too late for Tulare."

"I heard you," said Trampas. "Opinions ay differ. You and I don't think alike n several points."

"Gawd, Trampas!" said the Virginian, d' yu' reckon I'd be rotting hyeh on forty ollars if Tulare was like it used to be? ulare is broke."

"What broke it? Your leaving?"

"Revenge broke it, and disease," said he Virginian, striking the frying-pan on is knee, for the frogs were all gone. At hose lurid words their untamed child inds took fire, and they drew round him gain to hear a tale of blood. The crowd eemed to lean nearer.

But for a short moment it threatened to e spoiled. A passenger came along, de-anding in an important voice, "Where are hese frogs?" He was a prominent New ork after-dinner speaker, they whispered ie, and out for a holiday in his private ar. Reaching us and walking to the irginian, he said cheerily, "How much do ou want for your frogs, my friend?"

"You got a friend-hyeh?" said the Vir-inian. "That's good, for yu' need care aken of yu'." And the prominent after-inner speaker did not further discommode s.

"That's worth my trip," whispered a ew York passenger to me.

"Yes, it was a case of revenge," resumed he Virginian, "and disease. There was a an named Saynt Augustine got run out f Domingo, which is a Dago island. He ome to Philadelphia, an' he was dead roke. But Saynt Augustine was a live an, an' saw Philadelphia was full o' uakers that dressed plain an' eat hum-rum. So he started cookin' Domingo way or 'em, an' they caught right ahold. Terra-in, he gave 'em, an' croakeets, an' he'd se forty chickens to make a broth he alled consommay. An' he got rich, and hiladelphia got well known, an' Delmonico in New York he got jealous. He was the cook that had the say-so in New York."

"Was Delmonico one of them I-talians?" inquired a fascinated mutineer.

"I don't know. But he acted like one. Lorenzo was his front name. He aimed to cut——"

"Domingo's throat?" breathed the enthusiast.

"Aimed to cut away the trade from Saynt Augustine an' put Philadelphia back where he thought she belonged. Frawgs was the fashionable rage then. These foreign cooks set the fashion in eatin', same as foreign dressmakers do women's clothes. Both cities was catchin' and swallowin' all the frawgs Tulare could throw at 'em. So he——"

"Lorenzo?" said the enthusiast.

"Yes, Lorenzo Delmonico. He bid a dollar a tank higher. An' Saynt Augustine raised him fifty cents. An' Lorenzo raised him a dollar. An Saynt Augustine shoved her up three. Lorenzo he didn't expect Philadelphia would go that high, and he got hot in the collar, an' flew round his kitchen in New York, an' claimed he'd twist Saynt Augustine's Domingo tail for him and crack his ossified system. Lorenzo raised his language to a high temperature, they say. An' then quite sudden off he starts for Tulare. He buys tickets over the Santa Fe, and he goes a-fannin' and a-foggin'. But, gentlemen, hush! The very same day Saynt Augustine he tears out of Philadelphia. He traveled by the way o' Washington, an' out he comes a-fannin' an' a-foggin' over the Southern Pacific. Of course Tulare didn't know nothin' of this. All it knowed was how the frawg market was on soarin' wings, and it was feelin' like a flight o' rawckets. If only there'd been some preparation,—a telegram or something,—the disaster would never have occurred. But Lorenzo and Saynt Augustine was that absorbed watchin' each other—for, yu' see, the Santa Fe and the Southern Pacific come together at Mojave, an' the two cooks traveled a matter of two hundred an' ten miles in the same cyar—they never thought about a telegram. And when they arruv, breathless, an' started in to screechin' what they'd give for the monopoly, why, them unsuspectin' Tulare boys got amused at 'em. I never heard just all they done, but they had Lorenzo singin' and dancin', while Saynt Augustine played the fiddle for him. And one of Lorenzo's heels did get a trifle grazed. Well, them two cooks quit that ranch without

disclosin' their identity, and soon as they got to a safe distance they swore eternal friendship, in their excitable foreign way. And they went home over the Union Pacific, sharing the same state-room. Their revenge killed frawgs. The disease——"

"How killed frogs?" demanded Trampas.

"Just killed 'em. Delmonico and Saynt Augustine wiped frawgs off the slate of fashion. Not a banker in Fifth Avenue'll touch one now if another banker's around watchin' him. And if ever yu' see a man that hides his feet an' won't take off his socks in company, he has worked in them Tulare swamps an' got the disease. Catch him wadin', and yu'll find he's web-footed. Frawgs are dead, Trampas, and so are you."

"Rise up, liars, and salute your king!" yelled Scipio. "Oh, I'm in love with you!" And he threw his arms round the Virginian.

"Let me shake hands with you," said the traveler, who had failed to interest his wife in these things. "I wish I was going to have more of your company."

"Thank yu', seh," said the Virginian.

Other passengers greeted him, and the Indian chiefs came, saying, "How!" because they followed their feelings without understanding.

"Don't show so humbled, boys," said the deputy foreman to his most sheepish crew. "These gentlemen from the East have been enjoying yu' some, I know. But think what a weary wait they have had hyeh. And you insisted on playing the game with me this way, yu' see. What outlet did yu' give me? Didn't I have it to do? And I'll tell yu' one thing for your consolation: when I got to the middle of the frawgs I 'most believed it myself." And he laughed out the first laugh I had heard him give.

The enthusiast came up and shook han That led off, and the rest followed, w Trampas at the end. The tide was strong for him. He was not a grac loser; but he got through this, and Virginian eased him down by treating h precisely like the others—apparently. P sibly the supreme—the most Americar moment of all was when word came t the bridge was open, and the Pullm trains, with noise and triumph, began move westward at last. Every one wa farewell to every one, craning from st and windows, so that the cars twinkled w hilarity; and in twenty minutes the wh procession in front had moved, and turn came.

"Last chance for Rawhide," said Virginian.

"Last chance for Sunk Creek," said reconstructed mutineer, and all spra aboard. There was no question who won his spurs now.

Our caboose trundled on to Billings al the shingly cottonwooded Yellowstone; as the plains and bluffs and the dist snow began to grow well known, even me, we turned to our baggage that was come off, since camp would begin in morning. Thus I saw the Virginian c fully rewrapping *Kenilworth*, that he mi bring it to its owner unharmed; and I s "Don't you think you could have pla poker with Queen Elizabeth?"

"No; I expaict she'd have beat me," replied. "She was a lady."

It was at Billings, on this day, tha made those reflections about equality. the Virginian had been equal to the oc sion: that is the only kind of equality wh I recognize.

(*To be continued*)

The Vision

By "FIONA MACLEOD"

IN a fair place
Of whin and grass,
I heard feet pass
Where no one was.

I saw a face
Bloom like a flower—
Nay, as the rainbow shower
Of a tempestuous hour.

It was not man, nor woman:
It was not human:
But, beautiful and wild
Terribly undefiled,
I knew an unborn child.

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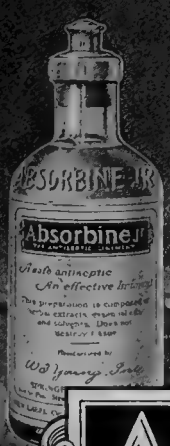

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WHERE TWO CARS ARE NONE TOO MANY

MOTOR-CAR makers have long heard talk of the saturation point, of that approaching day when every home that can possibly afford a car will have one. Against this theoretical limitation of sales are cited various opposing factors — replacements, exports, the natural growth of population, the increase of prosperity.

And a fifth, which is becoming more and more important—the plural market, the families which are recognizing that they have use for more than one car.

In hundreds of thousands of homes already the pressure of modern life is such that two cars will be none too many.

Naturally one thinks first of the class who in the half-forgotten age of the horse had a row of stalls and a well-filled carriage shed. But for some years people in that status have had their fleets of cars, big and little, open and closed. Add them all together and they make but a scanty list of prospects.

No, the tempting two-car and three-car market is far wider than that. It is among the moderately well-to-do, the 700,000 or so who will buy additional cars neither for ostentation nor sporting interest nor the mere love of possession, but because they have downright need for more personal transportation.

The man who drives to business is not comfortable in the thought that his wife must go shopping by bus or trolley. The wife, delayed at a tea, wonders uneasily how her husband will like going to the country club in a taxi. The daughter has those engagements of vast importance to youth, which can not be suitably met on foot. The son has his rights, speaks up boldly for them, and in the up-to-date home gets a fair hearing.

Two cars are none too many. No longer an extravagance, but now the normal requirement of any highly-organized home, the second or third car is bought carefully and with an exact purpose in mind. The discrimination shown in the purchase of such cars is much keener than in that of the first car. Often economy and all-round usefulness are the tests. In other cases, the older car is to become the knock-about and the new one the pride of the family. In either event, the buyer knows cars and has a clear conception of his purpose in buying.

The two- and three-car market is among the readers of THE QUALITY GROUP magazines. This is not merely because of the proved buying power of their 700,000 readers. They are the sort of people who feel and respond to the stimulus of present-day social activity. They have the sense of proportion and family justice which leads to the decision to get another car. They have the intelligence to select only after careful comparison of values—which includes the observation of advertising.

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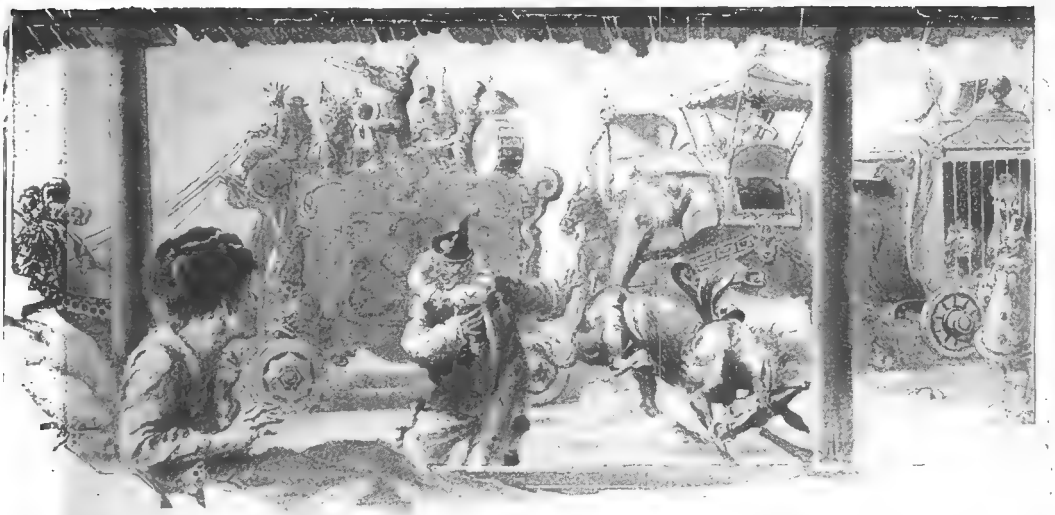

Who Stole the Bandwagon?

"I don't want any balloon," the little voice had spoken fretfully. "An' I don't want any ıur bits. I want to see the herd of elephants, an' the clown, an' the man-eating tigers, 'n' ɹerything. I want that parade to come up Clay Street, by this house."

Clay Street ran up-hill, past ten ramshackle little houses, ıd ended in an abandoned orchard. And the parade cluded a snake-charmer, a calliope, a bandwagon and a own.

The calliope played a tender tune as tenderly as calliopes ay, and the clown shouted "Whoa, January!" to his prancing eed,—and the parade *did* come up Clay Street where Lemmy, ., was waiting for it.

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Adventures in Investing

[TO READERS: *We shall be glad to publish (and pay for at regular rates) any interesting narratives of actual a tures in investing. Names of people may be fictitious, but the facts must be exact. Tell the precise securities bo what was paid for them, the reasons which decided you to make the purchase,—and what happened. Mistake often as illuminating as successes. Address* EDITOR, "THE GOLDEN BOOK."]

An Investor at Twelve

AFTER fourteen years in the investment field, I find that experience has taught me some valuable lessons—lessons which in later life would have been acquired with more serious consequences.

At the age of twelve I decided that there were opportunities in real estate, and after profound deliberation advised my father that I was planning to buy a building-lot on a nearby development. Although I had no regular allowance or income, I usually earned about two dollars a week for household tasks, running errands for a nearby grocer, and selling magazines. As the instalments required were only a dollar weekly, it seemed an easy task.

Upon my father's advice, I approached an older friend in the legal profession regarding a search. Having been assured that the title was clear, I withdrew twenty-five dollars, half of a "lifetime's" savings, from the bank, made my first payment, signed the usual contract, and became a property holder. The news spread rapidly, and in a short time my lot was the public playground for the gang, and I an absolute monarch. I soon discovered that my earnings were not averaging the usual amount, so I had to hunt more jobs. In a short time I was working all of my spare time, and seldom was able to visit my property.

Each payment was regularly made every Monday night after school, until one unhappy day I awakened with the mumps. For a few days I was too sick to care, but when my convalescence arrived, I began to worry. One night, when the wolf was whining outside my door, I appealed to Dad. He told me he would lend me the money on a regular note, to draw six per cent. The notes were executed, and the situation was temporarily relieved.

When I had paid seventy-five dollars, which was three-quarters of the total, a purchaser appeared. Dad conducted the negotiations. The lot was sold for one hundred and twenty-five dollars cash. The deeds were signed; and, after paying my father the regular mission, I closed the account and deposited my p

My first transaction taught me several lessons. of all, I mastered the principles of the various transactions involved. More important, howev acquired a knowledge of the partial-payment plan learned that it is not wise to over-commit oneself.

My second adventure was in the stock marke store in town always displayed the advertising of tain brand of shoe. When I happened to see a s selling prospectus of this shoe manufacturer, I imm ately purchased one share of it at par ($100). I di know that the shoe industry was facing unfavou conditions. Neither did I consider the fact tha particular stock was not listed, and probably would be. Some time later, wishing to dispose c stock, I found it was quoted at eighty. Since time I have never made a purchase until I can analyzed the industry conditions, and the standin record of the particular company in which I was ested. The question of marketability was also impr upon my mind.

As a result of this experience I bought one sh U. S. Steel, Pfd., and had the satisfaction of see advance ten points. Although this rise was very fying, it aroused a desire for greater profits. At time bond prices were low: I deposited my U. S. Pfd. as collateral on a five-hundred-dollar bond.

I had paid about two hundred when my br failed. In the final settlement I received about se cents on the dollar. Since then I have always b securities outright, either through my bank or o the oldest, most reliable houses in the business.

Every week I receive a few circulars which st their introduction that one hundred dollars inv with Henry Ford in Nineteen Hundred and Two now amount to ———, etc. As I have always en fairy tales, I sometimes read this alluring literatur never sign on the dotted line. In 1922-23 I scoffed idea of buying German marks, but when I was o

a 10,000-mark Polish bond of the city of Warsaw at nineteen dollars and eighty-five cents, I succumbed. This still reposes in my safe-deposit box as a lesson on speculation.

Based upon my past experiences, I formulated a safe and sane policy which I have followed for some time past. First of all, I purchased what for me is a substantial amount of endowment insurance. Second, I bought a home, and have had the satisfaction of seeing it increase in value. Third, I keep a savings bank account to provide for any emergencies. And last of all, when I add any securities, I select a sound bond, yielding five and a half to six per cent, readily marketable, and entirely safe.

Working with this program as my guide, I consider I am building on a stable foundation. My life insurance provides the necessary protection for my family and is an investment as well. My home has already paid big dividends in happiness, and should I ever wish to dispose of it, my profit will represent a very satisfactory return on the investment.

It is true that my plan would be called ultra-conservative by some; but I feel that it is ideal for a person working on a moderate salary. Although I am not on the list when stock dividends are declared, I am building for financial independence.

Of course, my financial policy necessitated a plan of systematic saving. Although I do not rigidly budget my entire salary, I deposit a certain fixed amount in my savings account each month. As I live in a small town where living expenses are low, I am able to set aside slightly over a third of my salary. When my account shows five hundred dollars above the fixed minimum, I invest in some security.

My purchases during the past four years have been as follows:

1923

500 Laclede Gas Lgt. of St. Louis 5½s, due 1953. Purchased at 91½. Present value, 104.

500 Anaconda Copper 6s, due 1953. Purchased at 92. Present value, 104.

1924

500 North American Edison Co. 5s, due 1957. Purchased at 93. Present value, 97.

Shares Republic Iron and Steel Pfd. purchased at 82. Sold, 1927, at 102.

1925

5000 Pennsylvania R. R. 15 yr. secured 6½s. Due 1936. Purchased at 111. Present value, 112.

1926

500 American Tel. & Tel. 35 yr. deb. 5s. Due 1960. Purchased at 99. Present value, 102.

500 N. Y. Tel. 20 yr. Refunding 6s, due 1941. Purchased at 108. Present value, 108. J. M. W.

A Speculation in Oil

P. D. knew the T's were from Texas, and that they were rich. They came every year to their elegant summer home perched far up in the woods of the western mountain resort. It was there P. D. had known them. He had bought an adjoining property in the fashionable summer colony, and was about to furnish it as well as his means would allow.

It was at dinner in the P. D. home that the conversation turned to investing. Did P. D. know that

(*Continued on page 35*)

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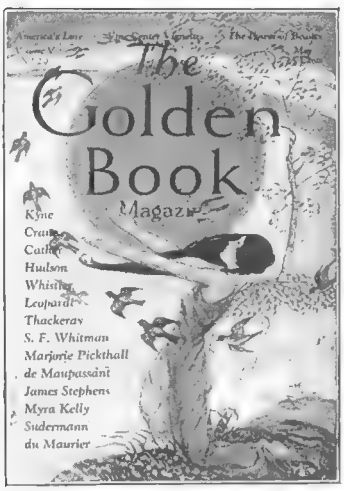

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(Continued from page 33)

the T's had struck oil on their extensive land holdings in Texas and were about to form a stock company to develop it?

P. D. listened attentively. He was a man of some wealth, and was not inexperienced in investing. Conservatism marked his holdings, however, and oil stock had never intrigued him. Perhaps on this particular night it was the annoying thought of the prospective outlay necessary for the furnishing of his new summer home that tempted him to abandon his prejudice against oil investments. How convenient if he could make enough on this oil development to cover that expense!

Five thousand shares at $10 a share—$50,000—that was the amount of the investment P. D. made in the new ——— Oil Company of Texas when the summer season closed in the mountain resort. Eight months later the stock had doubled, and then it climbed to 29.

P. D. knew he had made enough to cover the expense of furnishing his summer home, even in a sumptuous manner. Should he sell or not? He remembered, too, the early advice of his banker-uncle—P. D. was a lawyer—"You never lose when you sell at a profit." But still the stock was climbing; why not make more on it?

He finally decided to write a frank letter to Mr. T., the head of the oil family, with whom he had spent many days and nights in the woods, fishing and hunting, during the summer months.

T. replied, but failed to recommend action either way. He merely remarked: "You have made a handsome profit." When the letter arrived, the stock had dropped a few points.

P. D. took the veiled "tip." He sold it at 20, receiving $100,000 for his five thousand shares. In nine months he had doubled his investment of $50,000. After two months the stock was down to 11½. He had gotten out just in time.

In memory of the only oil investment he ever made, P. D. christened his new and elaborate summer home "The Gusher."

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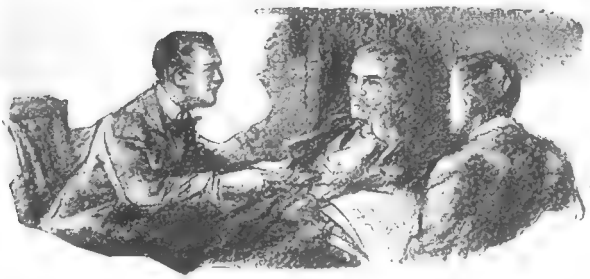

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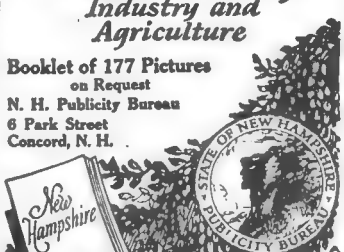

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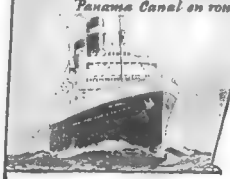

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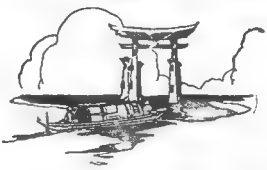

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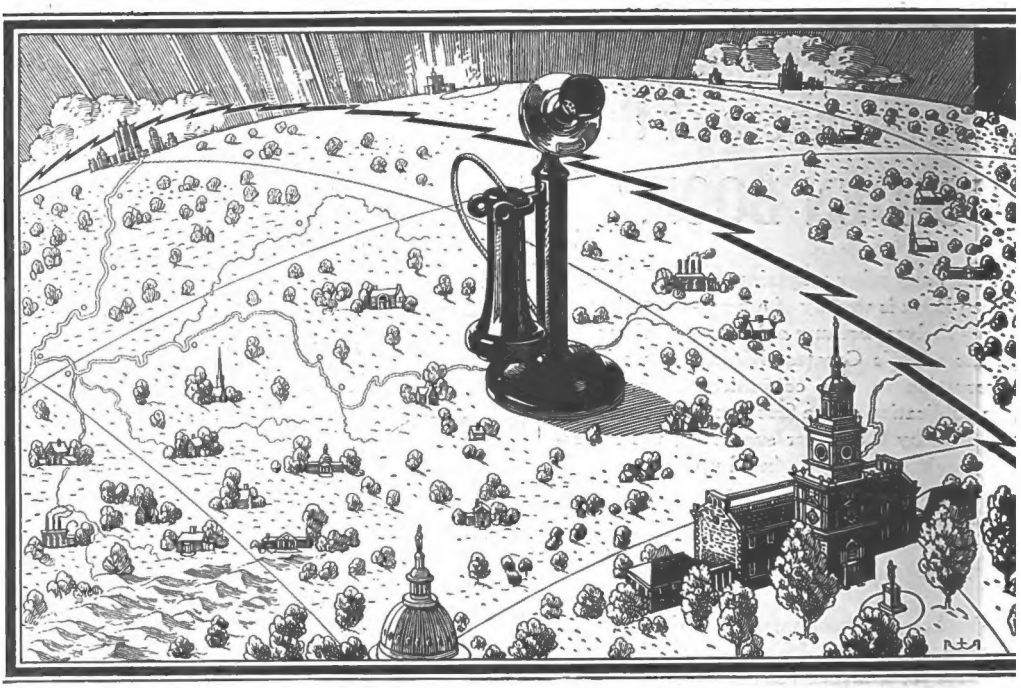

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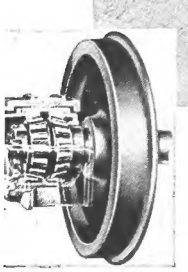

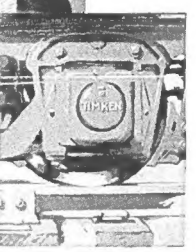

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